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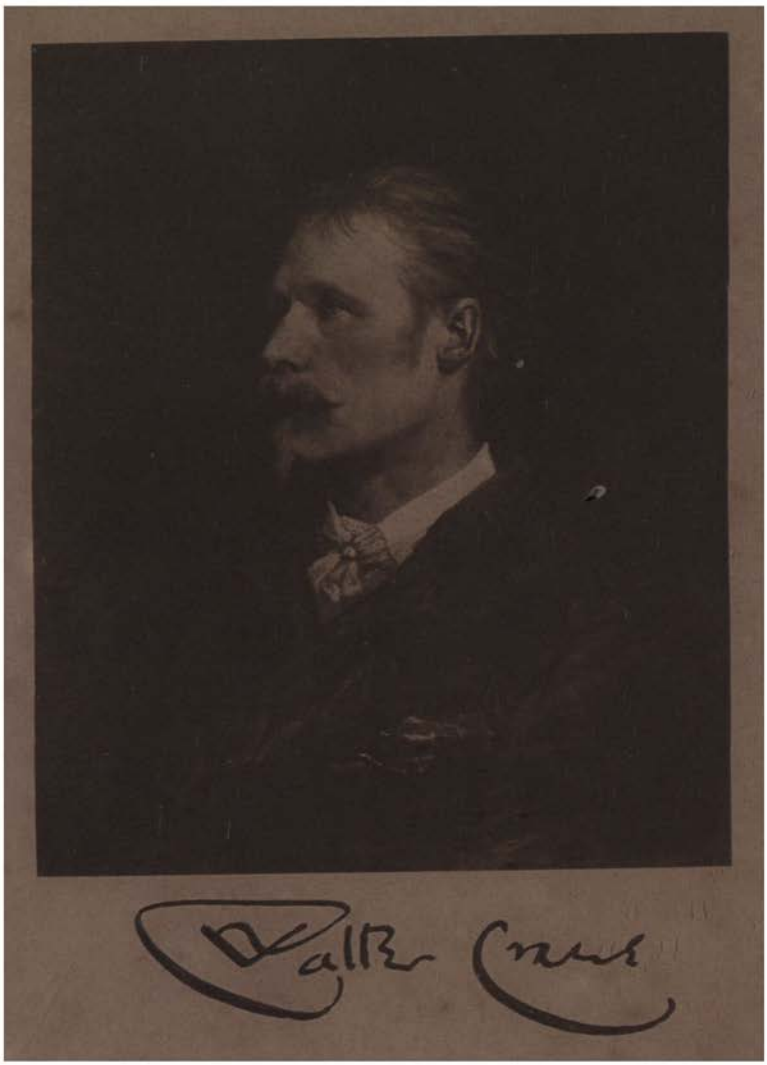

AN ARTIST'S REMINISCENCES

BY

WALTER CRANE

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE AUTHOR, AND OTHERS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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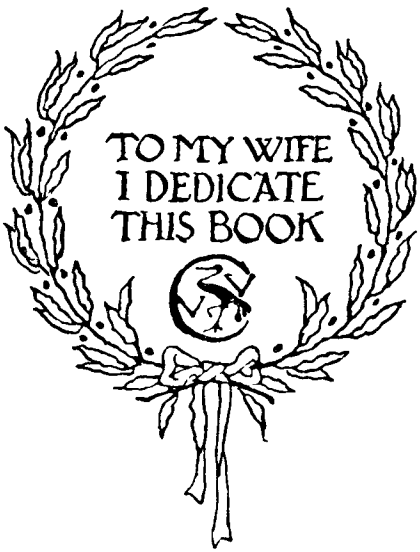

TO MY WIFE
I DEDICATE
THIS BOOK

PREFACE

WHEN Messrs. Methuen suggested to me that I might write my Reminiscences I was quite taken by surprise. In the midst of a busy life one does not think of such things, or if a thought of the possibility of recording one's personal happenings does occur, it is probably consigned to some dreamed-of tranquil time in days of retirement.

However, when a man begins to say "I remember," it is a sign that he has mental records of a different world from the present, and probably of actors long passed from the world's stage.

In these revolutionary times, when changes are so rapid, it needs no great pretensions to fulness of years to have witnessed extraordinary transformations in the outward aspects of life, in manners and customs, in dress, as well as in mental attitude. A comparatively short life would be sufficient in which to have observed most extraordinary changes in the aspects of London, for instance. Twenty or thirty years ago, measured by the changes which have taken place, might well be centuries, and this would also hold good of the less obvious and less noted, perhaps, shifting of intellectual focus, to say nothing of political and social change.

The main interest of reminiscences lies, however, I presume, in the direct personal impressions a writer may be able to give of eminent persons he has met, or of scenes and movements of which he has been a witness or in which he has taken part.

As the years roll by, and new generations arise who only know the names of certain distinguished men and women, or are acquainted with them only through their works or their fame—poets, savants, artists, statesmen—first-hand information or fresh personal impressions are apt to acquire an unusual interest. Such interest is often, too, concentrated on the not-

so-very-long-ago times, the days that are so near and yet so far—farther perhaps in some ways than much remoter periods of history. People are often said to resemble their grandparents, and there may be in consequence a certain sympathetic interest between the youngest and the oldest generation. The world before railroads and telegraphs seems lost in the mystery of fascinating romance, while the introduction of the motor marks an entirely new epoch, affecting as it seems to do both mental states and social life in so many ways. But sometimes even the very newest fashions are apt to hark back, and nothing seems so old as the out-of-date nowadays.

Life is a strange masquerade: as the procession passes in the glare of the full noontide one hardly grasps its full significance, but perchance partly lost in the mist of the past, one becomes aware of larger meanings, and in perspective both persons and events assume different proportions.

Well, I can offer no complete or systematic records of the last fifty years or so, and it may seem a rather curious medley of events, persons, and things which the following pages present. I do not even pretend that it gives a complete record of one's own artistic career. One's work as an artist is rather the warp in the loom through which are interwoven, like different wefts, the passing impressions of persons and events and of travel in various countries, coloured by those personal thoughts and feelings, which go to make up the fabric of a life.

WALTER CRANE

CONTENTS

CHAP		PAGE
I.	Of Early Life and Associations, Torquay, 1845–57	1
II.	Removal to London, 1857, and Early Experiences there until 1859	34
III.	Apprenticeship to W. J. Linton, 1858–62	45
IV.	Early Work, 1862–70	66
V.	Marriage and Visit to Italy, 1871–73	110
VI.	Life in the "Bush," 1873–79	154
VII.	Record of Work—Italy revisited, 1880–84	209
VIII.	Art and Socialism, 1885–90	249
IX.	Bohemia—Italy—Visit to America, 1890–92	339
X.	Kensington—Hungary—Italy, 1892–1903	410

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

SHIELD ON CRANE MONUMENT, CHILTON CHURCH, SUFFOLK—CRANE SHIELD IMPALED, WOOD RISING CHURCH—CRANE ARMS AS USED BY THOMAS CRANE (MY FATHER). FROM A HERALDS' COLLEGE DRAWING, EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY — SEAL OF WILLIAM CRANE, SOUTH CREKE, TEMP. EDWARD IV. — BRASS OF SIR FRANCIS CRANE IN WOOD RISING CHURCH—SIR ROBERT CRANE (1480), EAST WINDOW, LONG MELFORD CHURCH, SUFFOLK . 6

EARLY STUDY OF A SETTER (1858) 42

SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT OF WALTER CRANE AT ABOUT THE AGE OF TWELVE—SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER, BY MY FATHER —SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER, BY HIMSELF . . 55

COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN 75

SKETCH AT HADDON HALL (1865) 79

A DERBYSHIRE PASTORAL 86

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD (H. E. W.)—FANCY SKETCH OF WALTER CRANE AND H. E. WOOLDRIDGE IN OLD AGE . . . 87

PARIS FASHIONS IN 1866 89

SKETCHES AT PARIS (1866) 90

AT AMBLESIDE 108

MONUMENT TO DR. WILLIAM HARVEY, HEMPSTEAD CHURCH . . 111

THE OLD HOUSE AT HEMPSTEAD, ESSEX 112

HARWICH 114

THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS, FROM A WINDOW IN THE HOTEL DE HOLLANDE, COLOGNE 116

ASCHAFFENBURG (1871) 118

SKETCH AT MUNICH (1871) 119

VENICE—LORD BYRON'S HOUSE 122

SKETCH IN ST. MARK'S, VENICE (1871) 123

WE TAKE STEPS TO SECURE APARTMENTS (ROME, 1872) . . . 128

THE BREAKFAST BOY, QUATTRO PIANO (ROME, 1872) . . . 132

PAGE

AN ALLEGORY OF THE DINNER BOX (ROME, 1872) . . . 133

THE CERVARO FESTIVAL (ROME, 1872) 137

PESTS OF SOUTHERN ITALY (1872) 140

WATER-SPOUTS (CAPRI, 1872) 142

LEAVING CAPRI (1872) 143

A QUIET APARTMENT (ROME, 1873) 146

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME (ROME, 1871–73) 148

SKETCH OF LIONEL FRANCIS CRANE AT TWO YEARS OLD . . 166

THE GODS RECEIVING CUPID AND PSYCHE (1) 168
Early design by Sir E. Burne-Jones. Engraved on wood by William Morris

THE GODS RECEIVING CUPID AND PSYCHE (2) 169
Early design by Sir E. Burne-Jones. Cut by William Morris

PHEASANT-SHOOTING AT WORTLEY (1876) 172

ALLEGORICAL SKETCH FOR BASE OF SILVER CUP 187

BEATRICE AMONG THE LIONS AT COMBE BANK (1881) . . . 193

OLD INN WINDOW AT BOLSOVER, WITH SKETCH OF J. R. WISE . 205

SKETCH OF "THE SIRENS" (GROSVENOR GALLERY, 1879) . . 207

SKETCH OF LANCELOT CRANE AT THE AGE OF ONE YEAR AND SEVEN MONTHS 211

SKETCH ON BOARD A YACHT 219

SKETCH OF THE REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE (NAWORTH, 1881)—SKETCH OF T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON (NAWORTH, 1881) . . . 221

SKETCH OF MAZZINI'S TOMB (GENOA, 1882) 225

SKETCH AT VENICE (1882) 227

PORTRAIT OF LUCY CRANE (1882) 230

SKETCH OF BEATRICE CRANE (LITTLEHAMPTON, 1882) . . . 234

MEMORY SKETCH OF HENRIK IBSEN (ROME, 1883) . . . 237

FRONTISPIECE TO "ENGLISH LIVING POETS" 250

WILLIAM MORRIS'S DESIGN FOR THE CARD OF MEMBERSHIP OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC FEDERATION 254

DESIGN FOR LOUISE MICHEL'S INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL . . . 259

MRS. GRUNDY FRIGHTENED AT HER OWN SHADOW . . . 265

COVER OF LINNELL'S DEATH SONG 270

CARICATURE OF A PAGE OF *BABY'S OWN ÆSOP* 277
By Mrs. Houghton

SKETCH OF ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL (1885) 279

PAGE

SKETCH AT MALISIC, BOHEMIA (1890) 340

THE TRIUMPH OF LABOUR 355

RESTORATION AT THE BRUNSWICK 363

MY FIRST COCKTAIL 364

THE ONE-HORSE SHAY IN WALDEN WOODS 370

THE BUTTON-PRESSER—FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE MAN OF THE FUTURE 379

THE ROUND TABLE AT WINETKA (H. D. LLOYD'S FAMILY PARTY) . 380

OUR GUIDE TO CHINA TOWN, SAN FRANCISCO (1892) . . . 386

STREET SIGNS IN AMERICAN TOWNS 393

THE FLIES OF FLORIDA 396

STATUE OF LIBERTY, NEW YORK HARBOUR 403

COBHAM HALL 419

GERMAN OFFICIAL AND BRITISH TOURIST 422

PILGRIMS TO BAYREUTH 423

ENGLAND TO HER OWN RESCUE 427

SKETCH OF OLD SILVET BRIDGE, DURHAM (1895). 433

SKETCH OF WILLIAM MORRIS SPEAKING FROM A WAGGON IN HYDE PARK 440

JOHN RUSKIN'S HOME, BRANTWOOD, CONISTON 447

DESIGN TO COMMEMORATE THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE WITH THE BOERS 465

SKETCH FROM LIFE OF MAURICE JOKAI 471

VAIDI HUNYAD 476

CARICATURE BY MR. FARAGO—THE HUNGARIAN MINISTER OF FINE ART AND WALTER CRANE AT BUDAPEST (1900) 479

SOUVENIR CARD (HOLLAND), TURIN (1902) 490

SOUVENIR CARD (JAPAN), TURIN (1902) 491

LIST OF PLATES

WALTER CRANE, R.W.S. . . . . *Frontispiece*
From the Portrait by G. F. Watts

FACING PAGE

THOMAS CRANE 2
From a Miniature by himself about 1840. This block kindly lent by Messrs. Velhagen and Klasing

MR. PIG AND MISS CRANE 2
From the Book designed and lithographed by Thomas and William Crane of Chester

MARIE CRANE 4
From a Water-Colour Drawing by Thomas Crane, dated 1840. This block kindly lent by Messrs. Velhagen and Klasing

ANSTEY'S COVE 10
From a Charcoal Drawing by Thomas Crane

SKETCH OF A HORSE AT IRELAND'S FARM, 1858–59 . . . 42

SKETCHES AT LINTON'S OFFICE IN HATTON GARDEN, 1860–61 . . 56

STUDY FOR AN EARLY PICTURE, "THE EVE OF ST. AGNES" . . 70

WALTER CRANE IN 1862 80
From a Photograph

WALTER CRANE IN 1865 80
From a Photograph

SKETCH FOR "TWILIGHT," DUDLEY GALLERY, 1866 . . . 84

SKETCH AT CAWSAND BAY, 1866 90

SELF PORTRAIT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE 92

MARY FRANCES ANDREWS (AFTERWARDS THE ARTIST'S WIFE) . . 108
From a Drawing by Walter Crane, 1870

SKETCH ON THE PINCIO, ROME, 1871 138

"AMOR VINCIT OMNIA," 1875 160
In the Collection of Sir Francis Gore

FACING PAGE

SKETCH OF THE COUNTESS OF WHARNCLIFFE AT HER EMBROIDERY FRAME, 1876 172

PAGE FROM "THE FIRST OF MAY," 1880 208

"EUROPA," 1881 216
In the Seeger Collection, Berlin

"TRUTH AND THE TRAVELLER," 1880 216
In the Seeger Collection, Berlin

"THE ROLL OF FATE," 1882 230
In the Somerset Beaumont Collection

"THE RENASCENCE OF VENUS," 1877 232

"DIANA AND THE SHEPHERD," 1882 242

"LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI," 1884 244

"THE BRIDGE OF LIFE," 1884 246
In the Seeger Collection, Berlin

MR. R. B. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM 266
From a Photograph kindly lent

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS, M.P. 266
From a Photograph kindly lent

MY STUDIO AT BEAUMONT LODGE, 1885 274
From a Photograph

"FREEDOM," 1885 275

"PANDORA," 1885 276

SKETCH FOR "THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX," 1885 . . . 277

"THE ARTS OF ITALY" 280
From a Water-Colour Drawing after the Royal Institute Tableau, 1885.
Sir Henry Irving's Collection

"THE CHARIOT OF THE HOURS," 1887 310

OUR PARTY IN GREECE 316
From a Photograph

PAGE FROM "THE GLADSTONE GOLDEN WEDDING ALBUM," 1889 . 328

"BABY BUNTING," 1889 360

THE HALL, 13 HOLLAND STREET 410
From a Photograph

"BRITOMART" 428
(Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III., 1896)

FACING PAGE

"ENGLAND'S EMBLEM," 1895 430
In the Seeger Collection, Berlin

WALTER CRANE IN 1898 450
A Gold Point Drawing by Professor Alphonse Legros

"THE MOWER," 1901 462
In the Thoma Collection, Karlsruhe

"A STRANGER," 1900 464

"THE WINDS OF THE WORLD," 1901 480

"THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH," 1901 494

The Illustrations are from original pictures by Walter Crane, where not otherwise stated

AN ARTIST'S REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I

OF EARLY LIFE AND ASSOCIATIONS, TORQUAY, 1845–57

WHAT a curious thing is memory! It is as if the stream of life, flowing through the mind, reflects upon its surface, often but dimly and partially, notable scenes and personages as they pass, soon to be effaced by others as shadowy, while it bears along upon its surface, in all the crispness of clear reality, trifles, like the image of some fallen leaf or toy boat, which ever come in front of the dimly outlined shapes of more important incidents in a life's story.

Thus it is often that the impressions of childhood are borne along with the course of one's life, retaining all their freshness and distinctness when many later ones have faded or passed out of view, like mountains or castles in the distant landscape of a river's banks.

How far back one's memory remains distinct, or rather, at what period it consciously begins, it is very difficult to be certain of, and the memory varies in retentiveness in different individuals. It may be, too, that hearsay may have something to do with it—I mean the hearing of the talk of older people recalling events and incidents which happened in one's early life long before the period when a child is supposed to be in possession of a memory at all.

My father (of whom I give a reproduction of a miniature painted by himself about 1839 or 40) and my mother both belonged to Chester families. The picture of my mother

given here is from a water-colour drawing of her by my father, signed and dated 1840.

The Cranes of Chester date back to the time of Elizabeth. Mr. T. Cann Hughes, M.A., F.S.A., of Lancaster, to whose researches I am indebted, has discovered a long list of Cranes who were freemen of Chester city from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries; craftsmen and traders, chiefly, of various kinds, beginning with Ralph Crane (stringer), 8th Eliz.; and ending with William Francis Crane (painter), 1847.

In this list appears the name of Thomas Crane (bookseller), 1812, sworn freeman of the city in that year—this was my grandfather. He was not only bookseller but editor of the *Chester Courant* at that time, and also captain of the Chester volunteers or "trained bands" of that period, and his children remembered playing with his cocked hat, sash, and sword. He lived in Crane Street and afterwards in Bridge Street, and from there moved to Newgate Street in the parish of St. Werburgh. He had six daughters and three sons. My paternal grandmother's maiden name was Swinchatte. Both these grandparents died in the Newgate Street house in 1836. Two of the daughters (my aunts Bessie and Catherine) kept a school at Whitchurch in 1834, and after the death of their parents this school was carried on in the old house in Newgate Street, which belonged to the family, having been left to my grandfather by a cousin —one Parson Crane, of St. Oswalds, Chester;[1] he was a learned man and an antiquary, who left his collections of coins and seals to Sir John Gerard—a connection on my grandmother's side—the Gerard Swinchatte family.

My great-grandfather was in the Royal Navy—a lieutenant on board the *Monarch* of 60 guns. He was in the Napoleonic wars, and wrote in the *Chester Courant* an account of a fight with the French in which his ship "ran the gauntlet of the whole French fleet." This officer died at sea.

My great-great-grandfather was appointed house-surgeon to the Chester Infirmary when that institution was built about

[1] There was a local saying about Parson Crane, he being as remarkable for his height as his sister was for her shortness of stature: the long and short of it was that when folks saw a long and a short candle on the table they said, "There's Parson Crane and his sister."

THOMAS CRANE

PAINTED BY HIMSELF, ABOUT 1840

MR. PIG AND MISS CRANE

FROM THE BOOK DESIGNED AND LITHOGRAPHED BY THOMAS AND WILLIAM CRANE OF CHESTER

the middle of the eighteenth century. I possess a Bible, a 12mo in three volumes, printed at Oxford by Thomas Basket, and dated 1756. It is in contemporary binding, and is inscribed "È Libris Thomæ Crane, 1756"; on the fly-leaf at the end of two of the volumes is written: "Thomas Crane, Apothecary and Secretary to the General Infirmary in Chester, 1756," and in the same careful script some missing verses from the Book of Kings are supplied upon the fly-leaves. There are other notes and references, including a Latin quotation from Erasmus, and preceding the New Testament a comment as follows: "In this collection you will find the Book of God written by the Evangelists and Apostles comprised in a most admirable and comprehensive Epitome. A true Critic will discover numerous Instances of Speech more Chaste and Beautifull than the most admired and shining passages of the Secular writers."

My father had three brothers—William, John, and Philip. With these he was associated in a lithographic press in Chester. This was at the old house in Newgate Street, where they worked in a separate building in the garden. By this means my father reproduced many of his portraits and other works at this time (in the late "twenties" and early "thirties"). Among the works issued, bearing the imprint "Drawn and lithographed by T. and W. Crane, Chester," were Mr. Rowland Warburton's "Hunting Songs," 1836, and *The History of Mr. Pig and Miss Crane.* The verses accompanying the latter were written by Lady Delamere of Vale Royal, and the book was produced by the brothers for a bazaar at Chester. I have a copy, and am able to give a reproduction of one of the plates designed by my father.[1] Among his early portraits were those of Lady Louisa Grey with her child; the Earl of Stamford and Warrington and his sister, with a parrot in a cage; members of the Stanley of Alderley family; the Greys of Groby; the Wilbrahams; and the late Duke of Westminster.

His facility in and taste for drawing came out at a very early age, and he made clever portraits when quite a boy it was

[1] Other works from the press were a portrait of the violinist Paganini, and "A Ballad by the Rev. Reginald Heber, late Bishop of Calcutta—a grotesque and humorous set of verses with eight illustrations." This latter I have never seen a copy of. There was also a series of cards designed for the Chester Musical Festival of 1829.

said. He went to London, and entered as a student in the Royal Academy schools. I have his circular ivory student's ticket, inscribed on one side: "T. Crane, March 31, 1825;" and on the other: "Royal Academy Antique School, 1768."

My father having been born in 1808, could only have been then sixteen or seventeen years old.

William Crane died in 1843, but I think the partnership and the press must have been given up on my father's marriage in 1839–40, as William Crane seems to have gone out to Australia (Melbourne), where he died. Philip Crane also went out to Melbourne, where he opened an hotel with a friend named Bird, but he was afterwards thrown from his horse and killed. Of the other brother, John, less is recorded, but he appears to have worked with the others at the lithographic press, and also to have been an oarsman. All the brothers were fond of rowing, and they built a boat for themselves, too. There are records of exciting races on the river Dee, in one of which William Crane's boat was swamped as it reached the winning post. I have a relic of this in the shape of a piece of one of the timbers with a silver plate inscribed: "A piece of the *Deva*, swamped September 16, 1839, presented to William Crane the Coxswain." I have also a curious old bill of the Chester Regatta, September 13, 1839, with a woodcut at the head showing four-oared boats racing on the Dee, with the tower of St. John's Church in the background, and "Row, Boys, Row!" printed across the sky. In the list of competitors below appear the names of both William and John Crane, the former in the *Deva*, a four-oared gig, and the latter as a "gentleman amateur sculler."

My father and mother went to live in Liverpool in the early "forties," and my father became Secretary and Treasurer of the Liverpool Academy of Art, a post which he resigned on being ordered to Torquay on account of his health, as consumption was feared.

One of his artist friends at Liverpool at that time, also, I believe, a member of the local Academy, was the late Alfred W. Hunt, R.W.S., the distinguished landscape painter, who afterwards lived in Durham for some years, before he established himself in London, where Mrs. Alfred Hunt, and later her

MARIE CRANE

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY THOMAS CRANE, 1840

daughter Violet, became well known for their literary work.

Of my mother's family I have very little information. She had remarkable energy and sense, and devoted herself in the most self-sacrificing way to her family. Her maiden name was Kearsley. Her father was a "maltster," a prosperous man in a good position in Chester. Her mother seems to have died early, and her father married a second time. I had an aunt and an uncle on my mother's side. The former, Aunt Emma, I remember well staying with us in Torquay—a very attractive personality, but unfortunately she did not enjoy good health, and died young. She married a Mr. John Coglan, who was on the Liverpool Stock Exchange. The uncle was my uncle Edward Kearsley, whom I speak of later. There was another uncle, "Tom," whom I never saw, who went to Australia and was not again heard of.

It has been generally supposed that Sir Francis Crane, of Mortlake Tapestry fame in the reign of James I., was an ancestor of ours, which certainly brings in a pleasant association with decorative art. Sir Francis belonged to the East Anglian branch of the Crane family. Sir Francis Crane, from his brass in Wood Rising Church, appears to have died in Paris about the age of 57 on June 26, 1636, his body being brought to Wood Rising and buried "the 10th daye of July following." Another East Anglian Crane—Sir Richard —from a brass in Wood Rising Church, appears to have been buried at Cardiff, so that there may have been a branch of the family in Wales in the seventeeth century, and so from Wales they may have come to Chester. The arms which my father used shows the same coat as that of the East Anglian branch, and occurs as the first quarter on a much-quartered shield of a Crane monument of Elizabethan date at Chilton Church, near Sudbury, and also on the tabard of Sir Robert Crane (1480), a kneeling knight in the east window of Long Melford Church, Suffolk, as well as on the brass of Francis and William Crane at Wood Rising, 1655, the coat of Sir Francis Crane being the bearings of the second and third quarters sinister of the dame's arms, which are impaled with her husband's. A precedent for my own rebus, curiously enough, occurs on a seal of a charter by one William Crane

SHIELD ON CRANE MONUMENT, CHILTON CHURCH, SUFFOLK

CRANE SHIELD IMPALED, WOOD RISING CHURCH

CRANE ARMS AS USED BY THOMAS CRANE (MY FATHER). FROM A HERALDS' COLLEGE DRAWING, EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

SEAL OF WILLIAM CRANE, SOUTH CREKE, TEMP. EDWARD IV.

S^R FRANCIS CRANE K^t CHANCELLOR OF TE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF TE GARTE^R (AGED ABOVT 57 YEARS) DYED TE 26 DAYE OF IVNE AT PARIS IN FRANCE FRO WHENCE HIS BODY WAS BROVGHT AND BVRIED IN THIS PLACE TE 30TH DAYE OF IVLY FOLLOWING ANO DNI 1636

BRASS OF SIR FRANCIS CRANE IN WOOD RISING CHURCH

SIR ROBERT CRANE (1480), EAST WINDOW, LONG MELFORD CHURCH, SUFFOLK

of South Crane in Norfolk, which bears the date of the twelfth King Edward IV. (1473).

Such details may have in themselves but a limited interest, but I have often thought if family records could be completely kept from generation to generation, the character of a particular member could be much more completely accounted for; though, of course, the effect of different environment must count for a great deal, as well as hereditary tendencies.

I cannot say that I have any recollection of my birthplace—Liverpool; but this is accounted for by the fact of my transportation from thence at the early age of three months, when, in October 1845, on account of my father's state of health, the family removed to Torquay—then coming into high repute as a health resort.

It was in Maryland Street, Liverpool, however, that I first saw the light—the same street, I believe, which claims to have been the birthplace of Mr. W. E. Gladstone.

The 15th of August was my natal day—a day marked in the calendar as the date of the death of Napoleon the First and that of the birth of Sir Walter Scott.

I cannot say whether the latter circumstance had any influence over the choice of my name, however.

I can claim, without any special egoism, to have made a noise in the world at a very early period. The journey to South Devon from Liverpool in the "forties" must have been somewhat trying. The last part of the journey, I think from Exeter, was performed by stage coach, and the legend is that it was here that the voice of my crying made the coach impossible for any inside passengers unconnected with the family, who must have been very long-suffering, and it was said only a particular aunt of the party had the power of soothing my inarticulate infantine troubles.

My memory, fortunately perhaps a blank as to this period, cannot discover any distinct visual impressions until at least three years later. The very earliest, I think, is one of sitting in a swing suspended between two elm trees in the old garden of the first house we inhabited on settling in South Devon. This was at Tor, and known as Beanland Place. The

house is vague, but the garden, where, probably, with brother and sisters, most of this time was spent, seems more distinct, and there was in one corner the woodhouse, where the garden tools were kept—a dark and shadowy temple in a world of wonder and mystery.

I have a very early recollection—a strange one—of being seized with "croup" and waking my parents in the middle of the night with strange squeaking sounds from my throat, and being dimly conscious of lights being struck and carried about, and the doctor being sent for.

My next primitive memory picture is of a tall house on the side of a hill—Walden or Waldon Hill, with a long sloping walled garden, and a good many stone steps, rather perilous to us children, and I do not think residence there could have been very lengthy, and probably recollections of the place are merged in later memories of the aspects of the town and harbour, of which Waldon Hill commanded a fine view.

The next move was inland again to the village of Upton, then quite distinct from Torquay. Here memory is much less vague and impressionistic, and, in fact, becomes almost pre-Raphaelite. I have a distinct picture of a rather pretty villa, one of a pair in early Victorian taste, with a verandah having light trellis supports, which were covered with climbing white roses in great profusion. French casement windows opened out on to this verandah from the drawing-room, which was decorated by a plaster cast of Thorvaldsen's popular circular relief "Night" on the mantelpiece, the companion "Day" occupying a corresponding position in the dining-room, which, according to a usual plan in those days, was divided from the drawing-room by folding doors.

I remember that another room was converted into a studio for my father by having a skylight inserted, and recall seeing the workmen cut the hole through the plaster ceiling for the purpose.

This house was at the foot of a grassy hill, cut into by a stone quarry, and I well remember seeing the quarrymen, when a charge was to be fired to blast the rock, trooping away to a safe distance. Our proximity to this quarry, indeed, was the cause of some alarm, as stray fragments of

stone from the explosions would occasionally fall into our garden.

Upton was a pretty, old-fashioned Devonshire village of thatched cottages with whitewashed walls, nestling among tall hedgerow elms. I remember a stream flowing across the road and a foot-bridge over it, an attractive place from which to watch the fish and the ducks. Near by was a cider press—a most mysterious affair, turned by a horse in the recesses of a dark shed. It was a joy to see the heaps of apples and to taste the new sweet cider. Amid such scenes and with such surroundings a very happy child-life was passed, not oppressively shadowed by much governessing or schooling.

I have a very early recollection of going with a large picnic party on a four-horse coach, which was most exciting, to a place some miles off called Hugbrooke Park, famous for the beauty of its scenery. I remember quite distinctly the luncheon spread out on the white cloth on the green grass, and afterwards the grown-up ones of party—father and mother and an aunt and the older children, and possibly other guests I do not recall—going off for a walk into the park or to see the house or some lion of the place at a distance, and that I was left with two little girls, as being too small for such an excursion, in charge of the servants, who certainly must have had their fun over their lunch, as there was plenty of laughter, and they were amused, too, at the sight of my gravely taking the two little girls for a short walk, walking between them and holding the hands of both, for I remember the maids pointing at us and laughing. I fear the names of my little companions have passed from my memory, but there is no doubt that I formed quite serious attachments from a very tender age—but "the cold world shall not know."

About this time my father and mother went to London and brought back wonderful accounts of the marvels of the great Exhibition of 1851, with which we became further familiarised by the pictures in the *Illustrated London News*, which, as children, we delighted to experiment on in colour, more especially the pictures of the opening ceremonies, and the royal progresses with plenty of smart dresses and

soldiers' uniforms in them. These figures and the London crowds in such pictures were at that time put in by the facile hand of John Gilbert, afterwards the famous Sir John Gilbert, painter in oil and water colour, the veteran president of the old society in Pall Mall. The same artist was the chief illustrator of the small children's story-books published by the Religious Tract Society at that time, such as *George's First Journey*, which told of the wonders of the late stage coach and the early railway period. Such works, too, as Goldsmith's *Natural History* and *Animated Nature*, one of Charles Knight's popular publications, I think—a folio crammed with woodcuts from all sorts of sources, including some of fearsome "ante-diluvian animals," as they were then called, very impressive to a child's imagination. These and such as these were the earliest pictorial influences I can remember outside my father's studio. He painted mostly portraits at that time, and frequently made studies of his own hand in the looking-glass to assist him in arranging the pose of the hands in his full or half-length portraits. These were generally cast aside and often lay on the floor, which was generally also my drawing table at that early period. To some of these studies of hands I attached fancy portraits of gentlemen—reversing the usual portrait-painter's process of painting his heads first and putting in his hands afterwards—often, I fear, with but little regard to proportion and with more interest in the superficial decorative effects, such as the truly "fancy waistcoats" of the early "fifties," which frequently blossomed in large floral or tartan designs of a most striking character. These early ingenious efforts were shown by a fond mother to friends of the family, who seemed to have risen to the occasion remarkably well, as it was a joke for a long time afterwards that they expressed quite cordial admiration for these efforts, "especially the *hands*." I could not have been more than six or seven years of age at the time, so there may have been some excuse for my artifice in thus utilising a parent's artistic skill and experience.

I daresay my early efforts with the pencil may have been encouraged by some of my father's friends who visited at Laureston Villa (the name of the Upton house) about this time. I remember he and a few other artists formed an

ANSTEY'S COVE

FROM A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY THOMAS CRANE

evening sketching club, meeting at each other's houses or studios and making sketches in charcoal by lamplight. Among these friends was Field Talfourd, a sketch of whose head I recall made by my father in charcoal on toned paper and heightened with white chalk. There were also two brothers named Stockdale of whom he did similar portrait sketches. Mr. Walker, an artist of more advanced years, who made rather a special line in charcoal landscapes, used to visit the house about this time, but I am not sure whether he belonged to the sketching club.

The years went by happily enough at Upton, at least from the irresponsible child's point of view, pleasantly varied by excursions on donkeys, combined with picnics in the pleasant and romantic places with which the neighbourhood abounded, such as Anstey's Cove and Babbicombe. These outings were an institution on birthdays, and as there was no great disparity of years in the little family of five, we could all join in the same childish pleasures and were quite companionable. My father was very fond of walking, too, and often took us for long rambles among those pleasant Devonshire lanes and hills. There was the quarry hill, and a hill we called "The-hill-with-the-rock-on," a green hill having a peculiarly shaped limestone crag emerging near its summit. Another hill was crowned with a ruined castle, a conspicuous feature of which was a round tower, which was commonly called "Cæsar's Tower." Most of these were visible from our windows. Then there was the quarry, where we watched the men laboriously drilling holes with crowbars for blasting, and the rope-walk along the side of the same hill, where an old weather-beaten, more or less seafaring sort of man, with a belt of hemp around his waist, used to walk to and fro twisting the fibre into rope, while his boy turned a wheel at the opposite end.

I remember in some of our walks coming upon gipsy encampments. There was a favourite spot on the broad grassy margin of the road to Newton Abbott bordered by a wood. Here one could see the low-pitched, semicircular, arched tents, canvas over hooped sticks, somewhat like the tilts of waggons placed upon the ground. Swarthy children tumbled in and out of their dark interiors, where now and then an old camp

follower would be seen sitting smoking. The iron pot suspended on three sticks, with a fire crackling beneath, figured in front; donkeys and large ponies browsed near by. Dark brown men with slouch hats, long ringlets, and bright orange scarfs, sleeve waistcoats and corduroys, hung about, and perhaps a dark-eyed and black-haired handsome gipsy woman would come forward smiling and showing her white teeth as she offered to tell your fortune for a small consideration.

From one of these encampments my father induced a singularly handsome gipsy woman to sit to him as a model. I remember the picture of her with an orange kerchief tied over her blue-black hair; but I believe she proved a very uncertain model.

These were the boundaries of our little world, and in such scenes, with the usual quickly passing child-like joys and troubles, life's early chapters were soon run through, and the first schooldays commenced.

My first school experiences were at a small mixed school —what, I suppose, would now be considered a sort of kindergarten, though the Froebel system of teaching was not then established in England. It was kept in an amateur sort of way by two sisters — the Misses Nicholson. I have the faintest recollection of the sort of lessons we learned, and was far more interested in the doings of a mysterious brother of the schoolmistresses, who was one of the early and then rare experimenters in amateur photography. One of the causes of my remembering this circumstance was no doubt the personal interest I had in at least two of the results of his operations.

It must have been about the time of the outbreak of the Crimean War, when it was considered mostly an affair of Russians *versus* Turks—at all events, the picturesque and dramatic side of this useless war at that time fascinated one's boyish imagination. The school slate, however, was then the chief, if not the only, medium for the expression of one's pictorial ideas, and the slate-pencil, and I was glad to turn from the troublesome cyphers of the simple addition sum to the forming of more varied if equally conventional figures. One slate-picture of a terrific combat between the

Turks and the Russians, heightened by effects of smoke produced by rubbing the slate-pencil lines with the finger, was considered worthy of preservation, and it was here that the amateur photography came in. The design was photographed by Mr. Nicholson, and I well remember the wonder with which we gazed upon the result, which was a reduced copy of the slate-picture, but quite clearly reproduced.

Strictly speaking, I believe the process was that known as "daguerreotyping," named after the French inventor Daguerre, as they were not negatives but positives upon glass. I remember standing with another small boy in the garden at the Misses Nicholson's house, against a brick wall which served as a background. The sight of the tripod and camera with the black cloth and the mysterious movements of the operator seemed to have contrary effects upon the facial expression of my companion and myself, for, in the result, he had on a broad grin, while I was frowning. I can see this early picture now quite distinctly. The images of the two little boys in the long-bodied tunics of the period, with belts and short trousers, hatless, and standing side by side against the brick wall, helpless but slightly defiant, like prisoners about to be shot—or "snap-shotted," as we should now say, though the agony was then rather longer drawn out.

My early experiments with the pencil — and I never remember being without one of some kind—procured for me a certain local repute among our neighbours and acquaintances, but I did not seem always to appreciate its consequences, for when Dr. Shute, a large and hearty man with a big voice, one day seeing me across the street, called out, "There goes the little artist!" I did not like the trumpet of fame at all in this form, and felt very shy and uncomfortable.

The year 1854 found the family in yet another house in Torquay. This was situate in Park Place (No. 3) and its windows on one side commanded a view of the town and harbour. The front door opened straight on to a street pavement, yet there were no houses opposite, but a wood, called John's Wood or Mrs. John's Wood, and I think, finally, St. John's Wood.

The Park Place house was a large and more commodious sort of house than Laureston Villa, and probably required by the demands of the growing family of two sisters and three brothers. It included a more spacious studio for my father, too. This was a long room with a French window to the north, opening on to a balcony from which steps led down to a long walled garden on a sloping ground. The lower half of the window was kept veiled with thick baize studio-fashion to concentrate the light upon the easel. It was here I received my first ideas of the great masters, as the mantelpiece was adorned with certain well-known plaster statuettes, by a German artist whose name escapes me, of Albert Dürer, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci. These statuettes were bronzed over, I think, by my father himself, who was very fond of experimenting in other crafts than painting. About this time he had a small galvanic battery, and endeavoured to electroplate or electrotype some plaster medals.

He was good at carpentering and had a turn for mechanical construction, for I remember a model of a velocipede upon which was seated the figure of Punch with his feet on treadles, and this trundled along by clockwork across the floor, to the great delight of us children. The circles of the wheels were ingeniously made of successive strips of Bristol board glued together, and the wheels, when complete, were painted with a solution of red sealing-wax and spirits of wine, which had a brilliant enamel-like effect. He made also small fire-balloons, inflated and floated by means of a small sponge soaked in spirit and lighted, thus heating the air enclosed in the paper globular covering and causing the balloon to rise in the air. This again was most exciting to witness, and was generally reserved for the Fifth of November celebrations.

Meanwhile I picked up in my father's studio and under his eye a variety of artistic knowledge in an unsystematic way. I was always drawing, and any reading, or looking at prints or pictures, led back to drawing again. *Nash's Mansions* was one of the books I loved to pore over. It was a folio, and rather heavy and unwieldy for a small person,

but such difficulties were always solved by the use of the floor. Then there was another folio, *Liversege's Works*, a book of mezzotints of romantic and dramatically treated figure-subjects, chiefly illustrations to Walter Scott's novels, as far as I remember; also the *Art Journal* in its original form in the buff-covered parts, with a more or less classical design on the wrapper and bound in thickish volumes of plain green cloth. The designs which attracted me the most in these were not the elaborate steel engravings from modern pictures, but the woodcuts. I distinctly recall reproductions of Albert Dürer's "The Great Horse," "The Knight, Death, and the Devil," and the "Melencolia," and these, while among my earliest artistic impressions, have retained and increased their influence in later days. The powerful German imagination in such works among the moderns as those of Alfred Rethel, the romantic fantasy of Moritz Schwind, and, more academic and dry, but skilfully composed and Holbeinesque in treatment, the Bible designs of Schnorr.

Impressions from such designs had no doubt an unconscious effect in forming one's future tendencies and style. For a time they became obscure and displaced by other influences.

A lithograph of Major Dalgetty by Frederick Taylor hanging in the dining-room may have had its effect, with the reading of Scott's novels, in turning my boyish fancy in the direction of warlike romance, and this was further stimulated by such books as Charles Lever's *Charles O'Malley* and James Grant's *Romance of War*, and the effect of the news from the Crimea, and pictures in the *Illustrated News*. The book and print-seller's windows were full of sporting and military prints, and certain sheets, giving the new uniforms of the British Army in colours, proved most attractive. Attempts at artistic expression by means of pencil or brush (and the primary colours) were not sufficient to relieve one's martial feelings at this time; something more active and practical was called for.

A tunic of scarlet flannel, with the white facings of a Connaught Ranger, and a cap converted into a shako by means of an important knob stuck in front, seemed more to the purpose, with a popgun and a sword. A tent in the garden was next

set up, and a younger brother enrolled in the aforesaid scarlet flannel. One thing was wanting to give a touch of realistic war flavour, and that was gunpowder. Some was got hold of —I think from a powder horn left by someone in the house— and operations commenced. They took the form of a series of small explosions on the garden path, but in firing the last one, owing to over-eagerness to see how it was going off, most of the charge was received upon one's eyebrows and eyelashes, which were pretty well singed off, and one was generally considered lucky to have escaped with one's eyesight intact.

No doubt the powder horn became less accessible after that. I do not know that the war fever abated, though, for some time. It was, indeed, further encouraged at the house of a friend and schoolfellow of my elder brother, one Henley by name, bigger than the rest of us, who formed a small gang of boys at his house, which, being situated upon the precipitous slopes of Waldon Hill, in a garden with plenty of ambush and important strategic positions on the tops of flights of steps, lent itself well to our operations. These generally took the form of sham fights. The party divided into two and chased each other up and down the garden, with miscellaneous arms and costumes supplied from our host's private or ancestral collection; for he was the son of an officer who had seen service, and possessed the book of his regiment containing highly coloured pictures of its uniforms, banners, and exploits, among which such subjects as the storming of Seringapatam and the siege of Badajos figured. Among these martial relics was a dragoon's brass helmet, which one remembered wearing—though almost extinguished by it —with great satisfaction. Then there were cutlasses, blunderbusses, pistols, and gun-stocks, all the latter capable of being fired blank by percussion caps, giving a very exciting report. The artillery was made up of small brass cannon, which frequently burst through being probably overcharged, but somehow we never seemed to need the services of a field, or any other, hospital. Another incident connected with the dressing up as a soldier may not be without interest as throwing light (or rather, as in this case it proved, *darkness*) on the type of furniture and decoration of the

period. In order to see that all was correct, and to get a full-length picture of myself in the new uniform, in the absence of any responsible domestic authority I mounted the pedestal table in the drawing-room, as that eminence commanded a full view into the large pier glass which decorated (?) the marble mantelpiece; but, alas! the way of those pedestal tables was to wobble on their apparently solid tripod of lion's claws, and in making a plunge to recover my balance the table went over, cloth, books, and all, and worse still, carried an inkstand with it, as well as the small person in the red flannel tunic. The result was an alarming splash of ink upon the creamy-coloured field of the Brussels carpet. I had heard of salt as an antidote for ink-stains, however, and I went for the salt-cellar and emptied its contents upon the ink-stained carpet.

I think in the end the reprimand was a little mitigated by this attempt to make reparation.

I recall the fiery rejoicings in which the town indulged, in common, I think, with the rest of England, at the news of the battle of the Alma, at first wrongly supposed to have involved the fall of Sevastopol. Blazing tar-barrels were rolled about, and fireworks let off in all directions one September night in 1854. Few could have foreseen the tedious and terrible winter months which followed, involving great suffering to our troops, exposed to the rigours of the Crimean winter as well as the blunders and red tapeism of the War Office. The gloom was certainly relieved by brilliant victories such as Inkermann, and the historic charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava; but the war was, as usual, a mistake, involving a fearful amount of suffering and waste of life, if also heroism, which after all might have had better opportunities in constructive and social services, and in furthering the general good of the community. There was, it is true, as usual also, a peace party at that time who duly protested, but they were in a hopeless minority, and were ridiculed and silenced as far as possible, though in the end events proved them to have been in the right.

Living, as we did, near the harbour, it was natural, in the constant sight of ships and sailors and the life of the quays

to become interested in nautical matters and all that belonged to the sea, and we prided ourselves on correctly distinguishing the different rigs of the various types of vessels. The collier schooner with the square-rigged foremast was the most frequent visitor to Torquay, and the coal was then laboriously hauled up from the hold by means of a pulley and the weight of three men, who hauled first from a raised plank, and then, jumping down simultaneously on to the deck, still clinging to the rope, brought their weight to bear upon the basket of coal till it was hauled to the wharf. There were timber and grain ships also, and fishing smacks, and a variety of craft, from the smart private cutter or schooner yacht to the small lugger and harbour punt.

It was immense fun, when, finding a good-natured skipper, we children were allowed to ramble over a ship as it lay moored to the pier or quay, especially if it were a large barque or "three-master." An especial favourite was *The Margaret* of Torquay, with a kindly captain, and it was a sad event when in a gale we saw this vessel stranded upon the sands, as she was making for the harbour on a return voyage. I do not remember any steam vessel, and I do not think that steamships were much used for trading purposes generally till later. The passage to the United States and to Australia was performed by sailing ships. "The fast-sailing clipper ship" to New York or Melbourne was the usual form of advertisement of such ships, generally headed by a picture of a three or four-masted vessel in full sail cutting its way through a breezy sea.

Evening entertainments were sometimes given in some hall in the town, of a character likely to appeal to the sympathies of a seaport audience. I remember being taken to one of these, a diorama, as it was called, of a voyage to Australia. The lecturer, as each picture appeared, gave a short description. The series began with a picture of the ship about to start, and a signal gun was actually fired through a porthole to announce her departure, when the scene slowly moved from right to left, round the roller, out of sight, and made way for the next. We had a "man overboard" in the Channel, which was painted properly choppy, and various incidents of the voyage, the landing at Melbourne, and the

journey to the gold diggings, and so on, that being the principal or perhaps only reason for taking the voyage in those days.

At another similar sort of entertainment a wreck was pictured and the rocket apparatus practically demonstrated, the shot being actually fired, or something to look like it, and through a raging sea we presently discerned a rope made taut, and some little figures of sailors emerging clinging to the rope, and crawling to the cliff hand over hand.

The circuses and the "wild beast shows," however, which not unfrequently visited the town, were more exciting, the whole company of the circus generally riding through in costume, with teams of spotted horses drawing weirdly painted and gilded cars, bewitching lady equestriennes, huntsmen, soldiers and clowns, and a brass band. On one occasion a whole hunt, the ladies and gentlemen in scarlet, made a brave show.

Then the circular tent, the plank benches and the sawdust, the feats of horsemanship, and the jokes of the clown, were beyond words.

Once I saw the battle of Waterloo fought in the ring. There was Napoleon on his white horse and grey caped overcoat, telescope and cocked hat all correct, and the Duke of Wellington equally so. Both made stirring speeches to their troops, who cheered like true supernumeraries, and then the Life-guards charged the Cuirassiers, and the foot-guards duly upped and at them'd; there were alarums, and excursions, and finally a grand *mêlée* in the ring and a great expenditure of gunpowder, which filled the stifling tent and nearly choked the audience as they made their way out, deeply impressed—at least, the juvenile portion. At the wild-beast shows, or caravans, we made the acquaintance of live lions and tigers, giraffes, zebras, and elephants. The usual plan was a parallelogram formed by drawing up the waggons or wheeled cages into line on some green or open field and disclosing their railed fronts to the spectator. Here the poor prisoners from Africa and the uttermost parts of the earth were gazed upon or teased by the crowd making holiday, the monkeys making the best of it out of the nuts freely offered them.

The most thrilling experience was the ride upon the elephant, when, with a dozen or so of other children, one felt the curious swaying movement, something like that of a vessel on the sea, as we paraded around the limited confines of the show.

Every year there was the Torbay Regatta, generally, I think, in August, for one associates it with bright hot weather. This was for us, perhaps, the great event of the year. The sound of brass bands was in the air from early morn, the ships in the harbour and bay gay from stem to stern with strings of bunting in all the colours of the rainbow. The quay was transformed, rows of yellow vans were drawn up along the edge of the quay with their backs to the harbour. Gorgeous pictures of fat women and strong men hung aloft. There was a theatre with wonderful characters in costume (like those we used to buy lithographed upon sheets and jewelled, to be cut out for the toy stage) strutting about on the boards; there was the never-failing attraction of Punch and Judy; there were merry-go-rounds and shooting galleries, there were oranges and nuts, and innumerable seductive ways of getting rid of pocket-money.

I have never forgotten a fine lady in a riding habit who borrowed a tall hat from a gentleman in the audience—and they were *very* tall hats in those days—and after discovering a number of unconsidered trifles in it, which she held up for the diversion of the audience, and to the confusion of the owner of the hat, she finally made and cooked a currant pudding in the hat (which was handed round to be consumed) before brushing it and gracefully handing it back to its owner, uninjured.

Then there were sports upon the water in the afternoon. A cutter was moored just outside the pier in a sheltered bit of the bay. This was the Committee's boat, and the official centre and starting-point for the races, and the scene of various aquatic sports. There was the greasy bowsprit with basket hung with coloured ribbons hanging at the end. To gain this, many athletes essayed to walk the bowsprit very lightly attired, and with bare feet, of course. Many were the attempts, and wild were the attitudes struck upon the bowsprit in the endeavour to preserve balance on the part

of the various competitors for the prize in the basket, sometimes a duck, sometimes a pig. When at length one succeeded in detaching the basket, he tumbled with it, or without it, into the sea, and then it became a swimming race for the prize joined in by the other competitors. On one occasion, I remember, there was a boat race, the competing boats representing various trades and their crews rowing with the implements of their different trades. Coal heavers in black calico rowing with shovels, bakers in white with wooden bread shovels for oars, gardeners propelling their boat with spades, were the most distinct. Then there were yacht races, but these took a course around the bay and beyond it, and though no doubt followed by the experts with glasses and great interest, for the juveniles, in passing out of sight often passed out of mind, while the excitement centred on the Committee boat and its fantastic performances.

Of other popular festivals or shows I have a recollection of seeing a local pageant in the form of a procession after the manner, more or less, of the Lord Mayor's Show in London, a principal feature of which was a series of cars representing various crafts or trades in operation. Trolleys or waggons were used hung with coloured draperies, and within the limited workshop space various groups of workers successfully did their best to illustrate as picturesquely as possible the stages of certain handicrafts. I remember a man sawing a piece of wood on one of these crafts-cars, and the saw coming through the calico hanging which draped the side of the trolley.

On another occasion, a fête was given at Whatcombe, a place on the coast towards Teignmouth, where the red Devonian sandstone emerged in fantastic buttresses from the sloping green sward and formed a sort of natural amphitheatre. Here, in the centre, a maypole was erected with garlands and ribbons, and a group of child-dancers danced around it, twisting and untwisting the ribbons to the music of the band of the Royal Marines, very gorgeous in scarlet uniforms and plumed shakos. The fête was given, I believe, in honour of the visit of some member of the

Russian imperial family, and I recall that the scarlet band played a striking march we were told was "the chant of the Croates." While gazing at the maypole dance, small person though I was, I must have inadvertently obscured the view of a still smaller person in charge of an attendant sitting on the grass of the slope behind me, for I distinctly remember the man plucking my sleeve and motioning with his hand, when I turned, to indicate that I was standing in the august but very youthful light of a young Russian prince, as I was afterwards informed.

Mayday was not, however, usually kept with such splendour. The usual local method of commemorating the festival, at Upton at least, manifested itself in the form of dolls representing the Queen of May, presumably, dressed and decked with flowers, and arranged in a sort of arbour of flowers, the whole being enclosed in a sort of shallow draper's box. It was the custom for the little girls of the village to take these round to the houses of the gentry where there were children, and send them in to be looked at and in the expectation of some trifle of money as a reward for any skill and taste shown in the arrangement of May-in-the-Box.

We had our first resident governess at Park Place, Miss Hawkes—so that we were still in the bird family. Miss Hawkes so became in the course of natural abbreviation "'S 'awkes" with her pupils. I believe she was very worthy and conscientious, but do not remember any strong attachment between us, or anything very exciting during her period of authority. We were duly plied with "Magnall's questions," and gathered our ideas of English History from Mrs. Markham. *The Child's Guide to Science* encouraged an interest in the chemistry of domestic life, and *Henry's First Latin Book* helped our first stumbling steps in that language. Certain "lessons" had to be committed to memory, and, parrot-like, repeated by rote the next day. That "learning lessons" became the chief daily bogey in an otherwise happy existence, spent largely on the sands, shrimping, on that part of the shore of Torbay in front of what were known as Tor Abbey fields and flanked on one side by a bold cliff of red Devonian much broken and

undermined by the sea, and called "the Corbans." Here on the wide sands, or among the flat, smooth, seaweedy rocks, embedded in it, we children sported, shrimping in the pools or in the shallow sea, where the little flounders could be felt fluttering over one's bare feet.

Sailing toy ships, too, was a favourite sport, and a good investment for pocket-money. I remember spending mine in what to me was the very beau-ideal of a schooner yacht, fully rigged, shining in paint and varnish. The joy of possession was great, but in my eagerness to show my prize at home, in my haste I broke the top off one of the masts, which a little discounted the effect.

One was not without a little experience on the sea, too, for my father was very fond of boating and sailing, and we used often to be taken out with friends in small cutters on trips about the bay, or sometimes my father would take two of us in a small lug-sail boat, as it was called, an open boat which could be rowed or sailed, weather permitting, by fixing a mast into a round hole in one of the seats, and hoisting a small square red sail, controlled from the tiller by the steersman. In such a craft in fine weather we would sail across the bay to Brixham—a distance of six miles and back, with great satisfaction watching the little white houses dotted about the cliffs across the blue water. Such sea experiences enabled one to enjoy *Robinson Crusoe* (a birthday present from a kind aunt) with more zest and probably earlier in life than is commonly the case.

On one occasion a naval training ship anchored in the bay, and we had the excitement of sailing round her, and even of going aboard and seeing the guns, and the young Jack Tars, and all the wonders appertaining to a man-of-war.

Bathing, too, must not be forgotten, from the early fearsome dips from a bathing machine (with a terrible ogre of a weather-beaten, bonneted "bathing woman," as she is seen in some of John Leech's early *Punch* pictures, whose very appearance was enough to strike terror to the hearts of children shrinking from the salt sea-waves) to the later bathes from the shore with big boys. Not that one acquired swimming until years afterwards, and in a river, too.

But impressions of the sea have always been strong with me from the time when first the tumbling waves, showing their snowy crests in the blue, were pointed out to me as "white horses," which, indeed, I could well believe them to be. At other times we were initiated into the craft of sea-fishing. A ground-swell, however, always upset me, the effect of the long, slow-recurring roll having the speedy result of taking away one's interest in any subsequent proceedings, to say the least, and inducing the strongest wish to return to *terra firma.*

A favourite diversion on land about this time with my brothers and myself was butterfly-catching, and we ourselves were soon caught by the collector's enthusiasm in our small way, and were never tired of talking of the beauties of "painted ladies," red admirals, fritillaries, peacocks, orange-tips, etc., and keen was the excitement of the chase after these fragile creatures, with a light net of green gauze at the end of a thin cane. A certain barber of the town, to whom we were wont to go to have our hair cut, was also a collector, and we used to look with wonder and envy at the specimens in the glass cases which adorned the walls of his operating-room. It was some compensation for having to undergo the rather irksome process of having our hair cut to see his collection.

At one time dancing lessons demanded our attendance on certain afternoons of the week at the Royal Hotel, where a Miss Renaldi was accustomed to give instruction in dancing and deportment to a mixed class of small girls and boys, and we were introduced to the elements of elegance and put through our paces, starting with the regulation "first position" to the "*chassé*," and learned the stately "quadrille," then in fashion, and "the Lancers," and danced with much more form and ceremony than in the more free-and-easy style of the present day, when it not unfrequently becomes a romp.

Among our near neighbours in Park Place were the Rodway family, the head of which, a surgeon-dentist, distinguished himself outside his own profession, in which he had a good repute, by taking a leading part in raising a volunteer rifle corps, of which he became captain, and in which

he was aided by three stalwart sons, who added to the strength of the corps. It must have been one of the earliest in the rifle-volunteer movement, and came into existence under the influence of the Crimean War feeling, and the success of the rifle in that war, mingled, I suppose, with some suspicion of the designs of Louis Napoleon, in spite of the alliance. What was wanting in numbers was made up in enthusiasm, and the corps met regularly for drill, the ground being a fine open and level down near Meadfoot, known as "Daddy's (or Devil's) Hole Plain." This curious name was connected with a fissure or landslip which had at some remote period occurred on the seaward side, and formed a deep chasm between an inner and an outer cliff. There was a legend connected with this rather romantic spot about which I am vague and only remember that, in the usual manner of attributing natural cataclysms to supernatural agency, the story led up to a finale in which the landslip was accounted for by the stamp of the devil's hoof.

Well, the dauntless volunteers of Torquay frequently met upon this plain and went through their platoon drill. No breech-loaders then, if you please. The management of the ramrod was an important part of the proceedings, which ultimately led to the discharge of the rifle, the immediate means being the use of percussion caps upon which the hammer descended when the trigger was pulled. It seemed quite a long and elaborate business compared with the ease and celerity of modern methods.

Blank cartridge was fired on these occasions, and I well remember the boys of the town used to collect in front of the firing line, at a respectful distance, and when the rifles went off, they threw their arms up and tumbled over in the most realistic way, afterwards scrambling for the cartridge papers. These riflemen had a kind of sword-bayonet, which looked very formidable when fixed on the rifle, and made a fearsome hedge of thorny steel when they "formed square to resist (imaginary) cavalry." An "invisible green," practically nearly black, was then considered the correct colour for the uniform of a rifle corps, black patent leather belts, cartridge box, etc., and a low shako with a plume of cock's

feathers completed the outfit. Individually this dress had a neat appearance, although having a somewhat heavy and funereal look in the mass, but never blending with the natural greens of the landscape.

When not occupied by the volunteers, Daddy's Hole Plain was considered the best place for flying kites, and this in its time and turn was a favourite sport with us boys.

We were, however, always ready for a ramble along the coast, and there was a delightful path along the cliff-edge from Meadfoot onwards to Anstey's Cove and Babbicombe, two places endeared to childish memory as the scene of many a birthday picnic or crab-tea—such as could be enjoyed at the little inn at Babbicombe Bay. There is even memory of a picnic on Berry Head—the pointed headland bounding Torbay on the west, and looking generally grey and inaccessible enough. Berry Pomeroy Castle was also visited. A good view could be had from "Land's End," a favourite short walk from Park Place. Here a terraced footway wandered past the gardens of various private dwellings, to terminate in a sort of pier head on the cliff with stone coping and seats. From here we could look down upon the fantastic rocks and the natural arch at "the gentlemen's bathing cove," across the bay to Berry Head, and Brixham, and Paignton, or eastwards towards Meadfoot, though I think we were too far round the point to see the Orestone and the Mewstone, the two small rocky islands which were conspicuous from Meadfoot sands. Then, wandering farther to the east, there were the delightful coves and bays above named, with Whatcombe farther on and then Minnicombe, till Teignmouth was sighted, which seemed to bound our world upon that side just as Berry Head did on the west On the road to Anstey's Cove there was situated a place of some geological renown, namely, "Kents Cavern." A local geologist of some celebrity, Mr. Pengelley, distinguished himself by his researches here and his lectures upon the fossils and the bones of extinct animals found on the spot. I have no personal recollection of ever having been taken to the place or seen any of its wonders, but only of its whereabouts being pointed out rather vaguely, as being in a wood somewhere near the road on the way to Anstey's

Cove; but the name of the place and what one had heard about it caused it to haunt one's imagination as a place of mystery and wonder.

The first scientific lecture, or perhaps one ought to say archæological, I remember hearing was one upon Egyptian hieroglyphics by a kindly and venerable-looking old gentleman whose name I think was Ford.

He arrested attention, however, by himself illustrating his lecture by drawing on the blackboard, and explaining the hieroglyphic system by applying it to the inscription of modern words or names, such as America.

So, from one source or another, no doubt one was gathering the elements of ideas, some of which were destined to be developed further in later life. More or less formal and regular "lessons" went on, too, at home. Miss Hawkes was succeeded by a much more lively and interesting personality —a lady, a friend of the family, who took charge of the lesson-giving for a time, and I remember, though not with much joy, being bad at languages, French was made a feature under the new curriculum. The lady was Miss Clarke, who became much endeared to us all, and has remained a faithful friend through life, and is still living, at the age of ninety-three, in the enjoyment of wonderful health and all her faculties. It was, indeed, through her that I became acquainted with the lady who afterwards became my wife, in London many years later.

Torquay at that time was rather remarkable for the number of its different religious sects and coteries, each claiming the special patent of salvation. Miss Clarke was an ardent Evangelical, and made no secret of her views. My mother was always that way inclined, although with a liberal tendency and a mind open to broader ideas. She was interested by such books as *Vestiges of Creation*, and other literature of the day skirmishing on the borderland of science and religion; but we children were brought up in the ordinary low church tenets, and the Religious Tract Society furnished most of our Sunday reading, I think.

As a counter influence we had a great-aunt, Miss Swinchatte by name, a sister of my father's mother. We called

her Aunt Sarah. She was a Unitarian—so that the differences in religious views in the same house were considerable. This aunt stayed with us for some time, but we children made rather too much noise for her comfort, I fancy, though she was kindly disposed, and she finally left our roof. I have a distinct image of her as a thin-featured, refined, rather colourless, keen and particular but not unkindly old lady in spectacles, who spent most of her time in an armchair reading.

A more popular aunt was my father's sister, who generally paid us an annual visit, bringing us little presents and joining in our games and excursions, though apt to be a little rigid and severe at times, and not realising or making allowance for, as time went on, the difference a few years make in the life and development of character in young people—not, by the way, at all an uncommon failing in many excellent persons.

We were marched to church regularly, once or twice every Sunday. My earliest recollections are of a new modern Gothic church with low-backed rather penitential seats with "poppyheads" at the ends, mitigated by loose cushions and "hassocks" of the kind of crimson rep one always associates with low church furniture. Our family seat was a "front row" facing the chancel. There was a central and two side aisles and a small gallery or organ loft over the vestry. This was dark and shadowy, and my irresistible idea was when the Litany was read that the "miserable sinners" were somehow up in this gallery, where dark silhouettes of bending forms could be dimly discerned, as it was difficult to associate the term with the sleek and prosperous-looking people who filled the body of the church, or the well-dressed gentlemen who covered their faces with their silk hats for a few mysterious moments as they entered. How vividly I recall some of the faces of that congregation, but it is those of the men principally. The women were a good deal disguised in those days with coalscuttle bonnets and often thick veils over the front of these, so that it was often impossible to see what they were like.

The men were more showy in their dress, too, than now, the Sunday coat being by no means universally black, but often green, blue, or plum-colour, with brass buttons. The

gorgeous waistcoats of the early "fifties" have already been alluded to, and the *ensemble* was heightened by satin stocks, and completed with buff or other light-coloured "continuations" carefully strapped under Wellington boots. Those were the days, too, when "white ducks" were generally worn, and, in the summer, formed part of the official costume of policemen and marines. It must certainly have been a much cleaner world then, though I remember how soon in one's own experience the positive whiteness became sullied, generally by green smudges on the knees, owing to incautiously kneeling on the lawn with too much everyday *abandon*.

My father was always extremely quiet but correct in his dress. He seemed to accept the world and its customs pretty much as he found them, and had a nice sense of propriety on all occasions, though possessing a keen sense of humour, which, no doubt, gave him the necessary mental relief during somewhat oppressive social functions.

The terrible feeling of unnatural righteousness which seemed to be put on with the clean linen and the Sunday clothes, making any healthy exercise seem out of the question, became a little mitigated on Sunday afternoons, despite an unusually good dinner, by a walk in the country. This was a regular thing with my father, and we boys were always ready for a ramble over the Warberry Hill and along the coast, when, no doubt, the long-suffering parent would be exposed to a running fire of questions about all sorts of things met with by the way.

At other times, in the intervals of portrait-painting, my father would make landscape studies and sketches of the local scenery, and sometimes utilise them as backgrounds. He had been a versatile artist all his life, and painted figure subjects, landscapes and animals, as well as portraits and portrait miniatures, though these latter occupied his chief professional time, and it was on his facility and grace as a portraitist that his reputation was maintained.

Torquay, however, did not offer much scope or opportunity for his talents, and he found more support among his old connection in Lancashire and Cheshire, and this necessitated not unfrequent absences from home.

It was presently thought advisable to send my brother and myself to school. The principal boys' school was then under the mastership of a Mr. Page. It was commonly called "Page's school," and was situated upon the Teignmouth road in the upper part of Torquay, quite in the suburbs, and almost in the fields at that time. The schoolhouse was a large square block connected with the master's suburban-looking residence in a garden, facing a large bare-looking playground with what was called a Giant's Stride in one corner. Here, after the preliminary parental private interview with Principal Page, we may be said to have turned over a new leaf as we went somewhat shyly as new boys one day—I rather think it was at the commencement of the autumn term in 1856. My brother Tom was about two years older than I, and had already had some school experience at another school in the town, but it was my first acquaintance with a boys' school. We were, however, only "day-boys," and were regarded rather as in a different class by the boarders, though duly officially named Crane Major and Crane Minor. I cannot say my recollections of school life were at all happy. The brutality of it struck me very much. A herd of boys in a gaunt bare room, the walls relieved only by one or two varnished maps; the floor bare, and rows of much-worn and well-inked wooden double-sloped desks, and forms without backs for the boys, and a master's desk or two. The constant use of the cane for quite trifling faults or mistakes was disgusting. Mr. Page was a severe man and seemed to enjoy using the cane, or at least did not seem to think his authority could be maintained without it. He was rather short but sturdily built, and he generally appeared in a black alpaca coat and a black smoking-cap with a tassel hanging on one side, and there was generally a hush at his entry into the schoolroom. There was one poor chap, a Jew and a foreigner, who was always catching it, perhaps because he did not understand so well as the others. I do not think the other masters were empowered to use the cane, however. The second master was very harsh and unsympathetic. I was hopeless in arithmetic always, and at this school on Monday mornings a class was taken by the aforesaid severe master, what was called "mental arithmetic." There were no

slates or pencil and paper allowed, and the problems which were read out by the master had to be done in the head. After a pause each boy was asked in turn for the answer. If a boy could not answer, or made the wrong answer, it was promptly, "Next boy!" The questions were generally of the sort beginning, "If a dozen of such a thing cost so much, what would a hundred dozen cost?"—or more or less complex variants of this type, but they were often put in a puzzling way, and what with nervousness and anxiety to get out an answer of some sort in time, I believe any calculating machinery I may have had was from that time hopelessly deranged.

I got on better with the Latin master (Mr. Stuart, a Scotchman with a characteristic accent), with writing on themes which were set by the same master, who was much more sympathetic to me than the others.

There was a midday dinner served in a long room on the ground floor, also used as a classroom. The food was abundant, certainly, plain roast and boiled with vegetables. A standing dish was roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. The second master would carve for the boys, and each boy could indicate his choice, if he had any, vocally. This was done in a sort of chanted response to the carver's look, generally this form: "Any way, no fat, please sir." We day-boys, a very small group, sat at the Principal's table with his own family. He had a son of his own as one of the scholars.

Writing from dictation, generally some well-known poem, such as, "On Linden when the sun was low," I liked well enough, and writing generally, but we had a lot of lessons to take home, and these grew to be such a burden on my spirit, and the anxiety to get them creditably done was such that an attack of congestion of the brain came on and stopped my school career temporarily.

My mother belonged to the homeopathic persuasion in medicine, and we were fortunate in having a very sensible and kindly doctor, Dr. Mackintosh, who relied mostly on changing the diet; whether it was that nature was not violently interfered with by violent remedies, or by "pouring drugs of which we know little into bodies of which we know less," I know not, but we seemed to be all successfully pulled through

the usual childish ailments. We were quite fond of globules and tinctures. The mother had a little medicine-chest of her own, and dosed us for small ailments; it was only for more serious symptoms that the doctor was called in. So we remained innocent of powders in jam, rhubarb and magnesia, and all the fearsome medicines we had heard or read of as being so revolting, and needing such bribery to induce children to take.

Cruikshank's picture of the wretched boys at Dotheboys Hall being dosed by Miss Squeers with brimstone and treacle is well known, and it was then a tradition that a little occasionally was a good thing, but I do not remember that it was very objectionable to taste.

It is quite likely that one had acquired a sort of horror of schools from Dickens's account of Mr. Squeers's establishment, heightened by Cruikshank's illustrations, for I certainly well remember we had that well-known edition, and also the later ones illustrated by Phiz (Hablot K. Browne), many of which were first issued in parts in green paper covers.

I do not remember making any very fast friendships among my schoolfellows, but this may be accounted for by the short and interrupted time one spent at the school, and also being a day-boy. The chief opportunities of becoming acquainted with one another were of course in the playground, where we played football and hockey. The personality of many of the boys is, however, quite distinct, and their appearance, and many of their names. There were three Dutch boys of a Jewish type—Major, Minor, and Minimus. I recall their rather thick pronunciation, long noses, and speckled suits. There was a big boy with a large head and shock of light hair named Glasgow, who wore very short jackets and trousers, possibly because he was always outgrowing his clothes. There was a gentle-looking boy named Lambshead, curiously enough the son of a butcher in the town. Another of the day-boys was one named Weymouth, who had a high repute for cleverness at his books and arithmetic at the school. He joined us part way in our daily walks to and from the school, but afterwards became a boarder, and so was practically lost to us as a companion. I

have some recollection of a school cricket-club and of matches played in a field not far off, but they are somewhat faint.

My schooldays, however, were destined to be very short. The last incident I can remember in connection with them was the distribution of some of my early drawings among my schoolfellows as mementoes on the last day of our attendance, when we bade farewell to Mr. Page and his school. Some of these were illustrations to Walter Scott's novels and ballads, chiefly combats and fights, such as that between young Morton and Balfour of Burleigh in *Old Mortality* (or Lord Cranstoun and William of Deloraine in the Ballads), which, curiously enough, I met with in the rooms of one of our old schoolfellows who had settled in London years afterwards, and who had carefully preserved this relic, which was crude enough.

In the spring of 1857 a great change took place in the family. My parents decided to remove to London. I fear my father's professional prospects were not improving in Torquay, where his art met with very little encouragement, and he was advised to take up his residence in London, as offering the best field for an artist. His health, which had been a difficulty from the first, had improved very much at Torquay, and no doubt his residence there had prolonged his life. It was not without risk that the new departure was resolved upon. It entailed, of course, the giving up of the house in Park Place, and also the sale of the furniture and effects, so that the break with the old days was complete, and it was like beginning life again in a new world.

CHAPTER II

REMOVAL TO LONDON, 1857, AND EARLY EXPERIENCES THERE UNTIL 1859

IT was in May 1857 that the Crane family bade farewell to Torquay after a residence of nearly twelve years and made their way to London, my father having gone before, to secure a house and arrange matters for us.

I have no distinct impressions of the journey. The early wonder of the railroad had a good deal worn off. The rush of railway extension and railway speculation had come and gone with the "forties," and travelling by train was settling down into the matter-of-course, useful, time-saving way of getting about the country. There had long been the South Devon railway extension from Exeter to Torquay, or rather to Tor, for the line down to the sea was not completed for some years later. We had often watched the arrival and departure of the little train of the old-fashioned stage coach-body pattern, drawn by a long green-bodied engine with bright brass safety valves and a tall black funnel; and trains with plenty of white steam puffing out had long been favourite subjects for treatment in slate and pencil.

I have an early dim recollection of being taken as far as Exeter in the early days of the line, and even have an impression of the cathedral and of being awed by its shadowy solemnity.

We must have duly reached Paddington, and have been somehow transported far down the Bayswater Road to near where the line of green omnibuses used to stop at Starch Green, Shepherd's Bush, then quite a rural spot, just beginning to get a suburban touch with some newish villas.

My eldest sister (the author of *Lectures on Art and the*

Formation of Taste) had been for a year or two at a girls' boarding-school in Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, which was conducted by Mrs. Howell, a great friend of our parents. Her two daughters had stayed in Torquay, and we were all very friendly together, so that we were not altogether without neighbours, comparatively speaking. The son of the house was a blue-coat boy of Christ's Hospital, and his appearance in the quaint costume made a great impression, the old English scholar's dress being quite new to us. My father painted a portrait of young Mortimer Howell in this dress, standing with a book in his hand, with the gateway of Christ's Hospital in the background, and a capital picture it made. This young man afterwards entered the Indian Civil Service, passing the very stiff examination with distinction.

My father had taken a furnished house in what is now called Goldhawk Road — the address was No. 2 Alfred Villas, Starch Green. The house was a semi-detached one, of the early Victorian builders' quasi-Greek-fronted type in painted cement, with Mr. Ruskin's abomination—a Doric portico —and a small flight of steps to the front door, and a small forecourt or front garden, defended from the pavement by an outer wooden gate with posts and balustrade, and there was a long narrow strip of garden at the back divided from the neighbours' on each side by low brick walls, which, so to speak, kept the word of privacy to the eye but broke it to the hope.

The house belonged to one Lady Phillips, apparently the dame of a sometime Lord Mayor of London, from the evidence of certain portraits hanging in the rooms, if I remember aright. There was the usual early Victorian suburban villa arrangement of front and back drawing-room divided by folding doors. The outlook in front across the road was a brickfield. This at least had the charm of novelty, and I began to sketch the shed with the horse going round, the men laying the bricks of London clay in the long rows under straw to dry, and the smoking pile when they were baked, emitting that curious stuffy oven odour which used to permeate the suburbs of London.

There were pleasant walks westward by Stamford Brook to Turnham Green and Beck Common, and the sight of

what is now Bedford Park, then green fields and trees, with a pleasant pathway along the brookside to Acton, then quite a distinct village, or southwards down Paddenswick Road and Shaftesbury Road—then a new road cut through orchards—to Hammersmith, and so down Hampshire Hog Lane to the Mall with its old elms and fine river view, since so much associated with William Morris and his friends.

"Now for London!" as the omnibus conductors used to say, when the Starch Green 'bus, after reposing a while at the "Half Moon and Seven Stars" waiting for another to come up, turned round and travelled eastwards again. It seemed a long journey up the Bayswater Road then. There was a fringe of semi-detached villas more or less continuous on the south side of the road nearly as far as Shepherd's Bush Green. Then an unenclosed goose green with ditches at the side, and a few white posts and rails. Here at its eastern corner the road —Uxbridge Road—diverged to Acton, with here and there, at intervals, some two-storeyed early nineteenth-century brick cottages and an old roadside inn, with horse trough and sign-post, and seats outside for wayfaring customers. To the south of the Green there were no houses at that time north of Brook Green. Shepherd's Bush Road was a country lane with hedges, and a long row of tall poplars bordered a region of market gardens extending to Hammersmith. There was no Addison Road Station, but only a coal depôt at Uxbridge Road and the line to Willesden used only for coals. Just beyond the station on the right the semi-detached villas began again up to Addison Road, and most of the Addison Road houses were there, I think. Then of course there was Royal Crescent and the houses opposite Holland Park, much as they are now, with the little gardens in front, but no shops. Holland Park itself was intact and uninvaded by the "desirable residences" of the builder. A fine belt of trees extended from the foot of the hill up to Campden Hill, protected by an old brick wall, panelled and buttressed at intervals, bearing various dates formed by lighter-coloured bricks let into the structure here and there, presumably commemorating different dates of repair: 1848 was one, I remember.

The tower of the Grand Junction waterworks was then, as

now, a feature on the top of Campden Hill, and at Notting Hill, in the narrow part of the High Street, there was actually a toll bar, white gate and all. Silver Street was much the same, I think, and Palace Gardens represented the height of palatial aspiration in domestic architecture for the rich; Kensington Gardens with its fine trees, as now, forming a pleasant green bordering to the road farther on, but Westbournia was only beginning, and many of the mansions of Lancaster Gate were being built. Onwards to the Marble Arch there was little change, except there were no flats in brick and terra-cotta.

The noise of Oxford Street and rattle of the London traffic over the stone paving, which was then general, was very dazing and confusing to visitors fresh from the country, and I remember the roar one heard from Hyde Park caused by the grinding of the wheels and the beat of the hoofs. It is still audible, but much softened since the days of wood paving. Of course we were taken to the various sights and Lions of London occasionally.

The Pantheon in Oxford Street, a building near the circus with a gloomy Roman portico over the pavement, at that time was open as a kind of bazaar of all sorts of ladies' fancywork, with a picture-gallery upstairs. There were some terrible things there truly, but I was greatly struck with certain colossal canvases by B. R. Haydon—"The Meeting of Alexander the Great and Xerxes," I think was one of the largest, full of energy, fiery rearing chargers and brass helmets. The finest of all was "Marcus Curtius Leaping into the Gulf," a Roman warrior fully armed on horseback plunging down a dark abyss, a work of real imagination and force, which was in later years to be seen in the picture-gallery at the Old Canterbury Music Hall. It seems strange that Haydon is only represented in the National Collection by a comparatively unimportant and uncharacteristic work, the "Punch and Judy Show," at South Kensington. Whatever qualities might be wanting in his work as a painter, it is certainly to his credit that in a time of humdrum domesticities and stagey historic incident in painting, he asserted the claims of heroic treatment and large mural intention.

The National Gallery in Trafalgar Square was then (1857) shared between the Old Masters and the Royal Academy. At that time it was the work of the living that interested me most, and keen was my delight on the occasion of a first visit to the Academy Exhibition. Up to this time, since the war fever was over, under the influence chiefly of prints after Sir E. Landseer, Richard Ansdell, and J. F. Herring, I had become chiefly interested in drawing animals, and it was thought that I should make them my principal study. I had often been set to copy bits out of a print of an early work of Landseer's, "The Hawking Party, or the Return from Hawking," which used to hang in the dining-room at Park Place. This picture contained portraits of the Earl of Ellesmere and other members of that family, but the horses and hounds were the principal figures for all that. The scene was at the gate of a castle or country mansion, and I well remember the figure of a falconer on the left with his hawks, and a white horse which was supposed to be a fine study in foreshortening. Many of Landseer's pictures were among the engravings in the *Art Journal*, such as "Peace" and "War," and his pictures of Highland deer and other well-known sentimental and incidental subjects in animal life were very popular, and filled the print-sellers' windows and adorned the walls of middle-class houses abundantly at that time. I had, however, never seen an original Landseer, and this in itself was sufficiently exciting. But the pre-Raphaelites were then the newest sensation in the art world, and in this particular Academy show it was Millais' famous picture of "Sir Isumbras Crossing the Ford" which I chiefly remember. It impressed me beyond words. To begin with, it had a horse in it—indeed, it was mostly horse, some people said. It was, however, much more. It was strikingly original: it was romantic, and was a very forcible and truthful piece of painting, and in a manner quite fresh to my youthful eyes. The picture was the talk of the season, and was the cause of a certain elaborate caricature being published, which rather cruelly represented Millais as the Knight, while D. G. Rossetti and Holman Hunt were the two children he was conveying across the river—not on a great horse but on the back of a colossal ass branded with the letters J. R.—while early

pre-Raphaelite brethren on the banks of the river prayed for their safe conduct across the ford.

I remember seeing this print—which was afterwards discovered to be the work of the distinguished artist Frederick Sandys—in Messrs. Colnaghi's window at the time, and can recall my father speaking of it with much amusement.

The effect of seeing the work of the pre-Raphaelites was not immediate on my youthful practice. I seem to have been under many different influences about this period, and one certainly was that of Turner, whose work was then temporarily housed at Marlborough House, together with the Vernon Collection, and the Hogarths and Reynoldses and Gainsboroughs now in Trafalgar Square. The Turner influence was fostered by my reading the first volume of *Modern Painters*, which my father possessed, and the moving and eloquent descriptions with which the book abounds. Then, too, we had Rogers' *Italy*, with the Turner vignettes, and I remember I used to try my hand at little subjects with setting suns in them, groups of cows standing in water, and suchlike pictorial material.

It may have been owing to the fact of my father having several pastel heads placed in the Academy Exhibitions about this time that helped to encourage him to settle in London. We did not, however, stay long in Alfred Villas, but moved after a month or so to Shaftesbury Terrace, Hammersmith, a new row of houses at the Hammersmith end of Shaftesbury Road, then newly laid out, and having orchards on each side higher up.

The education question troubled my parents a good deal, and as want of means was a difficulty, they were advised to try and obtain nominations to Christ's Hospital School for my elder brother and myself. Letters were duly written to certain influential governors or patrons—such as the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Lansdowne, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Gladstone—but they brought nothing but more or less courteous replies expressing inability to help in the matter, which was not encouraging; so the idea was given up, and we remained at home—to my great relief, privately, it must be confessed. One of my father's friends at this time was Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Rawlinson, C.E., and a well-known member of the

Society of Arts, who had won considerable distinction in connection with the Crimean Campaign, he having been sent out by the Government to advise and make a report as to the sanitation of the camp. I well remember him coming to see us one Sunday at Hammersmith, as he was rather a remarkable figure, and dressed in what was then considered a very old-fashioned style. He wore short white duck trousers over Wellington boots, and a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, a stock round his neck, and had long side whiskers extending beneath the chin. My father was commissioned to make a chalk drawing of his head, which was done, and I rather think sent to the Academy. Mr. Rawlinson was by way of buying a picture now and then, and had a study of Donkeys on a Common, by R. Ansdell, R.A., which he, hearing of my fondness for drawing animals, and seeing some of my early attempts, lent for me to copy, and also at another time a small landscape picture of a ripe cornfield with a farmhouse and trees, a bit of distant country, and a heavy, cloudy sky. This was by Dawson, a Nottingham painter of some repute. (Curiously enough, I met with this very picture in the Municipal Art Gallery at Kidderminster the other day.)

The Donkeys I later offered for sale at a tiny picture shop, one of the little row which still survive at Knightsbridge, squeezed against the side of the Park—the last shops on the left on the way to Hyde Park Corner, and I believe I obtained the magnificent sum of 10s. for it.

I never enjoyed myself copying, however, and was always happier drawing direct from Nature or doing something "out of my head."

Of course I got a good deal of instruction under my father's eye, and was allowed to make my first essay in oil-painting in the summer of this year—a black and white greyhound's head, I remember. He used to set one to paint groups of still life to get practice in drawing, colour, and values, and I think it taught one a good deal, and then one always had the advantage of seeing an accomplished hand at work.

At Hammersmith I found good sketching ground at Beck Common, and where now stands the populous and æsthetic suburb known as Bedford Park, I used to draw the browsing

cattle and ponies. One day I was sketching an old shaggy pony on the Common when its owner, a milkman, came forth and took it, like time, by the forelock. He, however, looked at my sketch, and said that if I came to his place he would give me a glass of milk for it. The bargain was accepted, and I gained not only a glass of milk down, but access to a yard and stables with all sorts of interesting models in the shape of animals, so that I was quite happy.

Echoes of events shaking the big world reached one but faintly, but I do remember the talk about the terrible time of the Indian Mutiny and its excesses, and the horrible retaliation of its suppressors, as one heard of blowing of Sepoys from the mouths of cannons, and of British soldiers bayoneting the wounded Sepoys in the hospitals who begged to be shot instead. It left its mark in the pictorial world too, as there were sensational pictures in the Academy in the following years of British officers preparing to shoot their wives to save them from the infuriated Sepoys seen breaking in at the wings, and suchlike incidents.[1]

I do not remember how long we stayed at Shaftesbury Road, but the next year (1858) found the family in Lambton Terrace, on the then outskirts of Westbournia. The neighbourhood immediately beyond had been overbuilt, and now looked dreary and desolate enough with rows of gaunt, roofless carcasses of houses arrested in their march upon the green fields. In the middle of an open ground close by, strewn with bricks and building débris, stood a partly finished church, then known as Dr. Walker's church (where I recall sketching the caretaker's dogs), now surrounded with houses, and the centre of a populous district near the Westbourne Park Station of the

[1] What is known as "The Mutiny" was really a revolt. My recent visit to India has convinced me that it must have been a most determined effort on a very large scale to regain possession of the government of Oudh for the native princes. Whatever his shortcomings, the deposition of the last king and his banishment was highly unpopular, and the appropriation of the lands and revenues by the British did not make it better (the king being granted an allowance, out of his own property as it were!). Much has been said about the oppression of the natives under the native princes, but are the natives better off under British rule? Are not the ryots taxed to subsistence point, and is not their condition as much owing to poverty as to famine?

Metropolitan Railway. There was no such railway then, of course, but open country right away to Kensal Green and Willesden.

An old farmhouse, with a pond and a willow leaning over it (Notting Barn), stood close to what is now Notting Hill Station. I used to sketch about here, and also farther afield, at Wormwood Scrubbs, before the prison overshadowed it, and

EARLY STUDY OF A SETTER (1858)

before it was enclosed by the War Office, and was innocent of rifle butts. Cattle grazed on both sides of the railway embankment then, and also beyond the Scrubbs, on Old Oak Common, which was about the limit of my sketching rambles in those days.

My favourite spot was a cottage or small farm, near the canal, where lived an old couple named Ireland. They gave me the run of the place. They kept sporting dogs there, and the gate was guarded by a fine yellow collie; there was a

SKETCH OF A HORSE AT IRELAND'S FARM

WALTER CRANE, 1858-9

donkey and other interesting animals for me to make studies of also, but apart from this, the place was used by Lancaster the gun-maker of Bond Street as a rifle range. There was a mechanical running deer to shoot at in the field backed by black timber fencing, and there was a shed in which a man in list slippers carried on the craft of cartridge making, and sometimes parties of men would come down to try guns. The place has long ago disappeared before the spreading town, which has now come up to the railway, and only stops short at the Scrubbs.

My sketching was varied by visits to a cow-keeper's stables near us, where I got studies of cows and horses, and sometimes even accompanied a party of milkmaids—of the sturdy Irish type then usual in London—upon the milk cart some distance down the Acton Road to where the cows were fed in the summer time in the meadows, and returned again with them after the milking was done with the full cans in the cart.

Such pursuits were varied by occasional visits to London's sights. I do not happen to remember my first visits to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, though later I can recall impressions of the Houses of Parliament and the British Museum. South Kensington Museum is more distinct, and it must have been in its quite early days when it was called the "Brompton Boilers" from the round-roofed iron sheds painted white and green which then housed the collections. The place was guarded by sappers and miners in shell jackets; near the entrance was a model of the estate with plans of extension, and a label with the inscription, "Rome was not built in a day," and I think this was repeated on any unfinished work in the place. The museum was full of interest and variety, and had not the gloom and sepulchral feeling of the British Museum. There were numbers of delightful and interesting things one had never seen before—casts of Italian Renascence sculpture, mediæval carving, jewellery and glass, armour and weapons, fireplaces, tiles, furniture and tapestry, all tumbled together as in a vast curiosity shop, but making a most attractive *ensemble*, and probably, in my case, preparing the way for that keen interest in the arts and crafts of design

which was in later years to absorb so much of my time and energy. At that time the most popular place was the gallery which housed the Sheepshanks Collection, which was most fascinating, rich in Landseers and Mulreadys; and Mulready, I think, was particularly interesting to my father, who frequently took us to the gallery. A favourite place with me was a certain corridor leading from the museum on the ground floor to the offices. The walls of this corridor were hung with a collection more or less historically complete of wood-engraving. Here one got first acquainted with Burgmair's "Triumphs of Maximilian," and met Dürer again in one's old friends, "Ritter Tod und Teufel" and "Melencolia" and "The Great Horse," Alfred Rethel's "Death the Friend" and "Death the Enemy," and his very dramatic and striking series of Death in the Revolution of 1848. Specimens of Linton's work hung here, and Bewick and his school, and the illustrators of the mid-nineteenth century. No doubt I imbibed many ideas here, and from the varied contents of the museum generally, but I little thought how closely I should be connected with the place in after years.

There were plenty of growls at its situation—so far from London and out of the way, and difficult to get at. The Brompton 'buses were the only ones which came at all near its gates. "The Boilers" were then in an extensive garden, and approached through iron entrance gates by a carriage drive belonging to an old-fashioned house which was on the estate, and used, I think, as an official residence for some time —in fact, it only disappeared a few years ago to make room for the new buildings for the museum now nearing completion. Exhibition Road had only recently been made—the houses of Prince's Gate were just begun, at the Park end. The gardens of the Horticultural Society were intact behind a fence extending all down the west side of Exhibition Road. London practically came to an end in this part, and was lost in market gardens, or desirable building land to be let on ninety-nine years' leases.

CHAPTER III

APPRENTICESHIP TO W. J. LINTON, 1858–62

I THINK it was some time in the year 1858 that, through the good offices of a friend in the publishing house of Smith & Elder, of Cornhill (Mr. Wooldridge, father of the recent Slade professor at Oxford), some drawings of mine were shown to Mr. Ruskin. I was accustomed to amuse myself by making illustrations to poems I was fond of, such as Cowper's "Task," Scott's Ballads, and "Blomfield's Farmers' Boy." These were generally in the form of small pen sketches. Among them, however, was a complete set of pages in colour illustrating Tennyson's poem, "The Lady of Shalott." Each page contained a subject enclosed in a sort of border with the text written within it. It was considered more of a complete decorative effort than anything I had produced hitherto. Mr. Ruskin was fairly encouraging, and praised particularly the colour of this Lady of Shalott set.

The same drawings were shown about the same time, however, to Mr. W. J. Linton, who was considered the head of his craft as a wood-engraver at that time, besides being a writer and a poet and an ardent champion of political freedom, and an adherent of the Chartists.

He seemed so taken with the drawings that he very generously at once offered to take me into his office without the usual premium, with the idea of my learning the craft of drawing on the wood, at that time necessary for those who sought a career in book illustrating. He evidently thought more of my possible capacity as a designer, and praised the Tennyson set for their conception and arrangement, which he said was their chief merit, not so much the colour, as Ruskin had thought.

Well, as it was necessary to consider my prospects of making a living, and as I was quite willing, the offer was accepted by my father; and finally, in January 1859, an indenture of apprenticeship to W. J. Linton for a period of three years was signed and sealed, and I remember being instructed to place my thumb upon the little red seal, and say the mystic words, "I deliver this as my act and deed." There was no compulsion, as I was eager to begin my new career, and seemed fully aware of what it might lead to, as I carefully recorded the date in a pocket-book, and added in boyish round hand, "One of the most important events of my life."

W. J. Linton was in appearance small of stature, but a very remarkable-looking man. His fair hair, rather fine and thin, fell in actual locks to his shoulders, and he wore a long flowing beard and moustache, then beginning to be tinged with grey. A keen, impulsive-looking, highly sensitive face with kindly blue eyes looked out under the unusually broad brim of a black "wideawake." He wore turn-down collars when the rest of the world mostly turned them up—a loose, continental-looking necktie, black velvet waistcoat, and a long-waisted coat of a very peculiar cut, having no traditional two buttons at the junction of the skirts at the back, trousers of an antique pattern belonging to the "forties," rather tight at the knees and falling over Wellington boots with small slits at the sides. He had abundance of nervous energy and moved with a quick, rapid step, coming into the office with a sort of breezy rush, bringing with him always a stimulating sense of vitality. He spoke rapidly in a light-toned voice, frequently punctuated with a curious dry, obstructed sort of laugh. Altogether a kindly, generous, impulsive, and enthusiastic nature, a true socialist at heart, with an ardent love of liberty and with much of the revolutionary feeling of '48 about him. He had a curious way of breaking off his sentences, leaving the listener to supply the last word.

He never obtruded his opinions, however, and such maxims as he may have given me at times were quite incontrovertible: such as, "A man cannot be a great man unless he is also a good man," which I recall his saying once; and on hearing about some people rather under a cloud through impe-

cuniosity, and not being able to pay their rent, he said, "They may be very good people, and yet not able to pay their rent." A gentle way, perhaps, of correcting bourgeois sentiment.

In the spring of 1859, he with Mrs. Lynn Linton, his second wife, was living with the eldest son of the former marriage (W. W. Linton) at a pleasant house in Epping Forest at Loughton.[1] I remember going down there, and it was the first time I met Mrs. Lynn Linton, who was already known to literary fame and later became much more widely so, especially by her remarkable novel, *The True History of Joshua Davidson.*

She was a rather large and fine-looking woman, with very remarkably prominent eyes, although very short-sighted. She had an affectionate manner with her friends, and spoke of them as "dear." She had a rather gentle, almost tremulous voice, and generally conveyed the impression of an emotional character, yet she had the repute of being a particularly strong-minded woman, full of advanced theories.

I frequently saw her afterwards when they lived in Leinster Square, until the final break-up came, and Mr. Linton and his two daughters and youngest son went to live at Newhaven, Connecticut, in America, where he carried on his engraving and established a printing press.

Mr. Linton's office was then in Essex Street, Strand—No. 33, as then numbered, though I think since altered. It was one of the old-fashioned eighteenth-century houses on the left-hand side going towards the river, but entirely devoted to offices. Linton had the third floor and the top garrets as well. The deed was signed in one of these, in the presence of my father, Mr. Linton, and Mr. Harvey Orrin Smith, who was then in partnership with him. Mr. Orrin Smith was the son of the well-known engraver of that name, and was thus a connecting link with the early nineteenth-century school of English wood-engraving from the time of Thomas Bewick onwards. Linton himself was almost the last master of white line, and the ease

[1] The Linton family previously to this lived at a house named Brantwood, on Coniston Lake. This house was owned by Linton. At one time he let it to the poet Gerald Massey, and ultimately sold it to Mr. Ruskin, who with the Arthur Severns lived there for many years, and eventually died there, leaving the house to the Severns, I believe.

and freedom of his touch upon the boxwood was astonishing. His office was a typical wood-engraver's office of that time, a row of engravers at work at a fixed bench covered with green baize running the whole length of the room under the windows with eyeglass stands and rows of gravers. And for night-work, a round table with a gas lamp in the centre, surrounded with a circle of large clear glass globes filled with water to magnify the light and concentrate it on the blocks upon which the engravers (or "peckers," or "woodpeckers," as they were commonly called) worked, resting them upon small circular leather bags or cushions filled with sand, upon which they could easily be held and turned about by the left hand while being worked upon with the tool in the right. There were, I think, three or four windows, and I suppose room for about half a dozen engravers; the experienced hands, of course, in the best light, and the prentice hands between them. There were four or five of these latter, apprenticed for five or seven years, to learn the craft of engraving on wood. Of these some were deaf. It was, indeed, very usual to apprentice deaf and sometimes even dumb youths to wood-engravers. They went by the name of "Dummies" in the office. The medium of communication was always talking on the fingers. The deaf and dumb were very expert at this between themselves, and used all sorts of abbreviations, so that they appeared to express themselves as rapidly as people do in ordinary conversation. Mr. Orrin Smith was an adept at it, and all his instructions to the deaf apprentices were conveyed by these means. He was a man of considerable energy, and appeared to throw much expression into the process of spelling out his words, especially when he was vexed about some work having gone wrong, when extra speed and emphasis would be thrown into the action of his fingers, so much so that it was reported on one occasion he decorated his speech, or perhaps relieved his feelings, by a big big D.

He was an excellent friend to me, however, and I recall the kindly way in which he set me to work on the first morning of my attendance at the office, feeling very new and strange. He set me down at his table to draw one of my own pen-and-ink sketches on a small block of boxwood, showing me the

way to prepare it with a little zinc-white powder (oxide of bismuth was generally used) mixed with water and rubbed backwards and forwards on the smooth surface of the boxwood until dry. On this the design was traced in outline, and then drawn with a hard pencil to get the lines as clear and sharp as possible for the engravers. I did not find the 4 H pencil put into my hands a very sympathetic implement, though the surface of the wood was pleasant, but I dashed off something with it, much to the surprise and probably embarrassment of Mr. Orrin Smith, who hoped I was disposed of for some time. He told me to work much more carefully and slowly. Rather depressed, I began again, but my stock of knowledge, equal to rapid sketching, did not gain by being laboured, and the drawing soon got as shiny as a black-leaded grate.

My chief work at first was making little drawings, on fragments of boxwood, for the apprentices to practise upon. The outside edges of the boxwood, after the square block had been sawn out of a cross section of the tree, were used up in this way.

Wood-engraving was, however, rapidly entering a mechanical stage, and engravers were becoming specialised for different sorts of work. There was a "tint" man and a "facsimile" man, for instance. Work for the weekly press necessitated speed, and the blocks used were jointed and screwed together so that they could be taken apart by the use of nuts and spanners, and put together again. By these means a block could be distributed among several different engravers, so that the work could go on simultaneously, and of course much more quickly than if the block was engraved throughout by one pair of hands. Before the block was separated the joints were cut, so that the drawing at the edges of each piece should not be lost and that the work on each should fit together properly. It was usual in a block containing figures and faces for the heads to be cut by the master hand, and what was called the less important "facsimile" work by the apprentices. In the vignetted drawings then popular there was a good deal of more or less meaningless scribble and cross-hatching to fill up, or to balance, or to give a little relief and colour to the subject.

In the drawings on the wood for serials and book illustrations which mostly came into Linton's office at that time, both wash and line were used generally.

John Gilbert had set the pattern of the prevailing type, and there were many inferior Gilberts about. Gilbert himself had been accustomed for many years, I believe, to draw the rather sensational illustration—or "tale cut," as it was called in the office—to the thrilling serial novel carried on in the *London Journal*, a popular weekly periodical, but he at last gave it up, and the weekly drawing was supplied by another artist, who had to carry on Gilbert's tradition in composition and treatment as closely as possible. This was Louis Huard, who had a facile light touch, but not the force and richness of Gilbert. A severer school was represented by John Tenniel, whose work I greatly admired, who worked in pure almost hair line, using, it was said, a 6 H pencil for his drawings on the wood; and the drawing I remember seeing certainly looked like it. Another designer whose work I remember seeing, though almost forgotten now, was John Franklin, who worked in a sort of decorative conventional manner founded upon the style of the German masters of the early sixteenth-century presses. John Leech and Tenniel were then the chief supporters of *Punch*, and often, during the dinner-hour, I used to wander through the Temple and out into Fleet Street, and study the cartoons displayed in the window of the old *Punch* office at No. 185.

"Pam," and "Dizzy," and John Bright, and Napoleon III. were familiar figures in Tenniel's cartoons, but I was not a politician, and such characters I regarded, perhaps not without reason, as moving in some mysterious drama of which I did not understand the plot, or as playing some curious game of the rules of which I was totally ignorant.

A more interesting and really heroic figure was Garibaldi, who excited the greatest enthusiasm in England by his valiant struggles for Italian freedom; so much so, that an English volunteer contingent was organised, and went out to help him. W. J. Linton was on the executive committee of this movement, and gave much of his time to it. I remember him speaking of the difficulty he and his colleagues

had in restraining youths from throwing up their engagements in their eagerness to join the red-shirted corps.

When, a year or two later, Garibaldi visited England, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which he was welcomed everywhere, and the cheering of the crowds which greeted his appearance in the streets was something to remember.

A new hand had recently showed itself in the pages of *Punch*, however, in quite a distinct manner and at first one which showed study of German woodcuts applied to direct sketches from life. This was Charles Keene. The German influence came out very strongly in a set of illustrations by this artist which appeared in the new periodical *Once a Week*, which was started by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans in 1859. These were Keene's illustrations to Charles Reade's story afterwards known as *The Cloister and the Hearth*, though in its original form, as a serial tale in *Once a Week*, its title was "A Good Fight." I remember a tall figure in a Glengarry cap on the side of his head, in a short velveteen jacket, loose tie, and ample peg-top trousers lounging into Linton's office and sitting on the table chatting with the engravers, smoking a short pipe; rather close curly hair framed a long, somewhat sallow visage with contemplative eyes; add a moustache and small imperial, and you have the appearance of Charles Keene at that time.

The windows of the main office in Essex Street looked on to Fountain Court, Temple. The fountain at that time was a simple basin, nearly flush with the pavement, with an edge of Portland stone, and from the centre, nearly from the level of the water, a single jet leapt into the air, and as the breeze dispersed the spray, when the sun shone about mid-day, we used to see rainbows. Some old elms, and the old houses of the court beyond, formed with the fountain a pleasant picture, and I was moved to attempt to sketch the scene in water-colour, rainbows and all. While I was at work, a well-known artist who worked for the *Illustrated London News* at that time, Samuel Read, came in, and looking at the sketch, said encouragingly, "You'll make a landscape painter, my boy." Then I remember he turned to one of the engravers,

the only one in the room at the time, and said, "Why in the world is he put to engraving?" when he was reassured by my friend the engraver that I was there to practise drawing on wood only.

Out of office hours I carried on a certain amount of practice in painting and study of various kinds, my models being chiefly members of the family. About this time, through our old friend Miss Clarke, I was offered a rather difficult commission by her brother, Mr. Joseph Clarke of Saffron Walden, an antiquarian and sometime curator of the museum there. He possessed an incomplete copy of Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," partly laid in in oil-colour on a canvas. Mr. Clarke wished me to complete this for him, and I tried to do the best I could with it, working from an engraving of the well-known picture; but I do not remember enjoying myself over it much, although I believe my patron was fairly well content with the result. Mr. Joseph Clarke used to write me beautiful letters on a kind of drawing paper in a kind of script of his own. He himself was quite a remarkable character, and wore the old-fashioned dress-coat with high collar and voluminous neckcloth of the "thirties."

Of others who called to see Linton in Essex Street I remember Lord Elcho, the present Earl of Wemyss (then a fair young man with refined features and the long whiskers of the period, the mouth being shaved), who was interested in the early volunteer movement, in which he took a prominent part. He had decided views about an appropriate uniform, and the object of his visit to Linton was to get a frontispiece engraved to a book he was bringing out on the subject. This frontispiece was to be from a photograph representing, I think, his lordship, in the new uniform, which resembled that afterwards adopted by the artists' corps—silver-grey, with brown leather belts, but with a grey helmet, without any spike, not otherwise unlike the present tropical helmet of our troops. This was the principal novelty then, as shakos were universally worn.

I used to walk every day, except Sundays, from Westbourne Park to Essex Street and back in the evening, taking my lunch with me. I had government office hours—ten to

four, and a half-holiday on Saturdays. Sometimes I went by way of the Park, sometimes by Oxford Street and down Drury Lane—then full of rather bad slums and courts noted for rows—and so along Wych Street—now cleared away and turned into Aldwych under the London County Council improvements—to St. Clement Danes and Essex Street. In the dinner-hour sometimes we wandered about or played hide-and-seek in the courts of the Temple, and went down the Essex Street steps to the river to watch the barges and the penny steamers, but this was before the Victoria Embankment. Sometimes Linton's son, who was also engaged in the office, would be my companion home, for about this time the Lintons took a house in Leinster Square, Bayswater. At other times my companion was a book, as it was quite possible to read strolling along the quiet footpaths of the Park. I remember bearing one by one the heavy volumes of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, which were obtained from Mudie's, as my appetite had been whetted for more by reading the first and only volume of Ruskin my father possessed, except the pamphlet on "pre-Raphaelitism," in which he says, speaking of Sir Edwin Landseer, "It was not by a study of Raphael that he attained his eminent success, but by a healthy love of Scotch terriers."

In the summer of 1859 a sad sorrow fell upon us in the death of my father. The change and the air of London, and no doubt increased anxieties, had told upon his health, and so seriously that the end came in July. It was, of course, a terrible blow. A kinder father never lived, and with his death the family lost their bread-winner. He had never been able to win a secure position by his art, though always at work; and although he maintained his position and kept his family in comparative comfort, he was not able to leave any provision, dying as he did at the early age of fifty-one, and we were none of us of an age to be able to earn a living, but it became more necessary than ever to regard our pursuits as a means towards this end.

There was a sale of the works my father left at Messrs. Foster's Rooms in Pall Mall. I do not remember what sort of a sum was realised, but I believe Sir Robert Rawlinson

was one of the buyers. Accounts of my father as an artist may be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Mr. Marillier's *Liverpool Painters*, and other works. He was certainly a very versatile artist, as a glance over the extent of his work would show, ranging as it does from the lithographed designs and portraits of the days of the press in Chester with his brother William, to the miniatures for which he was known in his earlier career, and including his studies while a student at the Royal Academy, as well as landscape, architectural, figure, animal, flower, and still life studies and designs, subject pictures in oil, portraits in oil and water colour, charcoal and pencil drawings, and pastels. The grace and charm of his portraits and his sense of composition, his facility and delicacy of execution, both a draughtsman and a colourist governed by the traditions and ideals of his time, must be generally acknowledged by those who are acquainted with his work. One of his early lithographs was a portrait group of a former Earl of Stamford and Warrington, and his sister, as children; and another reproduced one of his early subject pictures, "An Old Arm-Chair."

He was also very skilful in making silhouette portraits in black paper, which had a vogue at one time. Specimens of these are given here.

We were greatly indebted to the kindness of an uncle at this sad time, my mother's brother, Mr. Edward Kearsley, then member of a firm of wholesale woollen cloth merchants in the City. Arrangements were eventually made that he should live with us, and a removal from Lambton Terrace was decided on. A house was taken in Westbourne Park Villas, one of a pair of semi-detached, with a small front garden and a large back one which extended to the embankment of the Great Western Railway. From here my uncle could get his omnibus from the "Royal Oak" to the City in the morning easily enough—and they used to run special express ones in those days for business men. My elder brother was engaged in a lawyer's office in Gray's Inn Square, and a school was found for my younger brother close by; my elder sister found some teaching work, and my younger

SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT OF WALTER CRANE AT ABOUT THE AGE OF TWELVE

SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER, BY MY FATHER

SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER, BY HIMSELF

sister was at a school near Chester; so that we were all disposed of in a way—though not provided for. At Westbourne Park I was perhaps a trifle nearer to Essex Street, which I often found rather a long tramp, and wore out much shoe leather. My work, however, about this time was varied by my being sent by Linton to make studies of animals at the Zoological Gardens, with some view, I believe, of eventually utilising some for a projected work on Natural History. He was interested in a new process of engraving which he had, I believe, invented in association with a man named Hancock, who prepared the plates. This process he named the Kerographic process. It was to some extent an anticipation of some of the later mechanical processes of engraving metal plates of zinc or copper so as to adapt them to surface-printing, although in this case without any photographic agency. The drawing was made upon a copper plate, like an etching, though in this process a thicker ground had to be cut through by the needle than an ordinary etching ground. In fact, I believe an ordinary black etching ground was first laid over the surface of the plate, and then another ground which had a greyish white surface, and on this the drawing would appear in black line, so that the artist could see the effect pretty much as when printed, or as when drawing on paper. It was necessary to cut through the double ground cleanly with the etching point, however, to ensure a line that should not be "rotten." What was done to the plate afterwards I do not precisely know, but from the results I believe the drawing on the plate was bitten in by acid in the same way as an etching, and then a cast taken from it, which would give the lines in relief, and this cast would be produced in hard metal, and probably electrotyped to print from in the ordinary way.

The process attracted some attention at the time, and a little book descriptive of it was issued by Linton, with specimen illustrations drawn by different artists. The process which professed to reproduce any line drawing in facsimile was advocated as cheaper and more exact than wood-engraving for facsimile work, and, curiously enough, by a wood-engraver himself.

HOUSE TOPS—HATTON GARDEN

ENGRAVER AT WORK

ENGRAVERS' GLOBE AND CAP OF THE PERIOD

VOLUNTEER UNIFORM, 1860 (LONDON IRISH)

SKETCHES AT LINTON'S OFFICES IN HATTON GARDEN, 1860-1

WALTER CRANE

One of the specimens in this little book was contributed by myself, and was a dog's head, more or less after Landseer, I think. I also drew several other plates of animals, but do not remember what became of them. The plates in Gilchrist's *Life of William Blake* were produced by this process, and I well remember being struck by the beauty of Blake's designs as the work passed through Linton's office. Amongst others, the Kerographic process attracted the attention of Mr. Ruskin, who I remember calling one day to see Mr. Linton on the subject. Whether he had any idea of using it for any of his books, I do not know; it was enough for me that I was at last actually in the presence of the great man—and I am sure he had no more enthusiastic admirer and devoted follower at that time than the youth of fifteen in Linton's office.

In appearance Mr. Ruskin at that time was still like that early remarkable full-length portrait by Millais, though perhaps nearer to Herkomer's fine water-colour head of him, before he grew a beard. I recall his tall thin figure with a slight stoop, and his quiet, rather abstracted manner. He looked like an old-fashioned type of country gentleman with literary tastes, and wore the high velvet-collared coat one sees in his early portraits.

The office was no longer in Essex Street. We had been deprived of the delights of Fountain Court, and with many regrets had moved to far less pleasant quarters in Hatton Garden. It consisted of rather a ramshackle old workshop of two storeys, across a yard, with low ceilings and rough floors, and windows extending the whole length of one side each room, of the old workshop or factory type with small frames of blown glass, showing bull's eyes here and there (quite precious now!). There was a long room off the yard, and nearer the street the office proper. The view of roofs (mostly pantiled and haunted by cats), brick chimneys, and back-yards occasionally gained a certain unusual distinction by the presence of a peacock and hen belonging to some neighbours. They would parade about upon the parapets, sometimes coming close to our windows, and we could see the cock bird spread his gorgeous Byzantine half-

dome of feathers in the neighbouring yard before his unemotional spouse. This plumage in the sunlight was some compensation for the loss of the rainbows of Fountain Court. It was to this Hatton Garden office that Ruskin came. Young Linton was at his desk, for he kept the books, and I was engaged upon a large anatomical drawing in colour, to be used as a lecture diagram. Anxious to be of some service, however slight, to the great man, I offered to shut the window, but he said "no"; but presently, feeling a draught, I suppose, he reached up to the sash and shut it himself, before I had time to jump up (there was a cupboard under the window), and all I could pretend to do was to fasten it. "Never mind fastening it," he said, and beyond expressing an encouraging approval of what I was at work on, I do not recall anything further Mr. Ruskin said on that occasion, and not finding Mr. Linton, he very soon left. Thrilled as I had been with his eloquent writing, it was a memorable event to me just to have seen the great man, who, of course, was quite unconscious of my devotion, and probably quite oblivious of the fact of having seen any of my work before, as he was of my identity.

Another distinguished person who was a client of our office was the late Dr. B. W. Richardson, for whom a quantity of medical diagrams were done—some to illustrate a work of his, and others for lectures. In fact, the one upon which I was engaged on the occasion of Mr. Ruskin's visit was, I believe, for Dr. Richardson.

On one occasion I was sent to his house somewhere in the Wimpole Street direction, and have a recollection of a very kindly man with a massive head sitting at a desk in a room lined with books.

In 1860 the volunteer movement was in full swing. The enthusiasm was immense, and nearly all the able-bodied young men joined. Among the engravers in the office there were at least three volunteers, each a member of a different corps. Cartridge belts and plumed shakos were quite common, and hung up alongside ordinary hats and coats, for drills and parades were to be attended after work. One really wonders how one escaped being drawn in, at least, to a cadet corps

but I can only suppose I was rather too old for the cadets and not old enough for a full-sized volunteer—and then I had no money. I got more or less drill exercise, however, as the volunteer members of the staff liked to show their military knowledge by putting the apprentices through their manual and platoon drill. We had also rather a rage for athletics, and had frequent recourse to heavy dumb-bells and the horizontal bar, as well as scratch wrestling and boxing matches; and sham fights were not unfrequent on Saturdays after "the governors" had gone, when the apprentices of one room would endeavour to carry the other room by assault and turn its defenders out. Terrific struggles on the narrow stairs generally followed and much torn clothing.

I still varied my office work with study at the Zoological Gardens. A student's ticket had been obtained for me by Mr. Linton, and his recommendation was supported by a veteran illustrator, William Harvey, whose graceful vignettes to Lane's *Arabian Nights* had been familiar to me from childhood.

At the Gardens I made the acquaintance of several other students. Among these was Ernest Griset, who later acquired considerable fame as a very original and humorous draughtsman of animals and grotesque humans. His first important work was the illustration of an edition of *Æsop's Fables* published by Messrs. Cassell, and Griset at one time had designs in *Punch*.

He was a lad of about sixteen when I knew him, very strongly built, with a distinctly French type of face, and having the peculiarity of being double-jointed in his thumbs. He was very fond, then, of drawing battle scenes between Gauls and Romans, and used pen and ink with great skill and precision. His animal studies, too, were full of life and character, and he himself always vivacious and full of fun.

Another artist (J. W. Wolf) well known to naturalists for his faithful drawings of birds and animals used to be seen at the Gardens, especially on the occasion of any new addition to the collection, as he would then come to make a drawing for

publication in some illustrated journal of natural history, and at one time I think he worked for the *Illustrated London News*. His work was frequently seen in *Once a Week* in the earlier days, and in the popular natural history books of the Rev. J. G. Wood, but his principal work was the elaborate coloured illustration of important works like Gould's *Birds*.

The sheaves of studies of animals and birds which I made no doubt gave me considerable facility in the drawing of animals and a memory of details of characteristics of their form and action which has constantly been of value. Interesting as such study was to me, however, it was not by any means my only work for Linton. I was to receive a small salary in my third year, and by that time I think I may have acquired enough facility in drawing on the wood to be of some practical if not commercial value. Anyway, I was put to all sorts of work, sometimes even as improver of other artists' animal drawing (!) or to restore some parts of a drawing which had got rubbed out in process of engraving. No doubt drawings on the wood did go through great perils and dangers in those days ere they emerged in black and white from the press, and it is not difficult to understand that occasionally an artist had some difficulty in recognising his own offspring. The least enjoyable work I can remember was certainly the drawing of an incredible number of iron bedsteads for a certain catalogue for Messrs. Heal, which was being engraved in the office. It was distinctly tiring, to say the least. All seemed fish to the engraver's net then—diagrams of all sorts, medical dissections, tale cuts, Bible pictures, book illustrations. Among the latter I recall seeing D. G. Rossetti's charming designs to Miss Rossetti's *Goblin Market*, which Linton engraved, and a very fine drawing of Frederick Sandys' "The Portent" for the *Cornhill*. Also, but rather later, Leighton's beautiful series of drawings to *Romola* for the same journal, some of which passed through Linton's hands.

I well remember saving up my pocket-money for some weeks to buy the Moxon edition of Tennyson's *Poems* with the pre-Raphaelite illustrations. There was a bookseller's shop on the north side of Oxford street—I think Bumpus's

first shop, nearer the Marble Arch end than now—and I used to stop on my way home to feast my eyes on the illustrated Christmas books displayed there. The Tennyson cost 31s. 6d., which seemed a large sum then.

I was not without some small experience as a press artist. There was an illustrated paper called the *News of the World*, with an office in Fleet Street. The editor himself almost personified his paper, as he was an enormous globular person who occasionally rolled into the office to look after his blocks or to commission more. I was sent out as a special, occasionally, to the Law Courts to make sketches when any interesting case was on. The Law Courts were then at Westminster Hall, and I remember going to the Court of Arches when there was being tried rather a celebrated case of the Bishop of Salisbury *v.* Rowland Williams. This, I believe, was an action arising out of the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, a book of essays in biblical criticism and subjects of debate in the Church. This book made a tremendous sensation and aroused the fiercest controversy in theological circles, quite astonishing when one considers the comparative mildness of the opinions expressed; but it was an early attempt in free England to claim freedom of opinion in a region and on subjects hitherto considered beyond question—that is, since they were last disturbed. Although in Germany biblical criticism was well advanced, it was almost unknown in England, and considered something like sacrilege by the congregations at large. The writers were mostly Oxford men, and some of them clergymen in orders, which I suppose was the chief cause of the trouble. Among the latter was the Rev. Rowland Williams, who was pulled up by the Bishop of Salisbury for something he had written or said in his church. I forget who was the judge who tried the case, but I remember the counsel for the defence was making his speech, and in the course of a forcible and spirited appeal for freedom of opinion on the part of clergymen, he expressed himself to this effect: "Must the clergy be content to remain silent and neutral when questions affecting the very foundations of their faith are discussed—must they indeed become a race of neuters, without either the intellect of men or the charms of women?"

I remember, too, there was considerable applause in Court at the conclusion of his speech, and a spectator said to me, "He's hit the nail on the head," or some emphatic remark of approval of that kind.

I can't say I enjoyed myself in the atmosphere of the Law Courts, and I cannot suppose what I did there could have been of much value, as I was very shy and nervous at sketching in public; but I believe, from the newspaper point of view, a much more successful effort was a sketch I did of the Lord Mayor's coach in Fleet Street, with the crowd crying "Hats off!" and throwing all sorts of hats and caps into the air as they swarmed after the carriage when the show passed —the office of the *News of the World* being, of course, introduced in the background.

I also went as a special artist for the same paper to the Canterbury and the Oxford Music Halls. The Canterbury was, I believe, the first of the "Halls," and was situated in the New Cut, Lambeth, a place of no very distinguished reputation. I remember meeting the late Mr. Charles Morton, who has been called the father of the Halls. He was then manager of the Canterbury, a bright, active, cheery man with hair and whisker *à la* Dundreary in evening dress and opera hat on, and wearing an Inverness cape. I believe I made some sort of a drawing of the entertainment hall, but there was a picture-gallery attached, and here I met again my old friend, the picture of Marcus Curtius leaping into the gulf, by B. R. Haydon. Surely it could not have been thought symbolical of Mr. Charles Morton leaping into the gulf existing in London between the concert and the theatre on the one hand and the public-house on the other? If so, he certainly managed to fill it up with great success.

At the Oxford it was some wonderful troupe of trapesists that was my subject for the paper. The Philharmonic at Islington, too, I visited, and among other entertainers a noted conjurer of the time, M. Robin, at the Egyptian Hall, who was by way of exposing the tricks of the spiritualists.

I also remember an interview with Mr. Charles Mathews the younger, who had an entertainment at the Bijou Theatre, hidden somewhere in the dark recesses of the old opera house

"Her Majesty's" in the Haymarket. I went to make a sketch of him in his scenery. His entertainment was entitled Mr. Charles Mathews' "At Home," a sort of quick-change character entertainment, I think. He hadn't much time to give, and I got a carte-de-visite photograph of him to work from. He was a curious little active, impatient man, with a rather wizened-looking but humorous face, clean shaven, but with some thin hair brushed up at the sides. As he stood a moment talking in a narrow corridor leading to the stage when he was in the midst of his preparations for his first night, he said, "Let's get out of this d——d draught!" as he led the way into some more sheltered spot.

Another quaint character I visited in my capacity as special artist was a noted auctioneer of horses somewhere in Barbican. I went to sketch his box and the scene where the horse sales took place, and I remember he said if the drawing was a success when it came out in the paper he would give me "a new hat"—a favourite form of present among horsey men, I understood, but I forget whether I earned it or not, or if he kept his word.

Once two of the engraver apprentices requisitioned my services as draughtsman in a little scheme of their own. I think it was a portrait and a view of somebody's birthplace for some journal for which they were commissioned to do the blocks. The work was done after office hours at their lodgings, and we sat up most of the night. We were all unaware that as apprentices we were not at liberty to undertake private commissions, until "the governors," when it was discovered, informed us, with a gentle admonition.

In the summer of 1860 I saw the sea again for the first time since leaving Torquay. The kind uncle before mentioned took us all for a fortnight to Littlehampton, and immensely we enjoyed it. The summer was a record one for rain, but we happened upon the only fine interval in Sussex, about the end of July and beginning of August. I was delighted to get some sketching in the country again, and was always at it with my water-colour box. Drawing-paper was dear; there was a heavy paper duty, imposed by some wiseacre, so one had to be economical, and frequently used both sides.

It occurred to my uncle in the cloth trade that I might be able to utilise his old pattern cards—cards, that is, upon which small samples of cloth had been gummed. The cloth was pulled off, and then the reverse side offered a fair field for drawing. I used these extensively about this time.

We went up the little river Arun in a boat to Arundel, and saw the great castle, with its ivied keep, then in ruin, rising from the woods, and we picnicked on the river's bank in the garden of the old hostelry of "The Black Rabbit," a charming spot at the bend of the river beyond the town, backed by a chalk cliff and the woodlands of the park, and with old poplars and willows leaning over the water. It was a joyful time, and we were sorry to return to Westbourne Park.

We were not to dwell there long, however, for my uncle projected marriage, and this naturally led to altered arrangements. The year 1861 saw us into lodgings in Argyle Square, close to King's Cross, and shortly afterwards we moved into a house (No. 46) a few doors off. This was a very convenient distance from the Hatton Garden office, and equally advantageous for my brother and sisters, who all had some engagements out.

The year 1861 was remarkable for the appearance of the great comet—a truly splendid sight, its enormous luminous nucleus, or tail, sweeping across a great arc of the starry heavens. All sorts of predictions concerning its significance and destiny were afloat, and it was currently believed in some quarters that it would strike the earth, and then there would be an end of all things—on our planet, at least.

In the summer of 1861, with my mother, I remember spending a holiday in Chester, her birthplace. We stayed with a grandmother, or rather step-grandmother, a very hospitable old lady, with much shrewd observation and humour. She had had, no doubt, opportunities for the cultivation of such faculties, as she had been formerly landlady of one of the oldest of the Chester hostelries. Her hospitality, it is true, was apt to take the embarrassing form of loading one's plate long after the capacity to assimilate more food had given in. "Cut it straight and eat it all," she was fond of saying.

Chester being the birthplace of both my father and mother, and the home of both their families for several generations, naturally had great interest for me, apart from its own picturesqueness and old-world charm.

I was greatly struck with the old city, with its timber houses and mediæval rows, and the delightful walk around the walls, the weir, and the river, and the pleasant country around, and found plenty to do. Indeed I got a commission from the vicar of St. John's Church — then undergoing restoration, I fear—to make a drawing of a fresco which had been discovered in the process of scraping off the white-wash from the big round piers. This was an early, perhaps fourteenth-century work, showing St. John in sacerdotal robes, with cross staff, and a book, upon which rested the sacred Lamb. There was a landscape background with deer and red castles in it, treated in an early tapestry manner, without perspective. I remember making a careful coloured drawing of this for the vicar, Mr. Marsden.

I had a glimpse of Wales, also, at this time, making one day an excursion by train to Llangollen, and going up Dinas Bran, from which I made a small water-colour sketch of the gorse and heather covered hills, under the flying cloud shadows of an August day.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY WORK, 1862–70

THE years 1861–62 will always be memorable for the great struggle in the United States culminating in the tragic and dramatic death of Abraham Lincoln — the Civil War, which ended in the freeing of the slaves, and excited very strong feeling in England and also divided opinions, for while the sympathies of the upper and middle classes were generally with the Confederation of the South, the working classes generally supported the Federalist cause of the North. Politics, however, were still much beyond my ken, and one only heard afar, as it were, the rumble of the contest by reading the accounts of the battles which filled the newspapers. "John Brown's Body," however, became a favourite marching tune with our volunteers.

I was soon to say good-bye to my volunteer patriots and office companions in Hatton Garden, for the term of my apprenticeship came to an end at the beginning of the year 1862.

Some of my earliest bits of original work appeared in a small monthly journal about this time entitled *Entertaining Things*, which was memorable for containing one or two of the earliest drawings of George du Maurier, who also began to contribute to *Punch* shortly afterwards.

On leaving Linton I was pretty much thrown on my own resources, though I continued to do small works for the office from time to time; among other things, I remember having to put upon the wood a series of rather vague sketches of Faröe and Iceland by the author of a small book bearing that title.

I used, in seeking for work, to call on different publishers to whom I had obtained introductions and hawk round my poor little folio of designs and proofs, and through an old

clergyman friend of my mother's I did some work for one or two firms of publishers of religious tracts—miserable things and miserably paid. I was so inexperienced that on one occasion, having to sign a receipt for my little account,—which must have actually run over two pounds, for a wonder,—I so respected the design of the inland revenue stamp as to leave it untouched by my signature, on which the publisher remarked on the necessity of obliterating it to some extent, as it had been so ordered by "the wisdom of our legislators." Another highly evangelical publisher once exacted 5 per cent. for paying me cash. The amount was a little over a pound, I think, but he had to do the sum himself, as I was quite innocent of what 5 per cent. might be.

I was engaged, too, by a Mr. Orr to make some drawings for an Encyclopædia—I think Chambers's—and in order to get at the proper authorities it was necessary to obtain a ticket for the British Museum Reading Room—planned and directed by the great Antony Panizzi. As I was under age, an exception to the rules had to be made in my favour, and my ticket was endorsed in red ink.

I was deeply impressed on being admitted to the great temple of authorship, reference, and research, and, duly initiated in the mysteries of the catalogue and writing on slips for works required, took my place at one of the desks for the first time. The curious hush of the place, broken only by the occasional coughing of the readers, or the soft fall of a book upon a desk, exaggerated by reverberation in the circular building, combined with savour of morocco bindings, was quite peculiar; the atmosphere perhaps a little stuffy, but otherwise undoubtedly a very comfortable place to read and work in.

Here I drew a variety of subjects from various authorities for the Cyclopædia, ranging from the bust of Shakespeare to the scenery of Honolulu.

Having access, however, to the Reading Room, I became acquainted with many valuable books of reference, and found the library, in common with a host of other workers, of great use to me in many ways. I had an introduction to Mr. James Hogg, who in this year started a new illustrated magazine with the name *London Society*. I offered him a drawing of a group

of fashionable promenaders in Kensington Gardens, which he at once accepted, paid me two guineas for it, and asked for more. I did several similar drawings at different smart resorts, such as Richmond Hill. I remember, too, illustrating an article for the same magazine on the subject of Dickens's Dogs —the various dog characters in Charles Dickens's novels being discoursed upon and described.

My early friend Mr. Wooldridge was again the medium of introduction to important work. Mr. J. R. Wise was about to publish, through Messrs. Smith & Elder, his work on *The New Forest: its History and Scenery.* An illustrator was wanted, and after an interview with Mr. W. Smith-Williams, who then acted as reader to the firm and conducted arrangements with authors, I was commissioned to accompany the author, Mr. J. R. Wise, on a tour through the Forest, and under his direction to make a series of sketches to be engraved by W. J. Linton, my late master, who also, I think, had some share in recommending me for the work.

At the end of May 1862, therefore, I started with Mr. Wise for Hampshire. Hythe, on the west side of Southampton Water, was the point of departure for the Forest district, which we set out to walk through. Wise himself was a very good walker, and says in his book that he should trust that "twenty miles a day was not too much for any Englishman." Certainly we frequently did that distance during our tour in the New Forest. I remember often how welcome was the village inn at the end of a long day's tramp. It was before the days of smart hotels, and the old-fashioned village inn, with its sanded floor and settles, was the usual form of hostelry, though there was often an extra parlour for travellers wanting a private room. Egg flip was the thing to take after a walk; this took off the fagged feeling, and prepared the traveller for something more substantial.

The weather, though, was not in our favour, it turning out a very wet June, associated with the constant cry of the cuckoo, which Wise cheerfully said was considered to be a sign of rain. I do not remember our exact route, but we started from Hythe to Beaulieu, passing some British barrows on a moor, and I remember putting up at the village inn at Beaulieu and

watching the swifts darting up and down the street. It was a pretty place, with a river and a mill at the bridge which led to the gates of the old Cistercian Abbey.

We stayed during part of the time at a cottage on Alum Green, near Lyndhurst, as from there most of the finest woods were accessible. When it was too wet to go out or to sketch out of doors we amused ourselves by composing a mock mediæval ballad of the Red King, or rather, Wise wrote the ballad and I engrossed the verses and illuminated them. This he sent to some friends of his in the district, with whom later we were to stay, and great was our surprise and amusement when we discovered that our little geste of a ballad had been taken in earnest, and was supposed to have been a copy of a veritable original which had been unearthed by the author!

In J. R. Wise, who was about ten or twelve years older than myself, I found a most valuable friend. He was a most remarkable man, and though this work of his on the New Forest soon won a place as a standard book, he never attained to great literary celebrity. He had before this published a novel which had had a fair measure of success at Mudie's. His real tastes, however, were scholastic. He was an extremely learned man, being a philologist, a naturalist, and an archæologist; and being wide-minded, and something of a poet as well, he found interest and intellectual food everywhere.

One could not but benefit greatly in such company. He was an Oxford man, but left, I believe, on account of his free opinions, which were the cause of serious differences with his family, he having been originally intended for the Church. He was a cousin of J. Anthony Froude, the historian, and had an extensive acquaintance among the more advanced thinkers and writers of that day, but he himself lived almost as a recluse, and was but seldom seen in London. He belonged to the school of J. S. Mill in philosophical thought and politics, and was one of the early appreciators of Herbert Spencer and a subscriber to the first issue in parts of the *First Principles* of his system of philosophy, which I first saw upon his table.

Opinions from such sources came rather in the nature of a counterblast to those in which I had been brought up, and told

rather against the Ruskinian point of view, which at first was rather a shock to me, until I was able to see things in a broader light.

We spent the whole of June and the early days of July, about five or six weeks in all, in the New Forest, working round again by the sea to include Hurst and Calshot Castles among the sketches which were at last complete, and of course comprised "Rufus's Stone," though this proved a somewhat disappointing spot, the stone (to protect it from tourists) being put in a jacket of cast iron, and there being no giant oaks thereabouts. My task, so far, was finished. I had to draw all the subjects from my sketches on wood for the engravers, and the publishers acquired the original drawings I had made on the spot. The old lady in Chester, hearing of this New Forest work, circulated the report among some painter cousins that I had received a hundred pounds for "a few roots and stumps of trees." As a frontispiece was needed for the book, a short visit to the Forest later was found necessary. This was in September, I think, when we stayed again at the Stoney Cross Inn, and I remember rising early to get the view for the frontispiece at sunrise. At the inn we met Mr. Lowes Dickinson, a portrait painter of some renown then. He was a grave man, with a short beard, rather slow and deliberate of speech, and was attired in the voluminous knickerbockers of the day. I remember a full-length portrait of Charles Kingsley by him seated in his library chair, which had considerable force and vivacity, and was hung in a prominent place on the line in one of the rooms of the Academy Exhibition, that year, I think.

While I was with Wise in the New Forest, the news came that a small picture I had painted in the spring of 1862, entitled "The Lady of Shalott,"[1] and sent to the Academy,

[1] This little picture, which represented the Lady of Shalott (from Tennyson's poem) drifting in her barge past a green river bank, with trees and tall grasses showing against an evening sky, was hung on the floor of one of the old rooms at Trafalgar Square. Small as it was, it obtained recognition from the *Times* art critic, then Mr. Tom Taylor, who praised it as "the work of a young and rising artist." As I was then on the floor, I had certainly need of rising!

I remember, on the strength of being an exhibitor, receiving a ticket for the soiree, which then took place usually about the end of July. Old Sir Charles Eastlake was then president, and I remember him receiving in the old rooms in Trafalgar

STUDY FOR AN EARLY PICTURE: "THE EVE OF ST. AGNES"

WALTER CRANE

having been hung, had found a purchaser at the modest price of five guineas. This gentleman was Mr. Brown of Selkirk, a cloth manufacturer, and, as it afterwards turned out, numbered my uncle, the cloth merchant, among his customers. The purchase of my picture was, however, quite an independent action on his part, and he followed it up by commissioning me to paint a companion picture showing the Lady of Shalott at Camelot, having drifted down in her barge, to the wonderment of the knights and dames of Arthur's court. This was done, to be promptly rejected by the Academy the next year. Both pictures were quite small, not more than about 15 inches by 12, or thereabouts, and, undaunted, I continued to send works of such modest dimensions every year to the portals of the Royal Academy; but they got no farther for at least ten years afterwards, though my good friend Mr. Brown bravely bought them for some time, until he must have possessed quite a small collection of early Cranes before he grew tired. The last thing I did for him was a posthumous portrait of his father, worked from daguerreotypes and early photographs.

Mr. Brown came to look me up years afterwards, I remember, but did not again venture to invest in me. About five-and-twenty years afterwards, I heard of his death from a brother of his in business in Golden Square, informing me that all my pictures were to be sold except the portrait and asking for advice concerning the best market. I offered to buy them back at the original prices, but received no response. I was then in Italy, however, and possibly the letter may have miscarried. The subjects of these early pictures were—"The Lady of Shalott" (R.A., 1862); a companion, "The Lady of Shalott at Camelot," 1863; "The Eve of St. Agnes," 1864; "La Belle Dame sans Merci," 1865.

The great event in London in 1862 was the International Exhibition at South Kensington, where now stands the Natural History Museum, and I think an annex extended to a certain distance up each side of the Horticultural Gardens,

Square with his badge of office, a small, thin man with a scholarly, refined face and old-fashioned, courtly manner. I knew no one, however, and was an unknown in a crowd of unknowns—to me at least.

which were also utilised as the Exhibition grounds. My connection with it was as the sketcher of a stall of a patentee and manufacturer of a new sort of pencil formed of continuous compressed leads, but the young lady who presided at the counter was the most attractive exhibit to me. Afterwards a drawing of mine made at the works, somewhere in the East End, showing a workman engaged in making the pencils, was enlarged and used as a poster.

The Exhibition was undoubtedly a big affair, and gave a good and comprehensive display of the art of the period. There was a splendid national and international show of modern pictures. There was a very fine group, a representative group, of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood's pictures, including some of Madox Brown's finest works, such as the "King Lear" (the tent scene), the "English Autumn Afternoon," and "The Emigrants." All these I saw for the first time, and was immensely struck by them. Leighton's "Cimabue's Madonna carried through Florence" also I had never seen before, and was greatly taken by its graceful design and decorative effect. Among the French school the pictures which stand out most distinctly in my recollection were two famous works of Ingres—"La Source," and the splendid study of a nude youth sitting with bowed head in glowing sunlight against a pure blue sky, on a rock by the sea. Among one may almost say miles of pictures these remain in one's memory as works of extraordinary force and distinction.

English decorative art, too, began to assert itself in this Exhibition. There was a most interesting group of furniture and examples of interior decoration of all kinds shown by the Ecclesiological Society, among which, I think, there was early work of J. Seddon, the architect, Pugin, William Burges, Philip Webb, William Morris, and E. Burne-Jones.

One saw in the work of these men the influence of the Gothic revival and the study of mediæval art generally.

There were plenty of other kinds, too, and a conspicuous feature under the dome was a huge Majolica fountain by Messrs. Minton, considered a triumph, in which a group of St. George and the Dragon formed a centre.

These were the earlier days of the *Cornhill Magazine*,

under the editorship of W. M. Thackeray. I remember the cover design by Godfrey Sykes coming into Linton's hands while I was with him and being engraved by him. I believe I was sent by Linton on one occasion to Thackeray's house with some message about that time, but I have no recollection of ever having seen him in the flesh. There was in later years, however, a report that I had been discovered by Thackeray in one of his *Roundabout Papers*. This was not so, although it was in the *Cornhill* that Wise's book on the New Forest was reviewed among other Christmas publications of the year 1862, but this article was written by George Henry Lewes. My illustrations were praised as "the work of a very young artist of only seventeen." I did not at all appreciate this kind of notice, as I felt quite full-grown, and had no wish to have my age published at large.

The New Forest was very well reviewed generally, and although, as Mr. Wise confided to me, he only received forty pounds for his work, he had hopes it would lead to further literary work of the kind. About this time he stayed with us in Argyle Square, and he became a contributor to a new journal started by Professor Huxley, Mr. Mark Pattison, and other leading scientific and "literary men of advanced opinions." This journal, a weekly review, was called *The Reader*. Wise wrote regularly for it while it lived, and also did a great deal of reviewing for the *Westminster Review*, an important quarterly in the interest of advanced thinkers generally. George Eliot was at one time connected with this review, and for some years wrote the Belles Lettres section, I understood. Being brought through my acquaintance with J. R. Wise into rather close touch with literary work, I began to try my hand at writing, and have some recollection of an article on "Sympathy" being actually printed in *The Reader*.

In the summer of 1863 I joined Mr. Wise again, but this time in Derbyshire, in a then remote valley of the Peak district, ten miles from Sheffield, a little place called Lead Mill, on the Derwent, near Hathersage, where by his usual plan of walking the country he had found lodgings, and a country that he liked. It had, indeed, very great charms,

as well as very distinct character. On one side bold crags of gritstone, or "edges," as they were called, breaking above green fields and woods sloping down to the Derwent, meandering over its stony bed, from running shallows into deep brown pools, dear to trout-fishers, and overhung with ashes, oaks, alders, and sycamores; on another side opening out into cloughs and valleys leading up to larch woods and high moorlands, purple with heather, and here and there a grey stone seventeenth-century farmhouse. Far away to the west the ridges of the Peak hills and mountains above Castleton were lost in the blue mist.

Mr. Wise had thoughts of doing for the Peak district what he had done for the New Forest, and hoped that I might help him as illustrator; but despite the success of his first book, he did not receive sufficient encouragement to go on with the work, which in all its different branches in the thorough way he would have done it would have been remarkably interesting, though no doubt, however congenial, arduous enough for the writer.

Book or no book, however, I was enchanted with the country, and set to work sketching with great energy, spending my days by the riverside, or on the moors, or in the woods, striving to record in part something of the beauty which surrounded me.

I think from this time onwards I spent several months of each year in the summer until 1871 in this valley.

Members of a fishing club were accustomed to come out from Sheffield to follow their favourite sport in the Derwent, noted for its trout, and among these, through my friend Wise's introduction, I found some patrons, and from time to time painted favourite spots on the river or about the neighbourhood for some of these wealthy citizens of Sheffield.

During the year 1863 I had an introduction to Mr. Edmund Evans, and thus commenced a connection which has lasted to the present time, though Mr. Wilfred Evans now manages his late father's business.

Mr. Evans was one of the pioneers in the development of colour-printing, and not only did a quantity of ordinary trade work in this way, but also choice books. One of the

directions in which his craft was extensively used was that of covers of cheap railway novels, which we sometimes called, from their generally yellow hue and sensational character,

Early Toy-Book] [First Series. Ward & Locke, 1865

"COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN"

"mustard plaisters." Designs of this kind were my principal work for Mr. Evans at first, but later (about 1865) I began to design for him the children's picture-books published by the

house of George Routledge & Sons which afterwards attained such popularity.

The first, however, were done for Messrs. Warne. They were a *History of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, Dame Trot and her Comical Cat,* and *The House that Jack built.* They were designed with solid black or blue backgrounds, the figures being relieved against them in bright colours. The series for Messrs. Routledge commenced with a *Farmyard Alphabet* and a *Railway Alphabet,* printed in two colours only, in addition to the key block. These were followed by designs of figures without backgrounds printed in red, blue, and black, of which *The Song of Sixpence* is a type; but gradually more colours were used as the designs became more elaborate, until a few years later they had developed, under various influences, among which that of Japanese colour prints must be counted as an important factor The *Fairy Ship* and *This Little Pig* are examples of this period.

Mr. Evans was not only a man of business but a clever artist in water colour himself, and aided my efforts in the direction of more tasteful colouring in children's books; but it was not without protest from the publishers, who thought the raw coarse colours and vulgar designs usually current appealed to a larger public, and therefore paid better, and it was some time before the taste for the newer treatment made itself felt.

The summer of 1864 was again spent in Derbyshire, painting. My friend Wise still remained there, and had formed an extensive acquaintance in the neighbourhood. Through him I was introduced in various directions. There was the Squire Shuttleworth at The Hall, a sporting man with memories of cock-fighting days, when his birds "fought a main at Derby," and a fine specimen of a game cock with clipped comb was still to be seen among the humbler domestic fowls of his yard. There was a lady, a relative of Wright, the painter of Derby, the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, known for his pictures of firelight and lamplight effects, forges, scientific experiments, etc., prints of which exist. This lady, Miss Wright, lived at Brookfield, a pleasant house to the north of Hathersage, almost hidden in trees. In the house were not

only prints of Wright's works, but two beautiful water-colour drawings of J. M. W. Turner.

There was the village doctor, with a taste for rare birds and a room full of stuffed specimens.

Another strata of the local society was represented by the proprietors of certain needle factories in the village, which introduced the unpleasant elements of smoke and cinders there, and a somewhat reckless population of "hands." Sheffield grinders, I was told, in those days had but a short life, the fine steel dust getting into their lungs, so they seldom lived longer than about thirty years. It was not surprising that many of them were given to drink.

One did not hear much sympathy with the condition of the workers expressed by the proprietors of the mills, however, even when, as in one case, a millowner had risen from that condition to be a proprietor.

The friends we saw most of, perhaps, lived at a delightful house in a garden terraced on the slope of hill almost hidden in trees, known as Leam Hall. The host was a keen sportsman, and spent most of his time either on his grouse moor above, or fly-fishing in the river below. In his good lady I found a patroness, and made several drawings of the neighbouring scenery, of which she was very fond.

Croquet was the favourite lawn game in those days, and keen were the struggles over the then comparatively wide hoops, and the vicissitudes of play on a sloping ground whereon many a summer afternoon was whiled away.

I was pleasantly housed not far from Leam in a sixteenth or early seventeenth century stone house, known as Hazelford Hall, comfortably nestled against the side of a hill and backed by larch woods. The house had been divided into two, and one half was occupied by a farmer and the other half by a gamekeeper of the Duke of Devonshire's, and it was with the latter I had quarters. There was a tradition that this house was one of several built at the same time by a former landowner for his sons. There was Highlow Hall, Nether Hall, and Hazelford Hall, all similar in style and built of the local gritstone, with fine chimneys, and roofed with stone shingles. I had a large

room with a heavy mullioned window and leaded panes, as well as the freedom of the woods and the moors.

The country gentlemen of those parts generally prided themselves on their wine cellars, and wonderful were the vintages which we tasted at their tables. '47 and '51 port was not unfrequently offered, and I even remember tasting a bottle of so venerable an age as 1820.

The dinner hour was generally early, and the custom was to sit a long time over the wine afterwards.

The gamekeeper with whom I lodged was a noted character in his neighbourhood, with the finest command of old English and broad Derbyshire I ever heard, and he was not loth to give one opportunities of judging of the wealth of his vocabulary, for he had considerable dramatic power in telling a story, and he had many of his sporting experiences, and told of finding badgers and other "fearful wild fowl." He spoke, too, of the old Duke and the Marquis of Hartington (the present Duke of Devonshire) and of their shooting parties, which he had served in virtue of his office.

Among the famous places in the neighbourhood I remember seeing Haddon Hall for the first time, also Chatsworth, as well as Castleton and the Peak Cavern.

Towards the end of this summer my friend Wise somewhat suddenly bade me farewell, and giving up his lodgings, left the valley. I walked with him one evening across Eyam Moor, and did not meet him again until ten years afterwards. He had a way of burying himself in remote districts, and I completely lost sight of him for the time.

My intellectual development owed much to him, certainly, and to him I was indebted for my first acquaintance with Emerson. I began with *The Conduct of Life*, and found the optimist of Concord very stimulating reading. It had a bracing effect on my awaking thought, and helped to clear my mind from superstitious shadows and theological bogies which at one time rather oppressed me, and even, under the influence of the impressive ritualistic services and æsthetic effects at All Saints', Margaret Street, and St. Alban's, Holborn, threatened to drive me into the arms of that section of the Church. But with the reading of Emerson new windows

seemed to open to my mental vision and disclosed a wider prospect. It was like getting out into the fresh air and sunlight after the mysterious gloom and close atmosphere of a cavern. All Saints', however, was perhaps an advance upon the rather sleepy services at St. Pancras', our parish church,

SKETCH AT HADDON HALL (1865)

where the only vital spark about that time seemed to be the young and eloquent Mr. McClure, a curate there, whom I met as Dean of Manchester Cathedral many years afterwards. At least, there was a feeling of the movement of a revival with the ritualists which stirred one, and its very intensity brought the whole question of religious faith up for judgment in one's mind.

Aided by such books as *Phases of Faith*, by F. W. Newman, the brother of the well-known Cardinal, and rather a wide range of reading from this time onward, including the writings of J. S. Mill, Darwin, and Herbert Spencer, and above all the poems of Shelley, I soon decided for Free Thought.

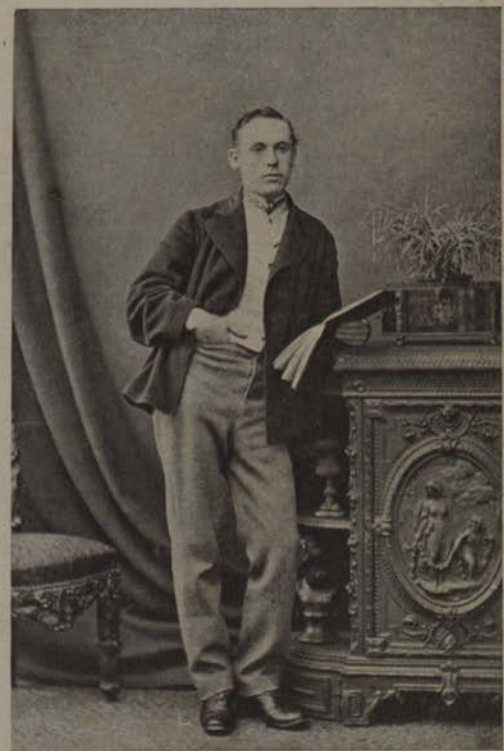
We had formed a book club or reading fund in the family for the acquisition of books, and we also had a subscription at Mudie's, so that the supply was kept up. Some of us also attempted writing short essays on various subjects, which were read in the family circle and discussed.

Reading, too, of Auguste Comte and the Positivists may have had some effect, and I remember attending one of the London Positivists Society's meetings at a large room, I think in Bouverie Street, where Professor Newton, who was one of the leaders, delivered an address. I think George Henry Lewes and George Eliot (Marian Evans) were present, and Professor Beesley, Dr. Bridges, and Mr. Frederic Harrison—all very energetic and able advocates of the Positivist School and in the van of political and social thought and progress. These were exciting times altogether. The stir of great movements was in the air. The discoveries and conclusions of Charles Darwin were startling the world, and scientific criticisms were revolutionising philosophic thought, but at the same time alarming the old theological camps and the Church, and a cloud of so-called "refutations" appeared, while on the other hand the Church was divided by the ritualistic movement.

The political world, too, was agitated by the demand for the extension of the suffrage and parliamentary reform, which the two parties played battledore and shuttlecock with, until the people grew dangerous, and something had to be done, though it was not until 1866 that matters came to a head.

One's art-life was but little affected by these things, and work went quietly on. In the evenings I had joined the classes at "Heatherley's," the well-known art school at 79 Newman Street, for the study of the life and costume model. Many well-known artists had worked here, at different times. Frederick Walker at one time, I believe, though I never saw him; but I have a vague recollection of Pinwell, a very remarkable artist of his school; Mr. Lionel Smythe

WALTER CRANE IN 1862



WALTER CRANE IN 1865

(now A.R.A. and R.W.S.) was a student there in my time; and Mr. Gilbert Redgrave (afterwards an official of South Kensington); Frederick Barnard, who was always full of fun and caricature, and was also a clever amateur comic actor; Mr. H. Ellis Wooldridge (the son of my friend at Smith & Elder's), who became Slade professor at Oxford; John Burr, a painter of some distinction; Miss Louise Starr, now Madame Starr-Canziani, a great favourite and much admired for her *spirituel* appearance; and a host of others.

There was an actual Heatherley in those days, a rather typical Bohemian-artist-looking man, with long hair and beard, who glided about in a ghostly way through the classrooms in slippers and wearing a sort of long gabardine. He must have worn boots sometimes, however, for it is related that when a student asked him for a drawing-pin he would look at the sole of his boot, where usually he would find one sticking—the tendency towards collecting on boot-soles being a well-known characteristic of drawing-pins in studios. He did not attempt much teaching, at least in the life class, and would only offer a gentle criticism or suggestion in an undertone now and then as he glanced at one's work and passed on.

There was a sketch club among the students, and we had exhibition nights, when the sketches which had been made in response to a given subject were displayed. The end of the terms, too, would be celebrated by evening entertainments, in which generally some theatricals formed the *pièce de résistance*, the parts being taken by different students, and the orchestral accompaniment generally supplied by a musical student with a guitar, who would sit on the steps in front of what formed the stage till the green baize curtain which divided the classrooms was "rung up," or rather pulled apart, and the performance began before a merry crowd of young men and maiden students.

About this time I obtained permission to make studies in the Armoury of the Tower of London, and while working there got quite familiar with the rigmarole of the beef-eater who personally conducted small parties of the British public through the collection, monotonously chanting such sentences as "This-suit-of-armour-was-worn-by-King-Charles-

the-First-when-a-boy," and so forth. I was much interested in armour and costume, and at that time wanted a fifteenth-century suit of plate for a picture I contemplated. Before, however, finding what I wanted in the Tower, I wrote to Mr. G. D. Leslie (not then R.A.) (who exhibited a picture in the Academy entitled "The War Summons," I think, in which was the figure of a herald in armour wearing a salade), asking him where such armour could be obtained, and he replied, "I painted the armour from a model; I made my model of wax, and covered it with tinfoil," and I think he also referred me to the Tower.

I think it was during this year (1865) that Mr. Madox Brown opened the very remarkable and interesting exhibition of his works at a small gallery in Piccadilly. It was a collection of both early and late work (some of which was at the 1862 Exhibition), and his latest most important picture, entitled "Work," was here seen for the first time. I shall never forget the impression that the work of this most remarkable artist made upon me. "One-man shows" were very unusual in those days, and such a display of original conception, intellectual force and grasp, united with vivid realisation and extraordinary variety of subject, as was comprehended in this small exhibition, is indeed rare at any time. The absolute sincerity, the conviction with which every subject was handled and painted, the extraordinary penetrating power of each picture, charged as it was with subtle thought and significant detail, gave an unusual distinction and peculiar and marked individual character, by which the work of Ford Madox Brown (with all its whimsicalities and quaintness, which are essential elements in it) stands out in the history of English art.

The work of another remarkable and since greatly renowned artist became known to the world for the first time at this period. It was at the exhibition of the Old Society of Painters in Water Colours in the summer of 1865 that I first saw the work of Edward Burne-Jones, who had just been elected an Associate.

"The Merciful Knight," "Merlin and Morgan le Fay," "Green Summer," "The Annunciation," "Cinderella," "Astro-

logia," "Le Chant d'Amour," "Cupid and Psyche," "Love disguised as Reason," "Phyllis and Demophoon," were the works I more particularly recall, and I think the first two or three named were in the exhibition I speak of. The critics received them mostly with scoffs—in fact, in the way an artist who strikes some new note is generally received by them. It is natural enough, for the new note often contradicts the accepted canons of painting and makes established reputations tremble. "If we have been right all these years," say the established ones—painters or critics—"then this must be wrong." They rally to the defence of the ruling conventions, and cry in chorus, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" or her equivalent for the time being.

Anything like a philosophical conception of art seems so rare, one seldom in art criticism perceives anything like a conception of its growth and evolution, and the necessity of change, and transformation even, both in form and method as the accompaniment of life and movement, and in correspondence with the changing mental attitude in each succeeding generation. No doubt commercial exigencies have much to do with it, consciously or unconsciously, but it appears in some quarters as if there was only *one* kind or phase of painting to be admired—at least, among the *living*.

Modern painting, however, always offers a chance for individual distinction, and with the increase of exhibitions, and the development of specialism, originality, or individuality, may now have a better chance of recognition than formerly—but I do not know that it is more plentiful, while imitators increase.

D. G. Rossetti, whose influence naturally inspired so largely the early work of Burne-Jones, never exhibited, and was reported to have said that on the rare occasions when he had done so the result was only abuse from the critics, and, as he had his private supporters and sympathisers, there was no object in exposing his work to such a reception.

Burne-Jones's course as a painter certainly did not run very smoothly at first, though the tide turned later, and he received the fullest measure of appreciation, honour, and fortune in his lifetime.

The drawing "Phyllis and Demophoon," hung in the Old Water Colour Gallery, caused a considerable flutter, which it is a little difficult to understand, except that one remembers that feeling in regard to the work of the pre-Raphaelites ran remarkably high, and people opposed to the new school would express themselves against it quite bitterly sometimes. The difficulty, or rock of offence, was in this case primarily the old one (in puritanical England) of the nude—then quite rare in British art, but the picture was anything but realistic, more like a dream in its conception and colouration.

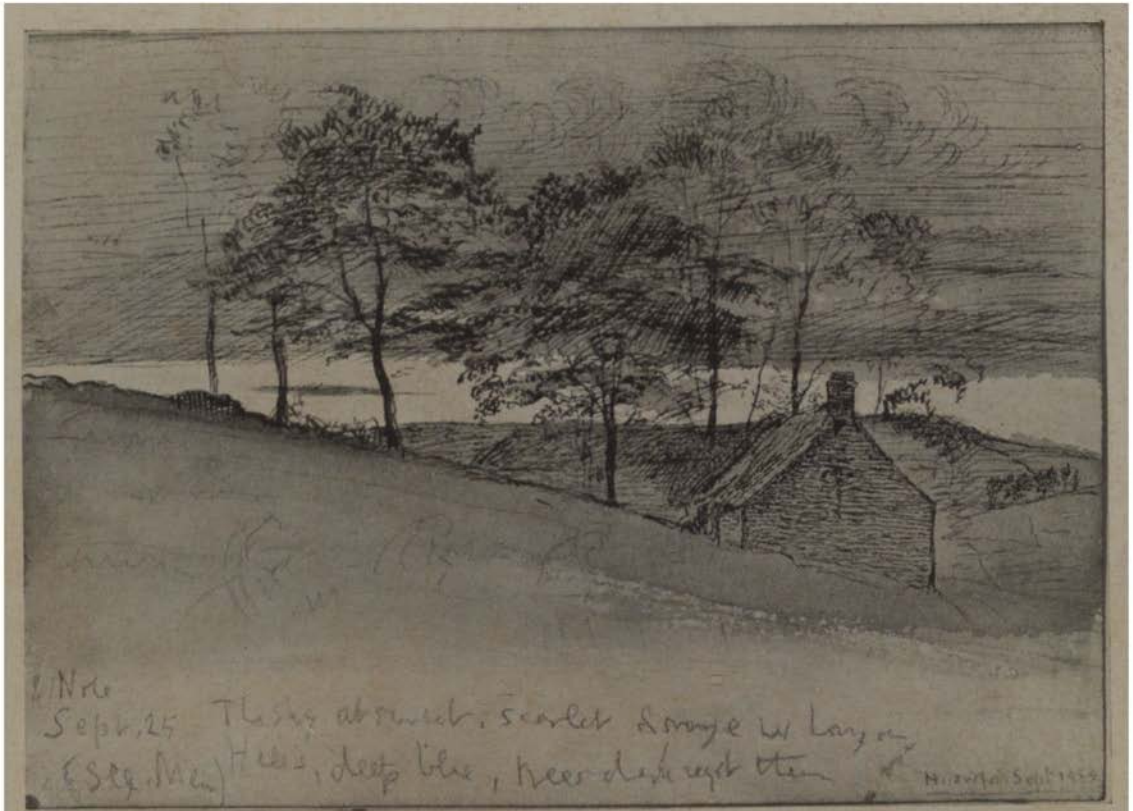
In deference, however, to the wishes or representations of some influential friends of the Society, the artist was asked to remove his picture, which he did, and at the same time his name from the roll of membership. In consequence of the incident a second resignation took place, that of Mr. (Sir) Frederick Burton, a very refined and distinguished artist, who afterwards became well known as the Director of the National Gallery.

But though the artist exhibited publicly no more until some years afterwards, those early works had their effect—especially upon a certain small group of young students I wot of. The curtain had been lifted, and we had had a glimpse into a magic world of romance and pictured poetry, peopled with ghosts of "ladies dead and lovely knights,"—a twilight world of dark mysterious woodlands, haunted streams, meads of deep green starred with burning flowers, veiled in a dim and mystic light, and stained with low-toned crimson and gold, as if indeed one had gazed through the glass of

> "Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in faerylands forlorn."

It was, perhaps, not to be wondered at that, fired with such visions, certain young students should desire to explore further for themselves.

With the year 1866 came a chance for artists in water colours unattached to either the Old or New Societies, in the shape of a "General Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings," which was organised by a Committee of artists, of whom Messrs. Walter and Arthur Severn, H. S. Marks and G. D. Leslie



SKETCH FOR "TWILIGHT," DUDLEY GALLERY, 1866

WALTER CRANE

(Associates of the Academy), Mr. Frank Walton, and others whose names I am not certain of, were the first members. Mr. (now Sir Ernest) Waterlow, the present President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colour, I remember on the Committee when I joined it later, and I think his work first became known at "the Dudley," as we called it. It was not, however, a Society necessitating membership in order to be able to exhibit, as is the case of the existing Societies, but it was an exhibition open to all comers.

I sent a drawing of a subject I had found in Derbyshire —a ruined cottage—a group of trees against a twilight sky—a sloping meadow of tall grass in which the figures of three mowers at work appeared. It was named "Twilight," and was hung on a screen, and promptly found a purchaser at six guineas. The exhibition was held in the Dudley Gallery, so long associated with exhibitions, and recently the home of the New English Art Club, but now demolished with the Old Egyptian Hall and its mystery and magic, that so long had lured crowds from Piccadilly into its deep and dark recesses.

Intending visitors to picture shows there indeed got mixed up with the mystery and magic people who at times formed a considerable queue along the Piccadilly pavement. I remember in later days making for some picture show on there, I think the "New English Art Club," and the policeman on duty wanted to turn me back to the end of the queue, until I had convinced him I was interested in another kind of art—sometimes quite as magic, and even as black, occasionally, as Messrs. Maskelyne's.

The opening of this Dudley Gallery General Exhibition was quite an epoch, and was the means of bringing many new artists to the front and to recognition. Luke Fildes, then a student at South Kensington, fresh from a provincial school, showed his first work in colour here—a study at Whitby.

I made his acquaintance about this time, through an aunt and cousins who lived at Warrington, from which school he and his friend Mr. Henry Woods came up to London. They took a studio together in Hunter Street, and we frequently exchanged visits and views.

Quite a group of students, or young artists just beginning

practice, used to meet at each other's studios about this time and onwards to 1870. Many of them were, or had been, Academy students, others were from South Kensington. The studios or rooms were generally in or about Bloomsbury, which would seem at this period to have some claims to be a centre of the newer impulses in art.

The gifted but ill-fated Simeon Solomon, who distinguished himself by showing some brilliant work at the Dudley, chiefly, at first, studies of priests in their robes with the vessels and emblems of the office around them—very rich and golden in tone were these drawings, I remember, and quite the finest and

A DERBYSHIRE PASTORAL
Caricature by Walter Crane

most complete things the artist exhibited. The other side of his imagination, however, showed much grace and poetic suggestion in his groups of young men and maidens of an idyllic world, occasionally reminiscent of Stothard or Westall, and the designs of the early nineteenth century in conception and treatment. The range of his fancy was perhaps best shown in the slight sketches and suggestions for various pictures and allegories which he had in a large book in his studio in Charlotte Street at that time.

At one of these studio gatherings I remember meeting Hamo Thorneycroft, then just beginning his career, well backed by the fame and position of his father and family in the arts.

T. Blake Wirgman, well known as a portrait painter and also for his subject pictures, was another of our company, still happily to be claimed as a friend and neighbour, as also E. H. Fahey, the landscape painter, whom I first met at the studio of another old and firm friend, Robert Bateman, who had the leadership of a particular group, or clique, as it would be now called, I presume. This group consisted of H. Ellis Wooldridge[1] (before named as holding the Slade professorship at Oxford in after years), Edward Clifford, known as a water-colour painter, and for his graceful portraits of various members of our aristocracy, also for his mission to Father Damien and his connection with religious and philanthropic work later in life. With these three painters was a poet—Bute Montgomerie Ranking, author of *Fulgencius and other Poems*, *Streams from Hidden Sources*. I became more or less associated with this group from sympathy with their artistic aims. Sometimes we had the same models, and I recall the

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD (H. E. W.)
Caricature by Walter Crane

FANCY SKETCH OF WALTER CRANE AND H. E. WOOLDRIDGE IN OLD AGE
Caricature by Walter Crane

[1] Wooldridge used to join me in Derbyshire, where, in the later time with my brothers and sisters, we were often a merry party at Hazelford. We used to be fond of caricaturing the incidents of the day, and also each other. Wooldridge was always musical, and was acquainted with the fine Italian composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries long before their recent re-discovery. He was also a singer of taste. This accounts for the emblems with which I have surrounded him in the little fancy sketch. In the other I am a sort of Colin Clout. The third sketch is an anticipation of our friendship in old age—discussing a bottle of old crusted port. These are only a few out of many—I mean sketches, not bottles of port.

satisfaction we had in securing sittings from the original lady of many of Burne-Jones's early works, — notably "Astrologia,"—Miss Augusta Jones by name.

Another comrade was A. Sacheverell Coke, whom in the opinion of one literary man, at least, as confided to me, was "the best of us" as an artist. He had much facility of design, and sought his subjects in classical mythology, mostly derived rather from the point of view of the early Venetian school as to treatment and colour. He afterwards designed the tile-work for the interior of the St. James's Restaurant grill-room, the subjects being the gods and goddesses of Greek and Roman mythology, with incidents in their history. Whether their influence improved the flavour of the chops and steaks I do not know, but it might be truly said the gods certainly were never without burnt sacrifices on the grill. The series was so complete, too, that the panels as a whole might form a pictorial commentary on Lemprière or Dr. Smith — if customers ever occasionally looked higher than an opposite picture-hat, or over the edge of the evening paper. Anyway, their chance is lost for ever, since St. James's is now a heap of dusty ruins —a mere incident in the transformation of London!

Edward R. Hughes must be named as another of our early friends who has since won a distinguished position as a painter, carrying on, from his uncle, Arthur Hughes, the traditions of the pre-Raphaelite painters. Now a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, having held the position of deputy-President, his work is always in evidence in their exhibitions, often highly romantic and fanciful in subject, decorative in effect, and very highly wrought in transparent colour. His portraits, notably of children, in red chalk are also much appreciated.

Another young artist I remember meeting about the time I speak of was an American of the name of Morgan (certainly not Pierpoint). His work, of a romantic and imaginative kind, struck me as having much promise. I never, however, met with him again.

Early in this year (February *1866*) I had my first glimpse of France and Paris. My eldest brother held at that time a clerkship in the General Post Office, and he

taking his holidays at that time, I joined him and two friends for the trip across the Channel. The Channel certainly asserted itself on that February night from Newhaven to Dieppe. Cross Channel steamers were very different from what they are now. Ours was a paddlewheel steamer, small and

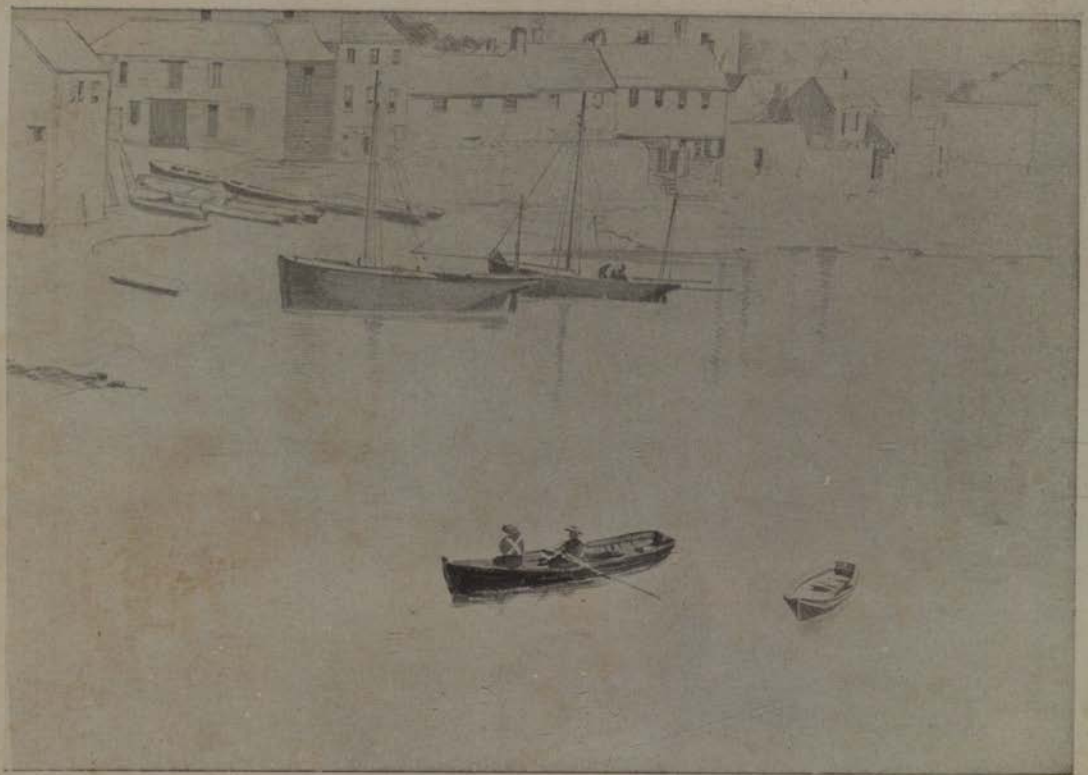
PARIS FASHIONS IN 1866

crowded, and we were bounced about for nine mortal hours, instead of the usual five allowed for the passage. I soon found myself in a condition similar to that of one of Bret Harte's characters, when "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more," and only slowly came to life again after landing. We put up at some little French hotel near

the Rue Rivoli, and worked away at seeing the lions for all we were worth. Paris then was under the Second Empire. The old Palace of Tuileries was intact and the Vendôme Column, and there was a general pervading air of reverence and glorification of the Napoleonic legend about the public

SKETCHES AT PARIS (1866)

places and monuments, and the big N surrounded with a laurel wreath was a very frequent emblem. The military were much in evidence, and there was a great display of various uniforms and of crinoline on the part of the ladies. We had a series of rapid and vivid impressions of Paris and its life as



SKETCH AT CAWSAND BAY

WALTER CRANE, 1866

we flitted from its public monuments to theatres, Cirque Napoleon and Bal masque, with intervals of cafés and restaurants,—all singularly fresh and strange to our young and insular party. I recall, too, above all, the deep impression I had from the great masterpieces of the Louvre, and worshipped at the shrine of the Venus of Milo. These remain, but what of the Empire?

Some weeks of the summer of 1866 I spent with our old Torquay friends, Dr. and Mrs. Mackintosh, at a house they had at Cawsand Bay, to the west of Mount Edgecombe, the point of which formed one of the arms of the bay, Penlee Point being the other. The house commanded a view of Plymouth Sound and the Breakwater. Here I spent most of my time in sketching, or in walks with the daughters of the house and a numerous family of girl cousins, many of whom were victims of my pencil.

We used to watch the casting of the tuck net and the drawing it in to the shore of this fishing village, or the warships that used to anchor in the Sound, or the yachts putting out to the bay, or sometimes we paddled in a boat to Penlee Point. I remember I introduced Plymouth Sound into a toy-book, illustrating an old Multiplication Table rhyme beginning "Twice two were two good boys." I think I had "twice six" steamships—anchored in Plymouth Sound, and put in the lines of coast and the Breakwater.

During this visit, one day having occasion to go into Plymouth, on returning to "The Hard," and waiting for the ferry-boat to take me across to Mount Edgecombe, W. S. Coleman, the artist, came up, having the same object, and we embarked together. I had not seen him since the days I was with Linton, when there was a small drawing class started at Leinster Square, which he, as an artist and a friend of the Lintons, visited and criticised.

He was staying at the inn at the ferry Mount Edgecombe, and he persuaded me to join him at luncheon. There was a negro waiter, I remember. We had a pleasant chat, and I left him to pursue my way to Cawsand through the dripping plantations of Mount Edgecombe, as it turned out wet, and was one of the wettest walks I can remember.

W. S. Coleman was known at first as a naturalist, or rather as an illustrator of natural history and botanical works. Later he won considerable repute for his water colours, and for his designs for faience. I met him again a year or two afterwards, at one of the Dudley Gallery Committee's dinners.

The year 1866 was remarkable for the agitation for the extension of the franchise. I remember the great demonstrations and the vast processions of workmen, walking six abreast, mounted farriers at the head, and with them, also mounted, one Colonel Dixon and his daughter, who, with Mr. Beales, a barrister, threw themselves into the movement, and became, especially the latter, its leaders and chief spokesmen, with George Odger, George Howell, Mr. Cremer, and other working-class leaders.

A Liberal Government had first brought in a rather mild and moderate measure for the extension of the franchise, limited I think to six-pound householders, or something like that. They were defeated, and a Conservative Government, under Mr. Disraeli, succeeded them, and brought in a Bill for household suffrage, with a lodger franchise, thus, as they said, "to dish the Whigs." This, however, was not brought about without the immense demonstrations aforesaid, and big meetings in Hyde Park. One of these meetings was foolishly forbidden by the Conservative Home Secretary (Mr. Walpole, privately a most amiable character, I believe), and the result was that the people who had marched in procession in great numbers to the Park finding the gates closed against them by the order of the police, pulled the iron railings down, pressed into the Park, and held their meeting. This proceeding was violently denounced by one portion of the press, and vigorously upheld by another as justifiable and righteous; but anyway the result was that a much more comprehensive Franchise Bill was passed, and by a Conservative Government, than had been dreamed of by their Liberal predecessors. The people were in earnest, and therefore got what they wanted, as they have a way of doing in England; but I remember a writer, I think in the *Spectator*, remarking on one of the workmen's demonstrations, saying that "they *might* be in earnest, but a man could not *look* in earnest with

WALTER CRANE AT THE AGE OF 21

BY HIMSELF

a pipe in his mouth," and most of them marched with pipes in their mouths.

I think it was in the autumn of this year that some old friends of my father's—Mr. and Mrs. Randle Wilbraham—invited me down to Cheshire. Rode Hall was their house, a country mansion of early nineteenth-century type, situate in a park, with a fine lake much frequented by waterfowl. Mrs. Wilbraham was a charming lady of artistic tastes, and herself an amateur of some skill and feeling, and was most kind and hospitable. She introduced me to the Wedgwoods of Etruria, the renowned potters. Mrs. Wilbraham had been doing a little china-painting herself, deriving her instruction, I think, from M. Lessore, who at that time did a quantity of work for Messrs. Wedgwood. I tried my hand on some vases of their cream-coloured ware, sketching the Seasons and other symbolical figures in a light sort of treatment with a pen in purple-brown, using a medium composed of oil of turpentine and glycerine. I afterwards did some more elaborate and coloured work, including designs for an encaustic inlaid chessboard exhibited by the Wedgwood firm in the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

Mr. Randle Wilbraham was a fine specimen of an English country squire and county magistrate. Under his roof I had some opportunity of learning the feeling of his class and the party of law and order expressed on the Reform question—a relative of his, a clergyman, roundly saying at the breakfast-table, after family prayers, *apropos* of the Hyde Park meetings and Mr. Beales's part in them, "I should like to throw a brickbat at Beales."

Another country-house comment came from a notable Cheshire squire, the Hon. Mr. Arthur Lascelles, brother of the Earl of Harewood, in whose house (Norley Bank) I afterwards was a guest with the Wilbrahams. He remarked that it was "characteristic" (I presume of Englishmen) that the working men who pulled down the railings and entered the Park had insisted on good order being kept during their meeting, and he was ironical about the breakers of order themselves insisting on its maintenance.

All sorts of fearsome prophecies were flying about as to

what would happen after this tardy and moderate extension of the franchise, carefully guarded and qualified as it was.

The Hon. Robert Lowe, at one time Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Liberal Government, was full of apprehension. He earned rather unpopular distinction by putting a tax upon matches, apparently in ignorance of the desperate effect it would have upon the poor matchbox-makers, whose wages were already cut down to the lowest subsistence point, at 2½d. a gross! They promptly processed to the West End in large numbers, and sent in deputations, until the tax was dropped as impracticable, and Mr. Robert Lowe was made a peer.

Thomas Carlyle, too, was moved to write *Shooting Niagara, and After*, possessed with this strange fear that the whole course of English life would be changed, and that "our new masters," as the household suffragists and enfranchised lodgers were called, were all fiery revolutionists with torches and red flags.

But, after all, nothing in particular happened. The same sort of men were returned to Parliament, with a few notable exceptions, such as that of John Stuart Mill, who sat in the new Parliament as member for Westminster.

I recall seeing and hearing him at one of the many big political meetings at St. James's Hall during the period of the Reform agitation. Gentle-mannered, small and spare of figure, but of a very marked intellectual aspect, and great earnestness, he spoke in what truly might be described as "a still small voice." Philosopher and recluse, it was extraordinary the enthusiasm he evoked, standing, too, as he did for all sorts of advanced and unpopular opinions.

On the same platform, I remember, was Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Vernon Harcourt, who had rather a pompous Parliamentary manner but was an able speaker.

At one of these meetings I remember seeing Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Annie Besant come in and seat themselves amongst the audience.

On another occasion, I was on the platform at St. James's Hall, when Mr. Henry Fawcett addressed the meeting. I think Mrs. Fawcett guided him to the platform, as his blindness prevented him from finding his way about without

assistance. His vigour and energy as a speaker were remarkable, despite such a drawback, and his enunciation was clear and forcible. He took occasion to introduce Mr. (now Sir) Charles Wentworth Dilke, who I think was then standing as a candidate for Chelsea, and in doing so he told the audience that when he (Mr. Fawcett) announced that Mr. Dilke had imbibed his philosophy and political principles from the teaching of John Stuart Mill he could only say that he had derived them "from the highest, the noblest, and the purest sources." Great applause followed, in the midst of which Sir Charles Dilke came forward and made one of his first public appearances and speeches.

Another famous orator I heard also at St. James's Hall was John Bright. He began very quietly, but gradually warmed up, and was particularly effective in his denunciatory passages. He had a grave, rather heavy presence, with a quiet air of commercial prosperity and middle-class respectability about him, but he had a fine resonant rich voice, and all the hidden art of a practised and eloquent speaker, so that it seemed as if he were playing upon the emotions and passions of a great audience, as a musician plays upon some instrument, evoking instant response to his skill and feeling.

Political excitement did not, however, interfere with my ordinary work, and in some ways helped to inspire it, as about this time I made a design for a pictorial composition on the theme of Freedom, in which Humanity was personified by a youth chained in a prison and guarded by the figures of a king in armour sitting on one side, and a cowled priest with a book and crozier on the other. These were, however, asleep, and did not prevent the appearance of Freedom—a figure in floating draperies and wearing the *bonnet rouge*, with outspread rainbow-tinted wings, which occupied the centre of the picture. This design I some years afterwards took up again and carried out on a large canvas, and exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery (in 1885). After being seen at the Chicago Exhibition in 1903, this work was shown at the International Fine Art Exhibition at Venice, where it finally was purchased by a gentleman from St. Petersburg—which seems a strange home for a picture of "Freedom."

Other sides of my work went on, and I endeavoured to extend my connection in black-and-white work by getting introductions to the publisher of *Punch* and the editor of *Once a Week*.

The result of an interview with the former (Mr. Bradbury) was that some sketches of mine went before the editor of *Punch*, and my first (and only) contribution to that journal appeared (in the summer of 1866, I think). It was a half-page drawing—"The Chignon Show."

In 1867 I had one or two drawings in *Once a Week*, too, while it was edited by the late Rev. E. Walford. Mr. Swain, who engraved both for *Punch* and *Once a Week*, executed the blocks.

I had, too, an introduction to Edward Dalziel, of the well-known firm of Dalziel Brothers, whose names are so closely associated, as engravers, with the remarkable development of book illustration and the black-and-white art of the "sixties."

At this time they were occupied upon the very important series of Bible illustrations—upon which most of the strongest artists of the younger school of that day were engaged. I remember seeing a very elaborately studied design by the present President of the Royal Academy—then Mr. E. J. Poynter—representing Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh, and the changing of the rods into serpents.

Another striking design was one of Cain and Abel by Frederick (afterwards Lord) Leighton.

There were others by Holman Hunt, Simeon Solomon, and Ford Madox Brown, those of the latter having all his dramatic power and intensity of realisation.

For the Dalziels I made a drawing, published in *Good Words*,—three swarthy Moorish mariners shipwrecked with a treasure chest,—and a set of illustrations to some book for young people the title of which I forget.

About this time the Brothers Dalziel were publishing *The Arabian Nights* in parts, and to this work Mr. A. B. Houghton contributed some very remarkable drawings. He was one of the brilliant company of black-and-white artists who were associated with the *Graphic* in its early days.

In those days I may be said to have worked for *Fun*—and there certainly was not much money to be had—a weekly comic journal which ran as a sort of cheaper *Punch* for many years. Through the engraver, a namesake (Mr. Henry Crane), although no relation that I knew of, I tried my hand at giving pictorial form, as half and quarter pages, to various jokes.

Mr. Tom Hood the younger was editor for some years. I never met him, but he seemed always inclined to be friendly to my work when it came under his notice as the writer of a sort of critical review of current illustrated literature which appeared weekly in *Fun*.

A lady of considerable literary celebrity at that time was Mrs. Henry Wood, who had achieved a notable popular success by her novel *East Lynne*. She started a monthly illustrated magazine named *The Argosy*, with her son, Mr. Charles W. Wood, as editor. I was asked to design a wrapper for *The Argosy*, with which it braved the battle and the breeze for some years afterwards. Its chief support was a serial tale by Mrs. Wood, and to this tale I furnished the monthly illustration. It was *Anne Hereford*.

I remember calling to see Mrs. Henry Wood at a house on the north side of Regent's Park, somewhere near Primrose Hill. She was quite an early-Victorian-looking lady, with a bunch of ringlets each side a smooth parting, surmounted, if I remember rightly, with a cap and ribbons. She had a placid bearing, and the quiet, observant look usually noticeable in writers. I do not recall that she expressed any very definite views about the illustration of her book, and in these matters I mostly had to do with her son, the editor of *The Argosy*, in which Mrs. Henry Wood wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Johnny Ludlow."

During the summer or autumn of this year (1867) I again paid a visit to my Cheshire friends, the Wilbrahams. One of the charms of Rode Hall to me was its proximity to that fine old half-timbered and moated house known as Old Moreton Hall. I made several drawings of it at the time, and delighted in the richness of its barge boards and variety in its timber-work, as no doubt did my father before me, as he too made drawings there.

While at Rode we drove over to Biddulph Grange, where my friend Robert Bateman's father (Mr. James Bateman, F.R.S.) and mother dwelt. The house was rather a show house, and more especially its grounds, which comprised flower and formal gardens in the manner of many different countries, Italian, Dutch, etc., beautifully laid out and kept. There was even a quaint little Chinese garden among them, with a bridge which might have come out of the willow-pattern plate, and real China roses. I remember, too, in the house a long gallery, on the walls of which were illustrated the geological sections of the earth's crusts done in the actual materials, the carboniferous seams let in in real coal, and so on—a thing not seen before.

The group of young painters I have mentioned, of whom my friend Robert Bateman was a leading member, continued to show their work at the Dudley Gallery, and were rather chaffed by the critics, if not occasionally abused. One of them by a creative effort even invented a phrase, and characterised us as the "Poetry-without-Grammar School," whatever that might mean.

Bateman was the most remarkable draughtsman of flowers among moderns I have seen, after the best Japanese work. He was always experimenting, too, in methods and mediums, and produced slowly, though always with exquisite finish.

His best-known picture is perhaps "The Witch of Endor," which was in the Royal Academy Exhibition. It is a very weird and powerful conception of the scene of the Raising of Samuel, and is worked out with extraordinary invention and resource in symbolic and subsidiary detail. Besides painting, however, he has worked in a variety of crafts with distinction, and has lately perfected a modelling material of his own invention, which he terms "plasma Bentellesca," after Benthall Hall, in Shropshire—a beautiful sixteenth-century house which was his home for many years, the beauty of which he greatly added to by the gardens he laid out, as well as other improvements.

Reading of Ormuzd and Ahrimanes in Max Müller's *Chips from a German Workshop* gave me an idea for a picture which I carried out in water colour, and which was

well placed in the Dudley Gallery of the spring of 1868. It represented two armed and crested warriors on horseback, fighting upon the banks of a river, which wandered through a vast plain in shining curves, catching the light of dawn; beyond were ranges of mountains, and, dimly seen, at each bend of the river, monuments of past ages appeared in ruin—a Celtic dolmen, an Egyptian gateway, a classical temple, a Gothic abbey; and the foreground was littered with skeletons, crowns, and emblems of fallen or decaying powers.

This design marked the revolution which was taking place in my mind as regards religion and the conception of life and the course of history. I entertained an ardent idea to embody in design and painting something which would symbolise the new philosophy of evolution, which the researches and discoveries of Darwin and the writings of Herbert Spencer were building up. One felt that a new epoch of thought had dawned upon the world, and longed to give it some artistic expression.

The following spring I spent with my sister, who was out of health, in Gloucestershire, at a cottage on the edge of Amberley Down, near Stroud—a delightful and interesting part of the country. Here it was a joy to watch the advance of spring—the woods gradually changing from purple and red to green and gold, and shot with the blue of hyacinths that seemed to float almost like clouds between the beech stems.

Such sights as these meeting one's eyes day by day filled one with the idea of a universal spring like a gracious presence moving everywhere. I tried afterwards to embody my conception in painting, and I even tried to express it in verse, which I had the temerity to send to the *Fortnightly Review*, then edited by Mr. John Morley. Most of the advanced thinkers wrote for this review at that time, and to begin with, it really appeared fortnightly. In my simplicity I offered my poor tribute to those whom I then regarded as carrying the torch of progress and enlightenment. The MS., however, was promptly returned with an autograph line from the editor, which ran, "I return your poem, which, however, I have not read,"—with something to the effect that there was no room for poetry,—and signed "John Morley."

This had the result of making me very shy of offering any more MS. to editors, though I continued to write, simply as an outlet for one's thoughts and ideas.

I forget whether it was before or after this that certain sonnets of D. G. Rossetti's appeared in the *Fortnightly*, but I shall never forget the impression they created. I had essayed the Shakespearean form of sonnet, but these at once instigated me to try my hand at the Italian kind of construction. In my own feelings I found sufficient excuse, as about this time (it was really the year before) I had met the lady who afterwards became my wife (Miss Mary Frances Andrews, the second daughter of the late Thomas Andrews, Esquire, of Wynchlow Hall, Hempstead, Essex).

She spent the winter of 1868–69 with her family in Tavistock Square, and for long a certain corner house became a centre of the deepest interest, and Bloomsbury a realm of romance. With her brother and sisters, however, she departed on a travelling expedition, and we did not meet again till 1870. Under these circumstances I sought what solace I could in inscribing sonnets to the absent beloved one, in the intervals of my ordinary work.

The influence of the Gloucestershire scenery is seen in some coloured designs I did afterwards for a little book entitled *The Merrie Heart*, published by Messrs. Cassell—then Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin. It was a compendium of nursery rhymes from all sorts of sources, and had other illustrations in black and white by different artists, among which was Frederick Barnard. About this time I had had an introduction to Mr. John Hamer (author of *The Smoker's Text Book*), who then acted as reader or printing adviser and art director to the firm, and several sets of illustrations was the result. *Huan and Anthy; or, The Magic of Kindness*, was one of the books, by the brothers Mayhew; and another was *King Gab and his Story Bag*. This was written by a Mr. Marshall, whose acquaintance I made. He was quite an unconventional person, and wore a sort of French undress shako, instead of the usual tile. He gave one the impression of being under the influence of suppressed excitement, and was certainly permeated with the newer ideas of the

time. He seemed extremely restless, and shortly afterwards departed for a voyage round the world, but before doing so he gave a farewell dinner to his friends. This took place, I remember, at the old Gaiety Restaurant. A large number of men were present, mostly writers on the press. Among the guests was Mr. Moncure D. Conway, whom I met for the first time, but who in after years I saw more of, and for whose independence of thought and high character I have always entertained the highest regard.

The late summer of 1869 I spent in North Wales, joining a cousin of mine at Bettws-y-Coed, a favourite haunt of landscape painters. I lodged with my cousin, who lived there with another painter and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Harrison. My cousin's name was Fred Suker, but as he had a father and a brother who also painted, he took the name of "Clive Newcome," by which he became generally known, and won considerable local repute for his landscapes, which had much dexterity and charm, both in oil and water colour. White umbrellas were as plentiful as mushrooms, and it was a common sight to see men walking along with a canvas suspended before and behind, like a tabard or a sandwich-man—literally attired in landscapes.

The painters at Bettws for the most part were not very serious artists, but generally lived by doing "bits" and "effects" for tourists and visitors, who used to pour through the district at that time of year.

The scenery was extremely pretty, but the lines of the mountains generally rather broken and cut up, and not so fine and sweeping as my favourite Derbyshire hills. Snowdon, however, was impressive, and in making the ascent, which I did with my cousin from the Capel Curig side, one fully realised its height. We reached the summit near sunset, passing through a field of cloud, which when we emerged looked like a great sea of rolling billows breaking at our feet, the sun shining out across them before he sank.

The startling and tragic drama of the Franco-German War absorbed public attention in 1870. From the time when the rotten and pretentious Second Empire of France, in order, as it was supposed, to draw off the attention from

inconvenient home questions, planned the invasion of Germany to satisfy the professional ambition and restlessness of the army, to the sudden fall of Napoleon III. after Metz and Sedan, and the collapse of the French after those events, when the Germans turned the tables and laid siege to Paris, the acts in this extraordinary drama followed one another in startling rapidity, to culminate in an episode of still greater significance and moment to the hopes of humanity, more especially of the workers, than any that had preceded it—the establishment of the Commune of Paris and its four months of exemplary civic rule, from March 18, 1871, to June of the same year, when it fell, not conquered by any foreign enemy, but before the onslaughts of its own countrymen, and perished in blood and fire—its members sacrificed in thousands to the savage vindictiveness of the Government of Versailles, to its lasting infamy in history.

But few spectators of this extraordinary drama, perhaps, realised its full significance at the time. We were too near the footlights. The Commune, its ideals and its acts, were entirely misunderstood, or misrepresented in the English press, and it is only recently, after the lapse of years, that its true aims, with all its faults and almost superhuman difficulties, are beginning to be apprehended as an attempt to establish a true civic Commonwealth, on a basis of collective service and ownership.

The year 1870 also witnessed the downfall of the Papal temporal power in Italy, and the political unity of the kingdom under Victor Emmanuel.

For myself, I seemed to hear of these great events and read of them in the newspapers as one in a dream. Though, as I have indicated, by no means without political feeling and sympathies, my real world was a dream-world, a cloister, or quiet green garden, where one only heard afar and dimly the echoes of the strife of the great world. In this mental retreat one really lived and worked at that time, and more and more so when one's whole being became coloured and fused with the deepest and most vital of all human feelings—love.

In such a mood I first read Rossetti's sonnets and *The Earthly Paradise* of William Morris, which was first published in 1870, and found in both a most congenial atmosphere.

To read the latter seemed like entering one of the delightful houses or halls the poet himself helped to create and often described, stone-pillared, open-timbered, and hung with arras tapestries full of mythical histories and legends of races, and glowing in gold and colour.

About the same time the decorative work of the firm in Queen Square was getting known, especially among artists and artistically-minded people. A reaction had begun against the heavy and vulgar taste borrowed from the French Empire, which had for twenty years or more dominated the Victorian taste in English house decoration and furniture, and many artists, even outside Queen Square, were making efforts under new influences in more sincere and refined directions. The increased study of Gothic architecture, the writings of John Ruskin, the study of the Middle Ages, the study of Greek and Italian art, and the influence of the collections at South Kensington, must all be counted as factors in the new movement, which reflected in individual hands many of these different influences and sources of inspiration.

The success of the type of art associated with the name of William Morris and his coadjutors was no doubt due—apart from the effect of his own powerful personality and initiative—to the practical nature of the experiment in the actual revival of certain handicrafts, as well as the co-operative nature of the enterprise, uniting, as it *did*, in the persons of the artists concerned in it, architecture cabinet-work, decorative design and painting, metal-work, pottery and tile-making, and stained glass.

The first time I saw William Morris was from a window in Queen Square. My friend H. Ellis Wooldridge had a room he used as a studio a few doors below the house of Morris & Company, on the east side of the square. Mr. Basil Champneys, whom I met about this time, by the way, had his office at that time in the same house. We were leaning out of the open window one summer's evening, chatting, and watching the people passing to and fro across the quiet stone-paved square (which always had a retired old-world and rather Continental look at the south end), when we caught sight of a sturdy figure clad in snuff-brown, striding along in

a determined manner, with an oak stick in his hand and a soft felt hat on. He turned his head as he passed, hearing us talking, and glanced up, and we met quick, penetrating eyes set in a handsome face, and a fair beard, with grave and abstracted look, and probably a little fagged after a day's toil at the works.

I really met William Morris not long afterwards at the house of Mr. George Howard (now Earl of Carlisle), at a dinner at which were also present Mr. (Sir) E. J. Poynter (now President of the Royal Academy), Mr. (afterwards Sir) Edward Burne-Jones, Professor Sydney Colvin, and I think Mr. William De Morgan, Mr. Hungerford Pollen, and Mr. Philip Webb, the architect of No. 1 Palace Green, then a new house, just finished for Mr. Howard.

Morris had recently returned from a visit to Iceland, which had proved so exciting and delightful to him that he hardly seemed to care to talk of anything else. I remember his giving vivid descriptions of his long pony rides, and camping out among the mountains in that wonderful and romantic island. Curiously enough, I had not long before had a hand in a book on Iceland (by A. J. Symington) as a sort of improver of some rather vague sketches by the author which I put on the wood, assisted by a reference to a large French folio on the same country illustrated by lithographs, so that Morris may have found me less ignorant of the beauties and wonders of the island than many, as among ordinary English folk Iceland was but little known and visited.

Our host on this occasion was also a recent acquaintance, and moreover a patron, who took the kindliest interest in my early efforts. I was also indebted to him for my introduction to Burne-Jones about this time. Mr. Howard took me with him one day to The Grange, and there for the first time I met the artist for whose work no one, I think, at that time entertained a more enthusiastic and profound admiration.

The well-known portrait by G. F. Watts represents him at this period of his life with extraordinary verity. One certainly felt that Burne-Jones lived in a world of dreams. He was then surrounded with a vast quantity of work, and pictures and designs in every stage nearly were to be seen in

his studio, the more finished work being hung in the anterooms. I remembered the design of "Fortune" in monochrome, several of the large subjects of the Perseus series, and "The Sleeping Beauty," the unusual "Pan and Psyche," "The Feast of Peleus," "Venus's Mirror," and "The Days of Creation," and a fine series of pencil designs illustrating Virgil's *Æneids*, which were, I believe, originally intended to accompany Morris's translation. The sight of so much interesting imaginative work was very inspiring, and no doubt one fell much under its influence for some time.

Burne-Jones's whimsical, humorous way of talking was well known to his friends. As we were departing, and he with his little daughter (now Mrs. J. W. Mackail) stood at the door of the pleasant hall at The Grange, Mr. Howard lit a cigar, and little Miss Margaret remarked, "Look, smoke is coming out of his mouth!" "Yes, my dear," said Burne-Jones, "he is a bad man; he is on fire within."

One of our friends and fellow-students about this time set up a picture-gallery in Wigmore Street, and all our set contributed to stock it. It became quite a repository for our school, and even sales were not unfrequently made.

I rather think that it was owing to Mr. George Howard having seen some works of mine at this gallery, or "picture-shop," as we called it, that I made his acquaintance. He himself was an enthusiastic painter, and worked hard at both oil and water colour, and took the keenest interest in the work of other artists, more especially of the romantic poetic school. His taste, however, was sufficiently catholic to include work by Alphonse Legros, E. J. Poynter, and Giovanni Costa, the lifelong friend of Lord Leighton.

I must have met M. Legros about this time at Palace Green, and I was instrumental in obtaining for him a commission to paint a full-length life-size portrait of my Cheshire friend, Mr. Randle Wilbraham, as a presentation portrait from his tenants. The fine draughtsmanship, grave, reserved, rather Holbeinesque treatment of Legros' portraits and figure subjects commanded my admiration; and I think the very first work I saw of his was a large picture, "skyed" at the Academy, of a group of people kneeling at a wayside shrine. I always

regretted that my deficiencies in the French tongue have been obstacles in the progress of my acquaintance with this distinguished artist, and prevented much intercommunication between us.

Other distinguished foreign artists came to London after the downfall of the brilliant short-lived Commune, and it is noteworthy to recall that such artists as Courbet were associated with this great effort to establish a true collective civic Government in the interest of the workers both of hands and brains, rather than money lords.

Among others, M. Dalou, the gifted and original sculptor, I remember meeting at Palace Green about this time, and he set up a studio in Chelsea and worked for many years in London. Another sculptor of considerable vogue, especially for small portrait statuettes of ladies, was M. Amendola.

M. Gueraud, a remarkably tasteful and skilful mounter of drawings, was a refugee of the Commune, and he has remained ever since in London.

Another gentleman who became rather notorious in artistic circles—totally unconnected with the Commune—was also received at Palace Green. He played the part of art adviser and dealer in "articles of vertu," but his own virtue proved insufficiently substantial to stand wear and tear, and his place soon knew him no more.

Among those who visited the Wigmore Street picture-shop of our friend Prince, also a friend of the Howard family, was the Rev. Stopford Brooke, famous for his Broad Church views and eloquent sermons. He became one of my patrons, and has quite a collection of my early landscapes, which were too low in tone, I fancy at that period for most people.

His brother-in-law, Mr. Somerset Beaumont, to whom he gave me an introduction, proved a very liberal patron of my work. He began by the purchase of several drawings from the Dudley Gallery, among which was "The Red Cross Knight in Search of Una,"—the knight a small figure on horseback wandering through a green landscape taken from one of the Derbyshire "cloughs." I recall going to see him in his charming house in Park Street, with a pleasant window overlooking Hyde Park. He was at that time most sympathetic

and friendly, and was a valuable supporter for some years afterwards.

Two of my landscape studies were bought by Mr. (afterwards Lord) Frederick Leighton, to whom they were shown by Mr. Howard, whose kindness and sympathy in these early years I shall not easily forget, and I received a very kind and encouraging letter from Leighton, expressing his appreciation and enclosing his cheque for "the very modest price" I asked for the drawings—five guineas each, I think.

At the Dudley Gallery I continued to have considerable success with my drawings, and one of peacocks on a terrace with a landscape beyond, which was really taken from Rode Hall, was not only purchased, but no less than two replicas were asked for by different people.

I did not, however, cease my work as an illustrator, but continued to do more work for Edmund Evans, and the demand for new picture-books went on at the rate of two a year. About 1869–70 they began to show something like a distinct decorative treatment and style, as I endeavoured to adapt them more both to the conceptions of children and to the conditions of colour-printing. In this I found no little helpful and suggestive stimulus in the study of certain Japanese colour prints, which a lieutenant in the Navy I met at Rode Hall, who had recently visited Japan in his ship, presented me with. He did not seem to be aware of their artistic qualities himself, but regarded them rather as mere curiosities. Their treatment in definite black outline and flat brilliant as well as delicate colours, vivid dramatic and decorative feeling struck me at once, and I endeavoured to apply these methods to the modern fanciful and humorous subjects of children's toy-books and to the methods of wood-engraving and machine-printing. *The Fairy Ship*, *This Little Pig went to Market*, designed in 1869, and *King Luckieboy's Party* (the verses and idea of which were supplied by me), in 1870 made this new departure, and led on to their successors, which shortly became numerous enough to be put in a separate category and labelled with my name by Messrs Routledge.

Amid all this work, with improving prospects it was

natural that being "over head and ears in love" I should be anxious to gain the consent of my still absent beloved to marriage.

I was successful in this in the course of time. The lady with her mother and sisters were in the spring of 1870 staying at Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, and my sister and myself were asked down to stay, and the quiet garden of a delightful old-fashioned house below the old Castle saw the consummation of my hopes, and at last I was actually —engaged!

AT AMBLESIDE

The year flew by marked by delightful and never-to-be-forgotten visits, first to Oxford, in early summer, which seemed an ideal dream-city such as one might see painted in a mediæval missal, echoing to the sound of sweet-voiced choirs in its solemn college chapels, or the song of birds in its tree-shaded walks, and green and golden meadows bordered by the silvery waters of the Thames or the Cherwell. With such surroundings we spent days of golden joy that remain for ever enshrined in the memory. Later in the summer I joined my affianced at Ambleside, and spent three delightful weeks in the Lake country in splendid weather, making excursions all over that lovely district, which I now saw for the first time. It was then less frequented, and the great stream of tourists which now pour through in the summer season was not nearly

MARY FRANCES ANDREWS (AFTERWARDS THE ARTIST'S WIFE)

FROM A DRAWING BY WALTER CRANE, 1870

so much in evidence, and it was possible to enjoy seclusion, even in the heart of Ambleside and Keswick, without any oppressive sense of the scenery being "run" by enterprising commercialists for all it was worth. The spirit of Wordsworth and the Lake poets still seemed to haunt the wild mountain paths and rocky dells, and that country to me, indissolubly bound up, as it ever will be, with some of my life's happiest hours and associations, will always be a sort of earthly paradise.

The Rev. Stopford Brooke, who had taken a fancy to my work, commissioned me to make him a water colour of Wordsworth's Yews of Borrowdale, on which he wrote his fine sonnet, and this I afterwards worked out from a study made on the spot.

I was at Hazelford again in the autumn, and revisited my old haunts, perhaps for the last time for many years. I stayed and worked there into October, and from there paid another visit to my Cheshire friends at Rode Hall, returning to winter in the old quarters in London, finding my ladylove with her mother and sisters had taken up their abode for the winter, after many wanderings, at Surbiton, which necessitated frequent journeys up and down from Waterloo for me on the winged wheels of the South-Western.

CHAPTER V

MARRIAGE AND VISIT TO ITALY, 1871–73

THE extreme happiness of the first six months of our engagement was sadly clouded in the winter of 1870–71 by the illness of my lady, from the depressing effects of which she did not recover for a long time.

In the summer of 1871 she was induced to visit her old home at Hempstead, in Essex. Her eldest brother with his wife then occupied the house and managed the farm. I went down in due course on a visit, and was much charmed by the delightful old-world feeling of the place, the fine old Essex farmhouses which abounded in the neighbourhood, with their Tudor chimney-stacks and wide fireplaces, and the old-fashioned hospitality of their tenants.

Hempstead itself is historically interesting owing to the fact of its association with Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, in the seventeenth century. His family seat, the old Wynchlow Hall, had been pulled down, and only the moat remained, though a cottage marked the site of the house. The Doctor's monument, however, was in the village church, a marble bust on a bracket in front of a wall tablet with a Latin inscription, placed by the Royal College of Surgeons, the family arms and a seventeenth-century helmet above.

Beneath the Harvey chapel annexed to the church was the Harvey family vault—a large brick chamber to which one descended by steps, and this was filled with leaden coffins of an ancient type, shaped somewhat like terminal figures, each bearing a face embossed in relief upon it at the head of the coffin, and the name and date beneath.

There were also several brasses in the church of fourteenth and fifteenth century date.

Squire Andrews' farm, called Wynchlow Hall, had been originally an old half-timbered house, with steep gables, and plaster panels worked in patterns between the timber framing, after the traditional local style; but the main part of the dwelling-house had been modernised, and only one wing remained of the old part, which had probably been surrounded by a moat, a relic of which formed a considerable pond at the edge of the lawn, gay that June-tide with yellow flags.

MONUMENT TO DR. WILLIAM HARVEY, HEMPSTEAD CHURCH

Near by was a charming old house known as Church Farm, an ancient half-timbered L-shaped house with fine brick chimneys, and a few "Queen Anne" additions in the way of a pillared porch and a china cupboard. There had been a wide ingle-nook, which still retained the original iron crane or ratchet for cooking over the fire or roasting before it—a good piece of blacksmith's work.

An interesting sight was the sheep-shearing in the great barn. The big doors were taken off their hinges and laid flat, and on this improvised platform the shearers did their work. There were three of them, and it was noteworthy to see the skill with which they handled both the sheep and the shears, getting the heavy fleeces off with the greatest neatness and despatch, the sheep for the most part being very passive in their hands, and certainly "before the shearers—dumb."

A little before my visit to Hempstead I had been commissioned by Mr. Somerset Beaumont to go down to Northumberland to make for him two drawings, one of

Bywell Castle, and another of two churches which are features of the place. Both subjects were by the river Tyne, here flowing past the ivy-covered keep of the old Castle in falls over a rocky bed. The seat of the Beaumonts was near by. The country was a fine one, and beautifully wooded. I stayed at a little old-fashioned village inn, and worked at my drawings all day. I was greatly struck with the character and beauty of the Border country, and visited the fine old town of Hexham, with its noble church; and Mr. George Howard was kind enough to give me the opportunity of seeing the very beautiful family Castle of the Howards — Naworth, although they were not living there at the time. So I travelled along the Newcastle & Carlisle Railway one day, and alighting at the little station close to the park gates, walked to the Castle, famous as the home of "Belted Will" (Lord William Howard of Border fame), whose tower and library of books is still shown to visitors. I also had sight of Lanercost Priory, a beautiful ruin down in the valley by the stream which flows around the Castle. At the Castle was Mr. Ferguson, the architect of Carlisle, who at that time had been called in for some restoration work at the Priory, and who afterwards added a new wing to the Castle.

THE OLD HOUSE AT HEMPSTEAD, ESSEX

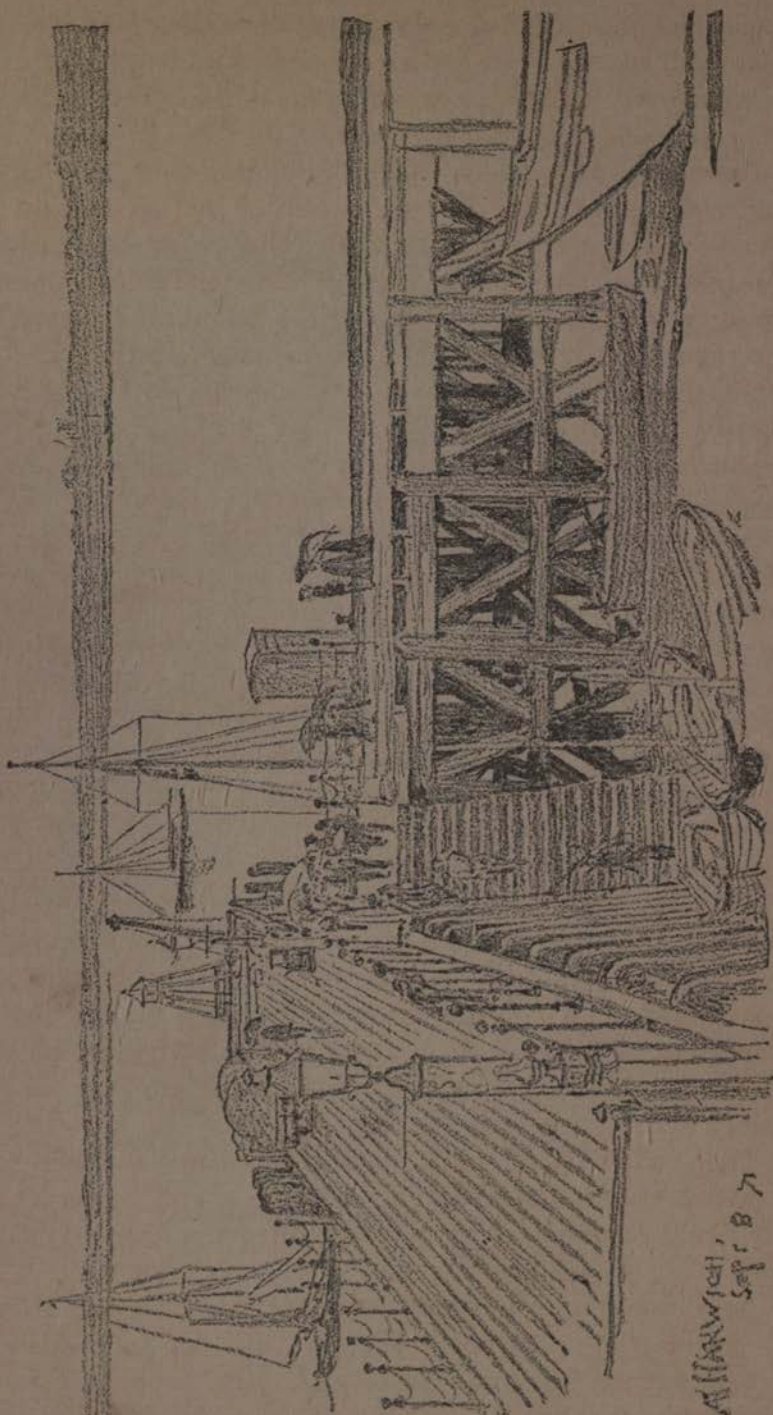
At that time the Earl of Carlisle was living in retirement, and the next heir was his brother, the Hon. Charles Howard, the father of Mr. George Howard, who had extended to me so much friendliness, sympathy, and courtesy at that time.

Deeply as the beauty and romance of the Border country

appealed to me, my heart was really elsewhere—in fact, at Hastings, where a certain lady was staying, and where before June was over I found myself. How the time went I hardly know, so quickly fled those summer days by the sparkling sea, and along the downs to Fairlight Glen, beloved of lovers, and immortalised by Mr. Holman Hunt in one of his most beautiful landscape studies of the early pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood days. Our marriage was at last fixed for the following September—the 6th, Mrs. Andrews and her daughters taking up their abode some weeks before in Chandos Street, as the destined temple was All Souls', Langham Place—commonly known as the "extinguisher" church, from its peculiar plain conical spire.

I had duly paid my visit to an old gentleman seated in a dingy office in Doctors' Commons, to whose presence I was conducted, feeling rather nervous, by one of the harmless necessary ticket porters in a little white apron, as described by Dickens. There I duly took a solemn oath, and secured (for a trifling consideration) that priceless and momentous document, a marriage license. There were wedding breakfasts in those days, and even speeches,—but all was over at last. and escaping from the friendly shower of shoes and rice, we were soon rumbling through darkest London in a brougham and tell-tale pair of greys to Liverpool Street Station. Somewhere in the wilds of the City one of our horses fell, and we were soon surrounded by a grinning London crowd, some members of which, however, lent willing hands to get the horse up, and this at last accomplished, presented themselves at the carriage window for tips.

We had planned an extensive tour to Italy by way of the Rhine and the Brenner Pass, but the journey was to be taken in easy stages. The little green books of tickets, from Messrs. Cook's at that time modest office in Fleet Street, allowed for plenty of stoppages on our honeymoon-pilgrimage to Rome. We went by way of Harwich and Antwerp, but rested at Harwich the first night or two, and took the night boat on the 9th, and after a calm passage experienced the feeling of delightful strangeness of being in foreign parts on steaming up the Scheldt to Antwerp in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the morning, and leaning out of our hotel casement to gaze across the Place de l'Europe to the Cathedral tower, rich with the fantasy of the later Gothic time and instinct with the feeling of Flemish art.

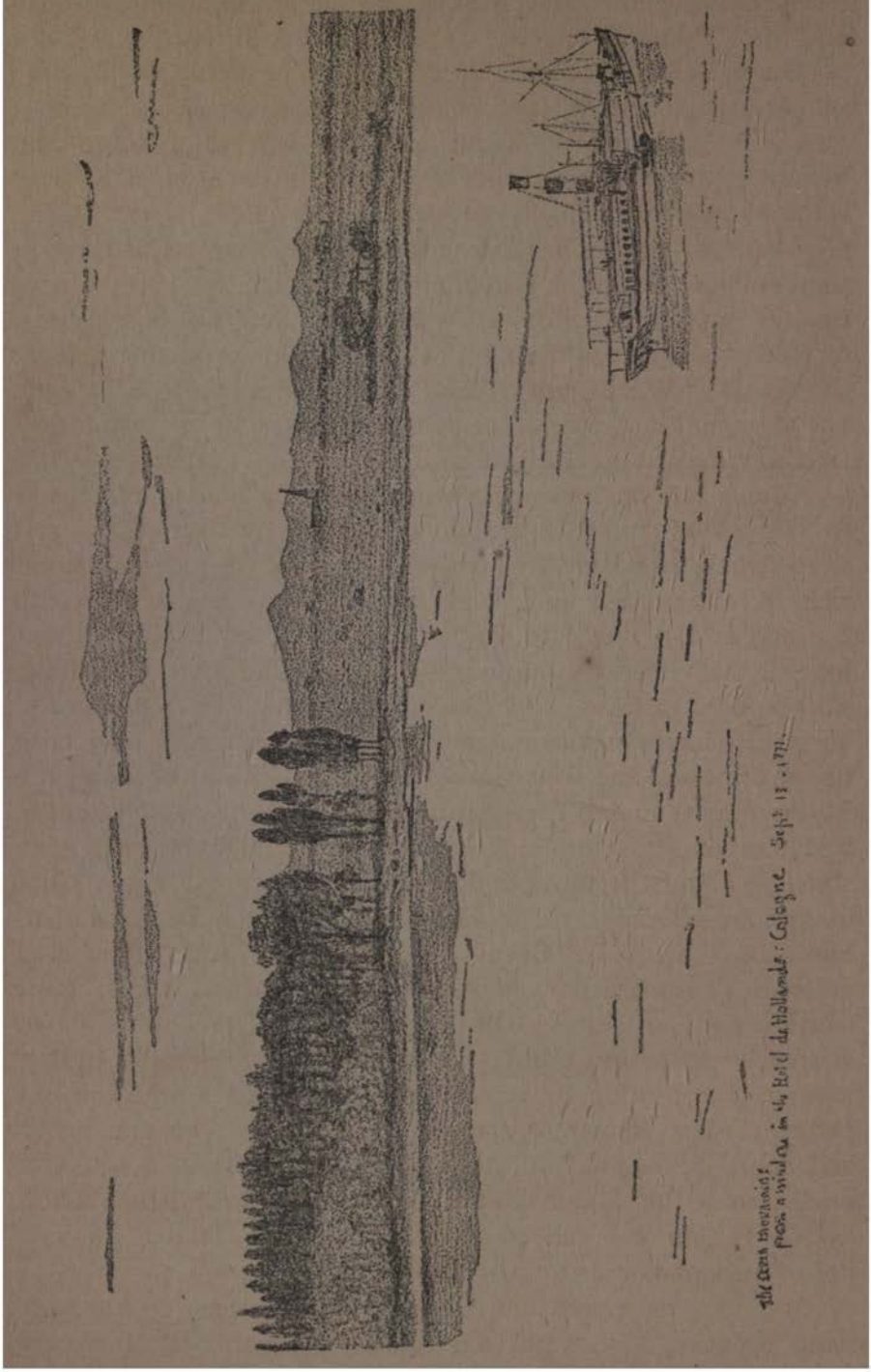
After exploring the Cathedral, the iron-work of Quentin Matsys, and other wonders, duly noting the pictures in the galleries, the great Rubens's and other masters, such as Velasquez, Van Dyck, Raphael, De Hooghe, Teniers, Watteau —though what seemed at that time to have charmed me more than these renowned ones were some interesting primitive pictures by Giov. (or Antonelli) Da Messina in the Museum Gallery.

Our next stop was Cologne, by way of Malines, Louvaine, Liège, Pepinster, Verviers, and Aix-la-Chapelle.

At Cologne we had a pleasant room overlooking the Rhine at the Hotel de Hollande. My wife had travelled on the Continent before with her people, and had stayed in Germany, so that she was a more experienced traveller than was I, besides having the advantage of being able to speak excellent French, as well as a little German. We paid our duty to the architectural wonder of the great Cathedral, and visited many of the other churches and the various shrines of art in the Museum, getting our first impressions of early German art, and modern German life, thick and fast. We only stayed at Cologne two or three nights, and passed down the Rhine, by the railway, stopping at Bonn, seeing its fine Minster church, and getting a nearer view of the seven mountains and the Drachenfels, which loomed in the far distance at Cologne, and wandering through the pleasant chestnut avenues, noting Beethoven's birthplace in the Rheingasse.

Then on again to Coblenz, passing Mehlem, Godesberg, with its castled crag, Rolandseck, and Renagen, and through some very lovely scenery—richly wooded hills, and green vine-clad slopes.

At Coblenz our windows commanded the famous crags and fortress of Ehreinbreitstein, to the top of which we climbed for the view, where one sees the confluence of the Mosel with the Rhine, and notes the difference of their

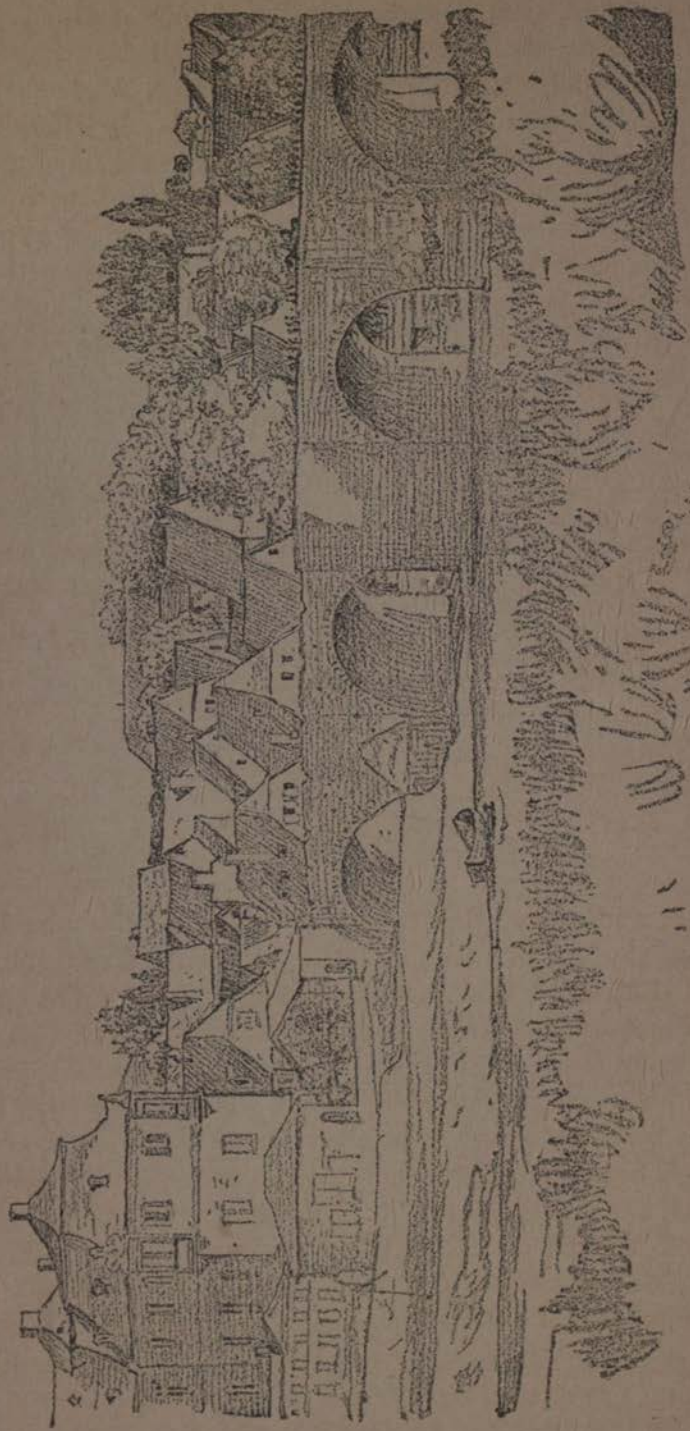


respective colours—the waters of the Mosel being reddish and the Rhine green.

I was delighted with a picturesque bit on the Mosel, some old houses and a bridge, which I sketched, and we spent a day or two wandering about over the Bridge of Boats and in and out of churches, and then went on to Bingen, passing some lovely Rhineland scenery, past Boffart, St. Goar, Goarhausen, Badcrach, Assmanhausen and its castled crags, the banks of the river becoming very steep, the rocky slopes covered with terraced vines. From Bingen we had a view of Rudesheim across the river, a quiet little town then, before the great "Wacht am Rhein" monument on the heights above made it a tourist centre. I remember we wandered into a vineyard at Bingen and ate of the grapes.

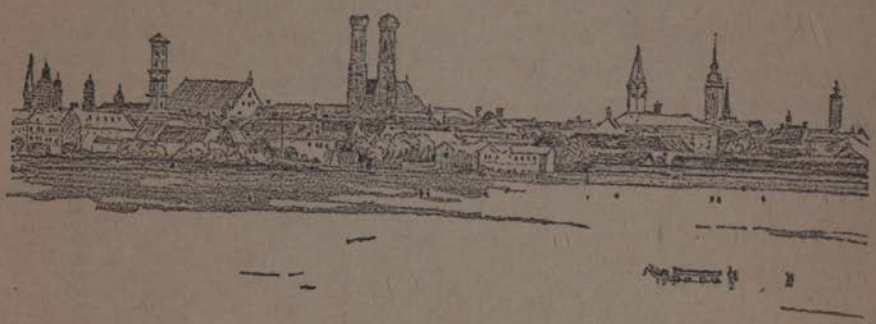
Mainz was our next halt, where we duly paid our respects to Gutenburg and Schiller, whose monuments are there, and were struck with the Romanesque cathedral of red sandstone, rich in monuments and heraldic tombs of the seventeenth century, and a fine late Gothic doorway, but noting in our journal that "the restorations—the roof and portions of the wall painted in fresco and gilded, were heavy and tasteless, the effect of the new painting against the old stone work decidedly heavy"; saw a fine collection of MSS. and choral books at the Museum, and among the pictures a Botticelli (?), a Tintoretto, a Titian, and "Adam and Eve," by Albert Dürer; and after strolling about the town and public gardens, and in and out of various churches, we took up our carriages for Aschaffenburg, now a great railway junction. The town then was quite a characteristic old German one, which might have come out of an Albert Dürer background. We noted "two churches situated on a hill—one dating from the tenth century, with a later Gothic tower, a lovely old cloister with several early frescoes (apparently recently discovered) on the walls, and many rich sepulchral monuments. There was a fine old bridge over the Maine, and a palace in red sandstone dated 1606. There were pretty terraced walks, and the town was full of ancient houses and doorways."

We left on a wet morning for Munich, passing through some beautiful forest and hill scenery—fir and beech woods



ASCHAFFENBURG (1871)

close to the line, and by many small old and quaint German towns with steep roofs clustered together about their churches. We reached Munich about ten at night, and went to an hotel close to the Frauen Kirche, a fine early Gothic dark red brick building, a comparatively plain interior, but containing the monument of Maximilian in bronze with men-at-arms supporters, and dated 1621. Then there were the Glyptothek and the Pinacothek Galleries, which we duly essayed to see. I was especially interested to see Holbein's fine folding altar triptych of Ste. Sebastian, Sta. Elizabeth, and Sta. Barbara, having known it in the photograph for long, also Albert Dürer's Apostles, as well as fine works by Vandyck, Veronese,



SKETCH AT MUNICH (1871)

and Titian, and many other things of interest. We also duly made our way to the Ruhmeshalle and the colossal bronze statue of Bavaria—which we ascended to the top floor or head! In my wife's journal, from which I have already quoted, is the following:—"A walk in the Englische garten, a pretty park-like place of considerable extent. Rapid streams flow through it from the Isar, and at their junction there is a pretty cascade. There was a little temple on a mound in the garden from which we saw the towers of Munich."

We left Munich on the 25th of September for Innsbruck, noting in our journal that "the scenery between Munich and Rosenheim is mostly flat, varied occasionally by slightly undulating green plains with fir woods. About Rosenheim we saw the Tyrol mountains, dim and cloudlike in the far

distance, but rapidly neared them, and the landscape became alpine in character—the little châlets dotted on the mountain-sides quite as they are in Switzerland and the churches with green (copper) spires. From Kufstein into Innsbruck "the scenery is very fine, the mountains high, dotted with pines, valleys opening out, showing higher ranges and peaks beyond again, half veiled in clouds, through which traces of snow on their summits could be seen. The railway follows nearly the course of the river, crossing it once by a bridge at Worgl."

We arrived at Innsbruck about six in the evening, and next day we made our pilgrimage to the tomb of Maximilian the First in the Franciscan church, with his colossal court of kings and queens; and the next day excurted to the castle of Ambas, an hour from Innsbruck. "Passed a church with two quaint colossal figures of knights on either side of the doorway in niches. A pretty road past fir woods and water-mills, and fields of maize. From a platform before the castle there is a splendid view of the country, but the mountains were enveloped in clouds, which lifted but slowly, though before we returned the sun shone out, and the peaks showed out sharply and clearly above the white masses of vapour. Returned through large fields of maize, where, at intervals along the roadside, were placed little shrines and crucifixes,"—"saw the moon rise over the mountains."

The next stage of our journey was from Innsbruck to Verona by the Brenner Railway. Our journal says: "The line by degrees ascending—the scenery most striking and beautiful The Sill flows by the line as far as Brenner. The morning was rainy when we left, but it cleared soon, and the clouds rolled from the mountains, showing snow-covered peaks—many tunnels, for the most part short ones. The Brenner-See is a lovely little deep green lake, still as glass, reflecting the pine woods on the mountain-side which rose steeply from its edge. The air much cooler here. Glimpses of lovely valleys, then Bozen, a picturesque old town with a Gothic church, surrounded with vineyards." But the pine woods and crags gradually gave way to softer features, and the train soon descended into the vines and orchards of Italy. Verona

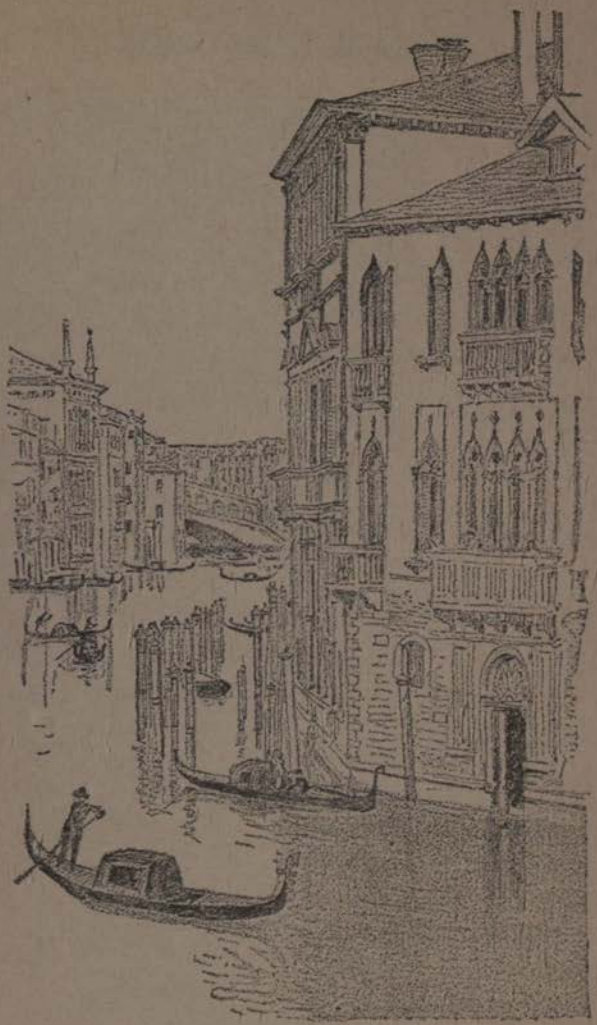
looked lovely in the moonlight when we arrived there, and found pleasant quarters at the Hotel des deux Tours—an old-fashioned hostelry with an open courtyard, the rooms opening on to balconies surrounding it.

In the morning we saluted Mr. Ruskin's Gothic griffin at the porch of S. Anastasia, and saw Titian's Assumption; and also visited the Roman amphitheatre and the Muséo de Lepidaria; the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, and the Mantegnas; the famous tombs of the Scaligeri; saw a festival in honour of S. Anastasia, and admired Verona by moonlight. We were strongly advised to hurry on to Venice to enjoy the scenic effect by moonlight, and so, with regret, we cut our visit to Verona rather short. Leaving Verona in the afternoon, we got into Venice the same evening, and experienced our first gondola, which took us from the station to a pension in the old Giustiniani Palace, on the Grand Canal, kept by an ancient gentleman, to whom we had been recommended. It was a fine old Gothic palace, and our vast rooms lighted with candles looked like a scene from some romantic play. From the front windows, with balconies on the canal, we could see a bit of the Rialto, and also the house in which Byron lived at Venice.

Here we met two very agreeable English ladies—a Mrs. Fulford and her sister—who joined us in many of our excursions about Venice, the artistic interest of which seemed to me endless, and almost overpowering. We worked away bravely, feeling, perhaps, that having but a short time in so wonderful a place, we were in danger of taking in rather more than was quite good for one, or at least more than one could mentally assimilate or digest: but it was good to be there, and the delightful impressions one did get are ineffaceable. Here is an extract from the journal: "At night we went in a gondola up the canal, under the Rialto, and round by many canals, until passing under the Bridge of Sighs we came out on the Grand Canal passing the front of the Ducal palace; here the moon showed over the buildings and shone on the water, and the scene was very enchanting."

Certainly we quickly fell completely under the spell of Venice. The wonders of St. Mark's, the treasures of the

Ducal palace, the richness of the churches, the glories of the great Venetian painters in the Academia in their most splendid achievements, and the more primitive but not less beautiful

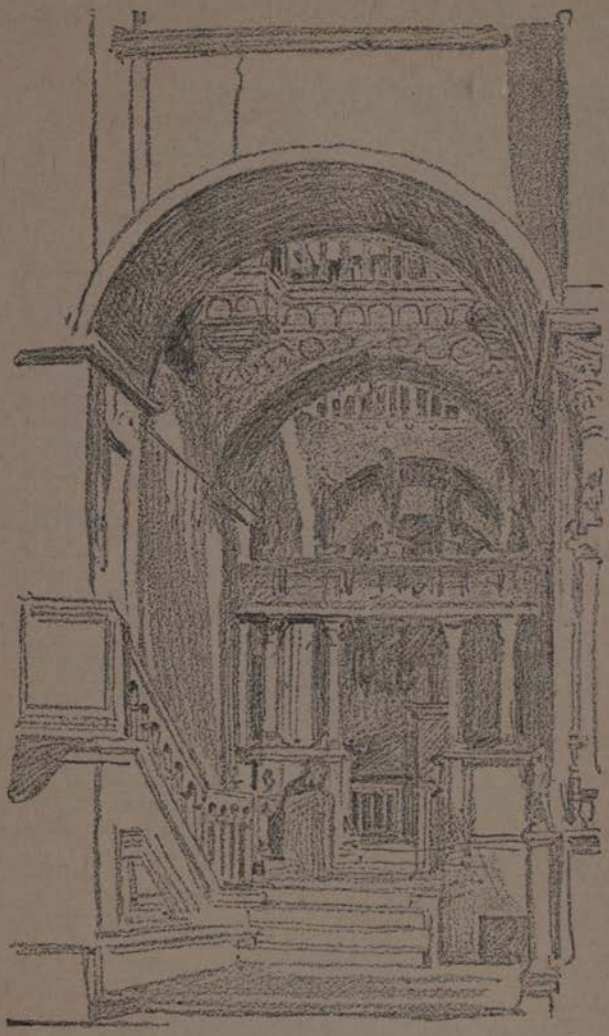


VENICE—LORD BYRON'S HOUSE

conceptions of Carpaccio, Giov. Bellini, and the early Venetian school, tranquil and clear as the luminous air of the sweet morning which precedes the ardours of noon and splendours of sunset—such sights as these by day, and at night the city

full of romance and mystery in her moonlit robe and jewelled lights, flashing and dancing in the water everywhere.

A curtain of rain fell at last over this gorgeous dream,



SKETCH IN ST. MARK'S, VENICE (1871)

and Venice, like Cinderella after the ball, hastened down narrow wet alleys, and all her external glory temporarily disappeared under umbrellas.

Of course we did not leave Venice without ascending the

famous Campanile, since, alas! fallen. Not having seen Venice since that catastrophe it is difficult to imagine the Piazza—nay, the city, without so conspicuous a feature. The natives of the Piazza—the blue rocks, and feeding them—came in for a share of attention also.

Away we went again on our Romeward journey, our journal continues—"passing Padua, where unfortunately we could not manage to stop to see the Arena Chapel. The Friuli mountains looked very lovely in the distance as we left Venice, with clouds smouldering on their summits. After Padua the line lay through a marshy plain with innumerable willows and aspens. We crossed a broad river, and reached Bologna between two and three. We fell in with our friends here, and went on all together towards Florence. We had but a glimpse of Bologna, which looked very picturesque, with its towers and outlying houses on the hills.

The country soon changed very much in character, at first barren and mountainous, but changing to chestnut forests, and rocky streams flowing through the wooded valleys, which were seen momentarily between the almost endless succession of tunnels (forty-two!). The prospect grew wider as we neared Florence, but at Pistoia it was already dark."

It was another exhilarating moment the first sight of that memorable cluster of domes and towers, the Duomo, Giotto's Tower, and the Palazzo Vecchio. Michael Angelo's David was then standing in the historic Piazza della Signoria. Long had the cast been familiar to one in the South Kensington Museum. Leighton's brilliant illustrations to *Romola* had been so full of the character of the place, too, that Florence had quite a familiar look, and there was a pleasing excitement in discovering spots one had seen pictured or described—and, indeed, there was plenty to see. First was the Duomo—"solemn, and dimly lighted by small windows filled with mosaic-like glass of deep colour." The Donatello statues and an interesting picture of Dante at the gates of Florence, with Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise in the background, by Dominico di Michelino, 1465, claimed attention; and the sculpture by Michael Angelo in the choir, and the reliefs of Luca della Robbia over the doors of the sacristy. We noted "the old

priests sitting in the choir in crimson copes with white and black robes underneath, chanting monotonously," and in the Baptistery, Ghiberti's gates, long ago familiarised by the casts at South Kensington. Then to the fascinating Uffizi and Pitti galleries, with their gems of Florentine art. Botticelli was not at that time in the honoured places, not having been re-discovered by the critics, but more or less scattered, and sometimes "skyed" in less important rooms, but I shall never forget the charm of his beautiful "Spring" and the "Venus." The time was all too short to do justice to the wealth of artistic beauty in these galleries, and so many other things claimed attention. We visited Santa Maria Novella and Santa Croce, and even ascended the Tower of the Signoria,—"more than four hundred steps,"—where we had "a magnificent prospect of Florence and the country round Fiesole and the great plain to the south-west with the mountains beyond, and all the city with its tile roofs and church towers clustered below bright in the midday sun." The journal adds, "In the evening took a walk by the Arno in the light of a gorgeous sunset."

On Thursday, October 12, we started on the last stage of our journey to Rome, on a wet morning, "and though our way lay through a most interesting and lovely country—orchards, vineyards, and maize-covered land with mountains beyond—the view was spoiled by a mosaic of raindrops on the railway-carriage window." Arezzo, Perugia, Assisi were passed, and the lake of Trasimeni; a mountainous part was entered soon after Foligno, and very fine landscape. Nearing Rome, we crossed the great plain of the Campagna, where we saw herds of cattle. "All roads lead to Rome," but we arrived in pouring rain when it was almost dark, and nothing was to be seen from beneath the hood of the carrozze which took us to our quarters in the Piazza di Spagna. Even here from our window next morning we could only see a bit of the "Collegium Urbanum de Propaganda fide" and the top of the church of St. Andrea delle Frate.

Arrived in Rome, the next step was to find an *appartement*, and we commenced our search the very next morning, and, by the assistance of a compatriot, found one in the Via

San Nicolo Tolentino. An English sculptor (Mr. Charles Summers), who hailed from Australia, had some unoccupied rooms to let over his studio, and we decided to take them for the winter.

My old friends the Wilbrahams, who had often visited Rome in earlier days, gave me a sheaf of introductions to residents, but until we were settled in our new quarters we did not hurry to present them, but preferred to wander about and get our own impressions unaided. The Forum had a very different aspect in those days, the new excavations not having extended much beyond the Basilica Julia, but a portion of the Via Latina was uncovered, showing the ruts worn in the paving-stones by the wheels of the ancient biga, and probably the wine carts. An avenue of acacia trees led up to the Arch of Titus, and the palace of the Cæsars had not lost its aspect of a Roman garden, with fountains and orange trees, although excavations had been begun, and a fine painted chamber had been unearthed with deep red walls and hanging garlands. Some of the most beautiful views (or, rather, a panorama) of the city I have always thought were to be obtained from the high ground of the Palatine. The Italian Government under King Victor Emmanuel had only recently taken possession, and the Pope was posing as a prisoner in the Vatican. Signor Rosa was appointed Minister of Public Works, and looked after the antiquities, and his first acts were to thoroughly weed the great ruins—such as the Coliseum and the Baths of Caracalla. Those who had known Rome in the old Papal neglected and picturesque days deplored the new treatment, though others admitted it certainly tended to the better preservation of the ancient buildings. The Coliseum certainly looked bare, and was extensively buttressed with new brickwork, and the Baths of Caracalla did not suggest the overgrown solitude where Shelley wrote his *Prometheus Unbound.* Archæology was getting the better of artistic interest—other than architectural, perhaps, but still from either point of view the material was abundant.

One of the first persons I met in Rome was Frederick (afterwards Lord) Leighton. I turned in at Piale's Library

one evening, and sat down to look at the English papers in the empty reading-room, when who should come in with the same purpose but the great man. I had not long before, in London, been to his studio at one of his princely receptions in Holland Park Road, and felt somewhat shy in so distinguished a presence. In spite of his grand manner, however, Leighton was most kind-hearted, and one of the things that will always be remembered by those who knew him was the willingness and good-nature with which he would take the trouble to look at and give friendly advice about young and unknown artists' and students' work, and he was an excellent critic, but a kindly and sympathetic one.

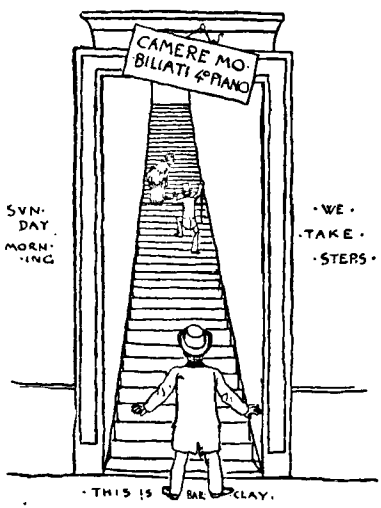
He at once gave me an introduction to W. W. Story, the eminent American sculptor, then at the height of his fame, who had made Rome his dwelling-place, and whose interesting book, *Roba di Roma*, I had recently read. The Storys then lived in a magnificent apartment in the Barberini Palace, in the Via Quattro Fontana, and were in the habit of giving receptions largely attended by the English and American visitors to Rome of the prouder sort.

We paid Mr. Story a visit at his studio, also, I remember. He had just finished a life-sized model in clay of Cleopatra, and standing by it in a graceful attitude he explained his intentions in the work, delicately touching or stroking it here and there the while with a small modelling tool. He was a brilliant conversationalist—a slight American deliberation being noticeable in his speech.

Another introduction of Leighton's was to his old friend Professor Giovanni Costa, the distinguished painter, whose works are well known and so much admired in England, and who had quite an English following in landscape, among whom may be counted the Earl of Carlisle, the late M. R. Corbett, A.R.A., and Mrs. Ridley Corbett. His studio was then in the painter's street of studios under the Pincian Hill—the Via Margutta. He showed us a wonderful number of beautiful studies of landscape—mostly small oil studies done on wood panels, but besides these he was at work on two large pictures, one of a view near Via Reggio, Leghorn, and the other of a nude nymph in a wood. Both of these

were included in the recent exhibition of Giovanni Costa's works at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

He had taken active part in the Italian struggle for political freedom and unity, and had experienced many vicissitudes of fortune in his life, but there was little to suggest revolutionary fire or fervour in his manner and appearance, and still less in the poetic, pensive, and generally tranquil or pastoral feeling in his landscapes. He became a member of the municipality of Rome, who at his death organised a public funeral in his honour, for which his English friends sent a memorial wreath. He was full of artistic sympathy and helpful criticism for one's work.



WE TAKE STEPS TO SECURE APARTMENTS (ROME, 1872)

With Mr. Summers (our landlord) as a pupil at that time was Mr. J. W. Swynnerton, a rising young sculptor, who has since won a good position, and has executed many important works. Inquiring at our door for this gentleman came one day, soon after our arrival at San Nicolo Tolentino, Mr. Edgar Barclay, whose acquaintance I had previously made in London. He had had a remarkable success with a large picture at the Royal Academy showing the Ana Capri steps with the peasants going up and down (before the road was made this was the only highway to the upper town on the high tableland, and the immense flight of stone steps, with little shrines at the resting-places at intervals, dotted with figures of the Capri girls in bright-coloured kerchiefs, and fishermen carrying jars of water, and fruit or other provender, was extremely picturesque). Mr. Barclay came to stay that winter in Rome, and painted many Italian subjects at that time.

I soon found myself in quite a circle of artists, chiefly English and American, who were then living in Rome. Chief among the latter was Elihu Vedder, whose work was already known in England, and who later distinguished himself by a series of designs to the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. He had painted the Fable of the old man and his son and the ass, as a series of small pictures, and given it a new feeling by introducing as backgrounds bits of old Italian towns. At the time I saw him he seemed interested in costume pictures of Carpaccio inspiration, but later showed considerable imaginative feeling for classical and mythological subjects treated from a more or less decorative point of view.

One striking work I remember was "The Lair of the Sea-serpent," the glittering coils of which were half seen twisted among sand dunes of a wild and solitary shore. Mr. Vedder was not only a versatile artist but a very genial companion, with a whimsical humour of his own.

A sort of sketching club was presently formed which met at different studios, each member being host in turn. A subject was given out by the host of the evening, and the members then set to work to realise it in paint, clay, charcoal, or other media. Then the sketches were shown, and the evening finished in talk and smoke. Besides Mr. Vedder, several other interesting and agreeable American artists joined the circle. Among these was Charles Caryl Coleman, who had the most gorgeous studio of bric-à-brac of any. He loved splendour generally, but was a most kindly and genial host and a brilliant painter with decorative feeling.

Another was Mr. Crowninshield, who did very effective water-colour studies of old Italian towns with well-defined masses of light and shade. I first saw him in a slender outrigger with a pair of sculls testing the strength of the Tiber stream, while a large crowd looked on.

He recently published a volume of poetry at New York, where in later years I again met him at the Century Club.

Another genial man was Reinhardt, an American sculptor — a universal favourite, whose early death was much deplored.

Mr. Eugene Benson was another American artist of cultured tastes and much originality of conception, who had a literary side as well. With him and Mrs. Benson and Miss Fletcher (his stepdaughter) we became very friendly while in Rome that winter. They afterwards went to Venice, where they settled to live in a fine old palazzo on the Rio Marin.

Miss Fletcher later in England became known to fame as a novelist and playwright under the *nom de plume* of George Fleming.

Other friends were Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Barrett, who were close neighbours on the "Piano" above us in San Nicolo Street, and with whom we often spent pleasant evenings. They both painted, and were enthusiastic about a recent stay in the island of Capri, where they had been with an English artistic circle including Mr. Edward Blount Smith, Mr. Edgar Barclay, Mr. Goodall, Mr. Maclaren, and other artists who lived on the island. It was a favourite resort with artists of every nationality, and the well-known Farraglione rocks and other characteristic spots there appeared in many a studio, with studies of the fascinating Capri girls.

From the Wilbrahams I had an introduction to one or two of what might be considered quite old-time Roman artists: Mr. Glennie, a member of the R.W.S.; Mr. John Coleman, famous for his buffaloes, for instance. Another was Mr. Penry Williams, who had a considerable repute in the "forties" for his water-colour pictures of groups of Campagna peasants, in the smooth and somewhat sentimental and artificial operatic taste of those days. He had a studio near the Spanish Steps, upon which he could find his models at any hour of the day, as there were always groups of these models turned Roman peasants or Roman peasants turned models—one was never quite sure which—haunting the steps, sitting in rows and groups, in their picturesque festa costume, the brown faces and black hair of the women telling strongly beneath the white of their square linen head-dresses and shirts, and the bright reds, greens, and dark indigo blues of their bodices, aprons, and petticoats relieved against the warm greys of the stone steps. One met their semblances again and again, posing with rather

conscious art in countless pictures and studies in studios of the Roman artists, and there was a considerable trade (shall we say!) in pictures composed of such elements to answer the Roman visitor's and tourist's demands.

I could not but be charmed with the picturesqueness and fine colour of many of these Roman models. There was one well-known figure, a fine-looking man who—from his dignified bearing, I suppose—was called "the Count." He wore his ragged blue cloak with the air of a Roman senator with his toga. I made a study of him, and introduced him with a peasant woman and a Bambino in swaddling clothes into the foreground of a large water colour I did at this time of the Arch of Titus which I sent home to the Dudley Gallery, where it appeared, with another drawing of a Capuchin monk in his brown habit and black scull-cap with the well-known church in the Piazzetta Barberini as a background; also a picture of "The Grotto of Egeria"—a favourite spot with us on the Campagna by the stream Almo, sung of by Horace, outside the Porta San Sebastiano, near a lovely ilex "boschetto" known as the Grove of Egeria.

I print here a kind letter I received later from Leighton about these pictures, one of which he had seen on my easel when he called on us in San Nicolo Tolentino.

"ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL
March 1, 1872

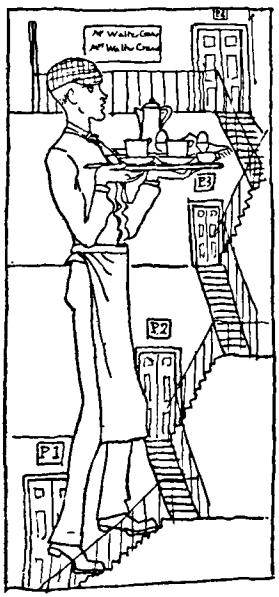
"DEAR MR. CRANE,—I reproach myself with not having sooner acknowledged your letter of January 31st announcing to me the despatch of your three drawings to the Dudley Gallery, but you know what are the demands on a busy man's time. I have seen your drawings all three—one was an old friend; of the other two, the Grotto of Egeria with the 'sacrum nemus' most attracted me through its refined and sober harmony. *The quality of your light* is always particularly agreeable to me, and not less than usual in these drawings. Some day you will perhaps allow me some little criticism of detail:—meanwhile, I am glad to hear that you have made friends with my excellent Costa, who as an artist is one in hundreds and as a man one in thousands. Pray remember

me most kindly to him, as also to Barclay and the Stories, and believe me, in much haste, yours very truly,

"FRED LEIGHTON

"Have you sketched in the 'valley of Poussin'? It strikes me that old castle would take you by storm."

Other interesting and valuable friends at this time were Mr. and Mrs. Sotheby. Both had unusually refined taste and feeling in art, and finding many interests in common we frequently exchanged visits, and constantly accompanied them in long drives to different places of interest in Rome and sometimes far away on the Campagna. Mrs. Sotheby was an enthusiast for early Italian art of all kinds, and was one of the first to revive the art of decorative needlework after Mrs. Morris and Lady Burne-Jones. She used to work with Roman coloured cottons on linen. My wife and the Misses Barclay, sisters of the painter, all worked at different forms of needlework at this time, and I supplied some designs. Mr. Sotheby used to find short Latin inscriptions for his wife to work on scrolls in her needlework pictures, somewhat in the spirit of mediæval tapestry, of which they were very fond, and had acquired some to hang their *appartement* with.



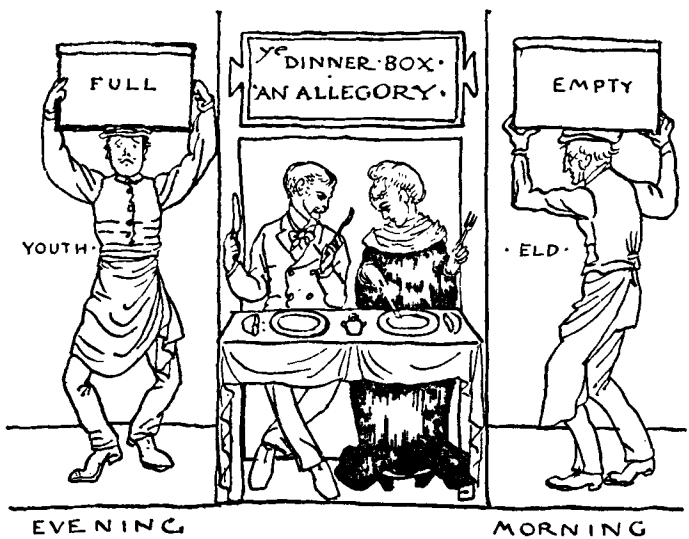
THE BREAKFAST BOY, QUATTRO PIANO (ROME, 1872)

I had painted my wife in our room with some fanciful decorative addition in this way as a background, and the Sothebys were so taken with this treatment of a portrait that I was commissiond to paint one of Mrs. Sotheby in a similar manner. I did her in profile in a white dress of India muslin, with a Venetian glass bowl in her hands with daffodils in it,

against a background of old Italian silk, and a scroll above with the motto, "Nel tempo dolci che Fiorisci e colli."

This portrait and the one of my wife I named "At Home: a Portrait" were sent to the Royal Academy in 1872, but only the latter was placed. This picture at the death of the owner some years afterwards turned up at Christie's, and was secured by my wife.

In January we changed our quarters, quitting S. Nicolo Tolentino for the Via Gregoriana, where we had found a pretty



AN ALLEGORY OF THE DINNER BOX (ROME, 1872)

little *appartement* with a balcony overgrown with Banksia roses.

Curiously enough, our padrone was named Pistrucci, and turned out to be the son of the Pistrucci who designed the English coinage in the latter days of George III. and also George IV., and I remember his showing us some specimens of his father's work in that way.

Before we had moved, however, and just before Christmas our friend Mr. George Howard surprised us with a call one evening. He and his family were on their way to Naples, and in passing through Rome, knowing we were there, in his

friendly way he came to look us up. Before leaving England I had completed a picture for him. The subject was a pilgrim, in a traveller's cloak and petasus, carrying a staff and a lamp, wandering on a plain intersected by a winding river, with mountain ranges beyond and at intervals on the banks ruined temples and relics of ancient faiths—rather a re-echo of the motive previously embodied in the drawing before mentioned, "Ormuzd and Ahrimanes." This picture, I heard long afterwards, had been presented to Mr. Frederic Harrison, who had admired it, and it had been re-christened "The Positivist Pilgrim," in allusion to the philosophy of Auguste Comte, of which Mr. Harrison was so distinguished and able an exponent.

We continued to extend our acquaintanceship in Rome, chiefly in the English and American colony. At the Hotel Molaro, nearly opposite to us, lived Mr. Healy and his family. He was an American portrait painter of considerable repute in his own country. They used to give evening conversazioni, and I remember on one occasion, in the spring of 1872, General Sherman, who had been Commander-in-Chief of the Northern forces in the American Civil War, was the principal lion, a tall, thin, keen, but kindly-looking American. Most of the American painters in Rome at that time, by the way, had been in the war, if not all of them, "with Grant."

I was sketching one morning in the early spring at a spot I had discovered outside the Porta del Popolo. A gap in the hedge of a vineyard disclosed a view across the bare ranks of canes put up for the vines to cling to, across a level middle distance and some green slopes, to where the dome of St. Peter's loomed largely on the horizon. The rising ground on which I stood was Monte Prioli, and about the highest point stood a villa. While I was at work, a carriage came up the narrow road which led up to the villa. It stopped, and presently a servant stood at my elbow with a message from the two old ladies in the carriage offering me free entry into their grounds. These ladies were the Misses Haig (of Bemerside), who lived in the villa just above, named after them the Villa Haig; a charming house, surrounded with a terraced garden and

vineyards, and commanding lovely views of Rome. The ladies were very kind and hospitable, and I made several drawings there, and, with my wife, exchanged visits. They were rather frail and in indifferent health, and had been seeking for an heir to their estates, and had at last found one in a certain Captain Haig. They were very fond of recalling the verse from one of Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies, as given by Scott, I think, which runs—

"——whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside,"

and adding, "There always has been a Haig of Bemerside ever since!"

The spectacular effects in Roman life, we were told by the old residents, were not to be compared to those of the old days. Nevertheless, the festivals seemed to be kept at the great churches much as usual. We saw much ecclesiastical ceremonial splendour at Sta. Maria Maggiore, and S. Giovanni Laterano, and the curious epiphany celebration at the Ara Cœli Church, where little children could be heard preaching, was very quaint. Crowds pressed to see the group of the Adoration of the Magi, realistically represented by life-size wax figures.

The Roman Church certainly seemed to be much more really the church of the people than the churches are in our cold Protestant country, and at some of these festivals one had the feeling of long usage and old tradition passed on from the old pagan days with but little difference of spirit, and reflecting the character of an emotional and imaginative race.

The Carnival was a curious and interesting episode in Roman life, and very fresh to us. At that time they had the race of riderless horses (Barbari) down the Corso from the Piazza del Popolo, the starting-place. About half a dozen or more horses were led out, and had to be held pretty hard by the men, as they were excited by the crowd and seemed only too eager to start. They had a light sort of harness on. The signal was given, and away they galloped at full speed, the people, who were all over the street, having only just time to squeeze themselves on to the pavement each side the

long straight Corso. They were stopped at the other end, where the Corso ran in to a narrow street, by a huge heavy cloth hung right across and down to the ground. The horses ran against this, and it stopped them at once. The street was called "Via dei represi di Barbari."

All sorts of masques and every kind of costume or disguise were worn, punchinello and pierette perhaps predominating. The masqued women always spoke in the same artificially high voice, and as different groups of masquers met each other, there was often a sustained and lively conversation at this high pitch. The spirit and go with which the citizens and citoyennes threw themselves into the play—for it was really like a play going on in the streets—was amazing. In the Corso anyone was liable to get well peppered with plaster confetti. People at the balconies had troughs of it, and literally shovelled it down on the crowd. I saw Prince Humbert (afterwards King of Italy) amusing himself in this way.

Then a day was given to the battle of the flowers, when the ammunition is changed, but the fusillade is carried on as briskly as before between the occupants of carriages and those in the balconies, and taken up by the foot passengers. Processions of fantastic cars full of quaint masquers continually passed up and down the Corso. I remember one filled with people each having a different kind of beast's or bird's head on; another was a carriage full of storks, red-legged and red-beaked, with proper black and white plumage, with a basket of babies in their midst and a stork coachman and footman on the box. A caricature of an English sporting gentleman and lady in fox-hunting dress, on horseback, but with enormous pantomime heads on, rode down the Corso; and, as a suggestion of ancient Rome, a biga full of helmeted and crested warriors of the Empire period. The last night of the Carnival was signalised by the "Moccoletti"—a sudden burst of lighted tapers dancing about in the dark crowd like fireflies in the twilight, and then everybody tries to blow everybody else's taper out, in order to cry triumphantly, "Senza Moccoli!"

The artists of Rome, too, had a special festival of their

own later on in April, which afforded another opportunity for masquerading. The central feature of the one I remember was a gorgeous domed Moorish divan on wheels, with an Emperor of Morocco and his harem sitting inside; behind and before went a great company of artists of all nationalities in all sorts of costumes—some as seventeenth-century Spanish cavaliers on horseback, some as burlesque field-marshals with enormous cocked hats, jackboots, and sabres riding on donkeys. The caterer for the picnic (a well-known artists' colourman) was attired as a sort of white wizard, with a tall

THE CERVARO FESTIVAL (ROME, 1872)

conical hat, and a long robe on which were painted lobsters, salad, and other suggestions for luncheon.

Numerous carriages filled with spectators in ordinary attire followed this strange procession a long way out over the Campagna to the Cervaro Caves, the appointed spot for the picnic, unfortunately on this occasion rather spoiled by the rain coming on, which necessitated feeding under the hoods of our carriages.

A favourite excursion with the leisured crowd of Roman visitors and residents was to drive out to the meets of the Roman foxhounds, which was always a picturesque spectacle: riders dashing about on fine horses on the springy turf of

the undulating Campagna, the crowd of smart people in the carriages looking on, amid a chorus of neighing from the excited steeds.

The house of Savoy was a good deal in evidence, too, in Rome in those days. The swarthy old King Victor Emmanuel the First was frequently to be seen driving on the Pincio and in the Borghese, and the popular and beautiful Princess Margharita with Prince Humbert, who also was fond of riding in the Borghese, and very fine horses, too. W.E.R.D.I. was a frequent inscription scrawled in chalk on walls and hoardings, its signification being, "Viva Victor Emanuele Rey d'Italia." The air, too, was full of the strains of the Royal Hymn, mostly from the bugles of companies of the Bersaglieri, who constantly marched through the streets at a pace that was almost the double, with their broad-brimmed round-crowned hats and plumes of cock's feathers fluttering in the wind.

Italy had sustained a great loss in the death of her renowned patriot and philosopher, Giuseppe Mazzini, and the Roman Municipality arranged a funeral procession in his honour.

The scene in the Piazza del Popolo on the morning of March 17, 1872 (Sunday), was very striking. A colossal white figure of Italy appeared upon a car drawn by six horses in black housings, the figure being in the attitude of placing a wreath of bays upon the head of Mazzini, whose bust was placed in front. On either side the car marched a line of citizens bearing standards in the form of Roman tablets upon staves, on one of which was inscribed the words, "Gloria al martiri della Liberta," and others bore the names of distinguished men who had written and fought for Italian freedom and unity.

The beauty of the Italian spring was upon us, heralded by a cloud of almond blossom upon hills and in the vineyards, and the white-blossomed trees seemed to re-echo the touch of distant snow on the Sabine mountains. I found a subject on the Pincio, a view of Rome, with almond trees in front and two figures gathering flowers on the sloping gardens, which I sent to the Dudley. Also "A Herald of Spring"—a figure

SKETCH ON THE PINCIO, ROME, 1871

WALTER CRANE

in a pale green robe and pink scarf coming down a Roman street in the early morning with a basket of daffodils on her arm.

This picture also went to the Dudley and was sold to a lady whom, about twenty years afterwards, we met in London, and bought back the picture, for which my wife had a peculiar affection, she too having been the model for the figure.

So our first winter in Rome passed away, in work, in making many new friends and acquaintances, in study and sight-seeing, and absorbing unforgetable influences and suggestions, especially from such wonders as Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, from the beauty both of art and nature, of new and old in that wonderful city where the remote past and the most modern present see each other reflected in the glass of time.

On the 18th of May we quitted Rome and travelled to Naples, intending, despite the heat, to spend our summer in Southern Italy. It certainly was the strongest sunshine we had ever experienced. I shall never forget my first sight of the bay, the blue sea sparkling with the sun's diamonds, the clear horizon, the deep blue vault rapidly melting into the dazzling light of the lower sky. Shelley's lines recurred as the truest description—

> "The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
> The waves are dancing fast and bright,
> Blue isles and cities, mountains wear
> The purple noon's transparent light."

From our hotel on the Chiaia we looked out on a new world. It was the festival of Monte Vergine, and the people were keeping it with true Southern fervour. Large ramshackle landaus with three horses abreast were driven rapidly up and down the quay, filled with Neapolitan families out for their holiday, the bright kerchiefs and gay frocks of the women giving spots of colour to the scene. The noise, too, was incessant, beginning with the goats' bells when the herds were driven in in the early morning with their milk supply, followed by all sorts of street vendors' cries in every key throughout the day, the rumbling carts and the jingling of the mules' bells to the

accompaniment of the cracking of whips of the vetturini, who nearly drove over us in their anxiety to secure a fare.

The quietude of the Museum, apart from the enormous interest of its artistic treasures of antique sculpture and bronzes, was grateful.

There had recently been an eruption of Vesuvius, but now it only showed a sullen red glow in the evening, though there was always a long pennon of smoke and cloud streaming from its summit.

We were rather glad to move on along the coast to Castellamare, from whence we had our first sight of Pompeii, with its thrilling impressions and the irresistible suggestion of its quite recently suspended life.

PESTS OF SOUTHERN ITALY (1872)

Passing on to Sorrento, we found delightful quarters at La Cucumela, an hotel and pension which had formerly been a monastery; a spacious building, with a large cortile in the midst of which was a remarkable old well. We had rooms opening on to a terrace with a vine pergola over it, commanding a lovely view across the bay to Naples, with Vesuvius a little to the eastwards, with the little white towns dotted like jewels along its base, and to the right and behind us the Piano of Sorrento, rich with orange and lemon groves, and the ravine and its crags above and beyond enclosing us in a sort of amphitheatre.

A little path led down to the sea by some steps cut in the rather steep cliff of yellow volcanic tufa pierced with caves and rising abruptly from the black sands, glistening like emery powder, on which the fishermen spread out and mended their nets. Lovely bathes were to be had there in the early morning, the water being a clear translucent green to look into,

and its surface, under the summer sky, blue as lapis lazuli or pure cobalt. The days were warm, but there was always a breeze from the sea in the evenings, and in the darkened rooms with their tiled floors it was possible to keep cool even at midday.

It was delightful to find great bushes of myrtle in full flower among the limestone rocks of the ravine, and to come upon orange lilies growing wild in the woods. The walks were truly delightful at Sorrento, and I found plenty of fascinating subjects for sketching and study.

In the Cathedral here we saw a striking procession on the 30th of May: a bishop and several cardinals in full canonicals followed by what appeared to be certain guilds. There were four companies of men, each under a different banner. They wore a sort of mediæval-looking white robe with a hood over their ordinary dress, and each carried a candle. Over the white robe was worn a short cape with an embroidered badge on the right shoulder. The colour of this cape varied with each company, one wearing purple capes, another blue, and a third black and white.

In June we went back to Naples and took the boat to Capri. In those days everything had to be carried up from the Marina. Visitors rode up the steep rocky path to the town on donkeys, and their luggage was generally carried on the heads of bare-footed men and women and boys, who clustered round the visitors as they landed and seized their belongings to carry up to the hotel.

At Capri we met several artists, among them Mr. W. Maclaren, who was a resident at that time and had a studio. He was known for his graceful pictures of Capri life. Mr. Binyon was another resident artist, who found his subjects mostly by the sea; and Mr. Talmage White was another, and a very able draughtsman of landscape; Mr. Howard Goodall, a nephew of the late Academician, whose life was blighted by a sad tragedy at Capri, where he had accidentally shot his brother. There were some Danish and Swedish artists, too, at the hotel, who were very pleasant. Studios and artists abounded at Capri, and the inhabitants were well used to being requisitioned as models. Capri was supposed to

have been colonised by the ancient Greeks, and certainly some of the types among the Capri girls were very suggestive of Greek origin.

Mr. Wreford, the Naples correspondent of the *Times*, at that date had a small villa high up opposite the famous cliff from where, a legend has it, the Emperor Tiberius used to amuse himself by flinging Christians.

The first road in Capri was commenced while we were there, but at that time not a single wheeled vehicle was to be seen in the island, and for the very sufficient reason that it would have been useless.

WATER-SPOUTS (CAPRI, 1872)

At the opening of the works I remember meeting the two Miss Edenboroughs, one of whom afterwards became Mrs. Arthur Murch, and after his death Mrs. Ridley Corbett, herself a charming artist of the Costa school, besides being a personality of wonderful grace and charm.

Mr. Arthur Murch was there too. He was a singularly painstaking artist, but did not produce much. I recall, however, a striking black-and-white design he contributed to Dalziel's Bible, somewhat in the method of E. J. Poynter's drawings in the same work.

A Mr. Norton was also of the company on that occasion, who had a reputation for considerable eccentricity in the island. I happened to hear a fragment of his conversation, which was sufficiently weird. "Well, how are you, Norton?" said a cheerful, matter-of-fact sort of man, addressing him. Mr. Norton slowly and solemnly, in a deep voice, replied, "I have

been trying to keep the worlds of passion and reason distinct from any influence of this sublunary sphere" (!). Even this did not bowl the cheerful friend over—who might, however, have been accustomed to such remarks — for he gaily assented, saying, "Yes, that's the main point."

While in Capri we experienced what the heat of a South Italian summer could be. We had, however, much stormy weather with thunder, and on one occasion beheld no less than two water-spouts just off the island, which fortunately dispersed in the sea, instead of sweeping over the island—and there were records of such happenings.

In September we brought our stay in the picturesque and pictorial island to a close, and took boat for Amalfi. It was a small fishing-boat with lateen sail and four men to row. It was so calm that they practically rowed the whole way, sup-

LEAVING CAPRI (1872)

porting themselves on figs and bread. We numbered three passengers with baggage, for my wife had induced a Capri girl (named Serafina) to accompany us as her maid. She was a very cheerful, merry creature, and could turn her hand to most things; but I do not think she had ever left the island before, so that the mainland was as strange to her as a foreign country. Leaving Capri about two o'clock in the afternoon, we reached Amalfi about eight in the evening, when it was almost dark, but illuminated by the wonderful phosphorescence breaking from each stroke of the oars, or outlining the edges of the sea lapping against the rocky coast. We passed the islands of the Sirens, but were not beguiled to the barren rocks, though in the beauty of the glowing rose and opal of the September sunset such legends might well seem reasonable on such a romantic coast.

We landed on the beach at Amalfi, looking mysterious in

the twilight, with twinkling lights in windows here and there, and took up our quarters at the Albergo Cappucini, on the quay. There seemed to be a more distinctly Southern and even Eastern feeling about Amalfi and the neighbouring towns, such as Atrani and Minori, on that side of the promontory than their distance from Naples seemed to account for. Perhaps this may be owing to the evidences of Saracenic influence and occupation in the architecture and general character and life of the district.

At the hotel we met Mr. Harry Clarke Jervoise, who we understood was connected with the British Embassy at Rome, and as we talked of visiting Pæstum, he advised us not to do so, as he considered at that time there was considerable risk of being stopped by brigands, who were by no means unknown in that neighbourhood. In the face of this we thought best to forego our sight of the temples, though they were almost within view across the gulf.

We made an excursion, with Mr. Jervoise, to Ravello, on the rocky heights above Amalfi, a steep climb by rocky paths and flights of steps, but most rewarding and full of interest. The Cathedral possessed a very fine pulpit of the thirteenth century, of the columned Pisan type supported on carved lions. The columns and the marble sides of the pulpit, however, were richly inlaid with mosaic. The bronze doors, too, of the twelfth century were very notable. There was a fine Saracenic tower, and many relics of the former importance of the place, and here, amid its romantic ruin, an Englishman had made his home, in an ideally situated villa, with a lovely garden.

The Cathedral of Amalfi, too, was full of interest, with its classical sarcophagi carved with the story of Proserpina and the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, relics of paganism sheltered under a Catholic roof, though it might be said paganism and Christianity were wonderfully blended in Southern Italy.

There was a great church festival while we were at Amalfi, and we saw an imposing procession, accompanying the image of the Madonna and Bambino, borne under a canopy, preceded by a bishop and other church dignitaries in their robes, attended by long lines of candle-bearers and a band of music. This procession—a stream of crimson and gold—relieved

against the yellow and white houses along the quay, with the sparkling blue sea in front, made a striking spectacle. In the evening a great troop of people wound their way along a steep cliff-path to a high point to the westward, where the occasion was emphasised in a somewhat deafening manner by means of rows of old gun-barrels fixed to the ground charged with powder and let off in volleys at intervals, and in further elevation of spirit huge fire-balloons were sent off the cliff, one in the shape of a huge fish and another in the form of a man, and the delight of the people in watching these quaint figures hover over the sea was extreme; gradually they dipped and disappeared into it—the human-shaped one first most coyly dipping his toes and rising again two or three times in a most realistic way.

With the other attractions of Amalfi must be named the Cappucini, then a recently dismantled convent of the order, with a delightful old garden and lovely vine pergola overlooking the sea, a calvary under the overhanging cave-like cliff, and a cloister with interlaced Saracenic arches. An hotel has since been established here, and I think I have seen the pergola on a postcard! We found a delightful walk up through the Valle dei Molini, or Valley of the Mills. A mountain stream found its way through the town to the sea, turning in its rapid course the wheels of many paper mills. Many of these were mediæval buildings built on arches over the stream. A coarse kind of grey and brown wrapping-paper was made at these mills, and figures of men would be met moving up and down by the stream balancing huge bundles of rags upon their shoulders, and steadying themselves by long staves — their appearance suggestive of Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*; but presumably they got rid of their burdens only to bear others like unto them.

One of the quaint sights at Amalfi was the washing of pigs in the sea. The pigs were led down to the shore by their owners and washed in the sea, and they seemed to take to the operation quite kindly.

A bold speculator had put up a small bathing house of wood, hearing perhaps there were English people at the hotel. The sun was too scorching in the morning, but about five

o'clock in the afternoon, when it had passed behind the cliffs, a bathe was very enjoyable, and the little house was very useful; but alas for the frailty of human things, and bathing huts in particular!—a storm arose one night, and no trace of it remained the next morning.

THE HAPPY FAMILY ON THE 3rd FLOOR. THEIR GAMBOLS AT MIDNIGHT

From Amalfi we journeyed (in one of those huge ramshackle barouche-landaus drawn by three horses abreast which was then the usual method of travelling by road in South Italy) along the coast to Cava dei Terreni, a delightful spot among hills and chestnut woods, a little inland from the sea, commanding a view of the Gulf of Salerno and the town of Vietri. Here, in a delightful old mansion, a brother and two aged sisters kept a sort of quiet pension for visitors. There was a charming old formal garden behind with box hedges and pomegranate trees and hydrangeas, and in front a vineyard where, as one walked, the pendent bunches "into our hands themselves would reach."

BETWEEN DECKS DURING AN ACTION—OR THOSE PEOPLE AGAIN

A QUIET APARTMENT (ROME, 1873)

In our rambles about this delightful country we used to find the wild cucumber, a yellow thistle, and quantities of pink cyclamen.

Not far off was a

famous monastery, SS. Trinita della Cava, close to the old town of Corpo di Cava, surrounded with ancient overgrown turreted walls, set amidst green wooded hills—like a town in a mediæval tapestry.

The monastery was famous for its library, and its archives alone were said to consist of no less than forty thousand parchment rolls, and the library to contain upwards of sixty thousand MSS. on paper. The monks showed us some curious papal bulls and other documents, with their ponderous seals attached, dating from the ninth to the eleventh century, also a curious map of Europe showing the branches of the Roman Church. There were some fine illuminated MSS. as well as some early printed books—I noted a Petrarch of 1492 with woodcuts of the Triumphs.

There were two fine carved doors in the church. There was also a picture-gallery containing works by Andrea da Salerno—the principal old master of the district.

Within our view at Cava dei Terreni was a green hill—S. Liberatore—and on its shoulder the quail-catchers spread their nets. These were suspended between poles and hung vertically to catch the flights of quails as they flew over the hills in the autumn. The birds flew straight against the fine nets, stretched at some tension, and fell and were captured, poor things! The slopes of this hill were covered with thickets of arbutus trees.

So in pleasant rambles about this delightful region the days sped away, and the time came when we must make our way back to Rome.

Heavy rains, thunder and lightning, were the accompaniments of our journey. After a night at Naples we went on. Between Anagni and Segni a swollen stream had broken the railway bridge, and we had to get out of our train and make our way across temporary planks to another train in waiting on the other side—in the rain, too!

However, Rome was duly reached on the evening of October 10, 1872.

After much getting up and down flights of stone steps in search of apartments we found one in the Via San Giuseppe (a little street running into Capo le Case from the Babuino,

opposite the church of the same name). Here we settled ourselves quite comfortably for the winter, and I was able to carry on my work in the sitting-room, the windows of which looked towards the north. Several of the early series of children's picture-books were designed here — *Mother Hubbard*, for instance, whose famous dog I took the liberty of depicting as a poodle, that type flourishing at that time in Rome. The drawings were made on card in black and white and sent to London through the post to Mr. Evans, who had them photographed on to the wood and engraved, returning

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME (ROME, 1871–3)

me the proofs to colour. This method of working now beginning to supersede the old practice of drawing direct on the block for the engraver. It certainly had its advantages, not the least among which was that of being able to retain the original drawings.

Drawing for publishers was varied by making water-colour studies out of doors, or finished drawings to send home to London exhibitions.

We looked up our friends, too, and made new ones. My wife set up "At Home" days, and we soon had quite a circle about us. Among the numerous people we met during the winter may be named Frederick Leighton (whom I

met at the palace of the Cæsars one afternoon) and his friend Signor Costa, whose acquaintance we renewed, who was always most genial and sympathetic, also Alphonse Legros, who with his wife and son spent a few weeks in Rome. I remember he induced me to make a copy of a part of one of Raphael's frescoes in the Stanze of the Vatican—the group of the four bearers of the Papal chair in the corner of the lunette of the Miracle of Bolsena, Legros himself at first intending also to work there; but when I had obtained permission from the authorities and the use of a staging, I found that M. Legros had decided upon copying a part of another Raphael—a fresco in the church of Sta. Maria della Pace, where he had to perch himself over a door, so that I did not have his companionship in (it must be confessed) my not very congenial task in the Stanze, one I should never have attempted had it not been for his emphatic advice, for I always hated copying; so in the end we both worked away in solitude—not that, as far as I was concerned, intercommunication could have been very fluent or complete, owing to the fact of French being the only medium, and I was no good at tongues.

I recall a curious little sketch which Legros made on a scrap of paper to explain his position in copying the fresco, a very cramped one over the church door and in the dark, the most conspicuous object in his sketch being "mon chapeau," a tall hat carefully placed by his side and put in in solid black.

My early patron, Mr. Somerset Beaumont, also came to Rome, and I visited many of the galleries in his company.

He found me at work upon a design, conceived some time before, suggested by Shelley's lines on "The Death of the Year," a procession of the Months following the bier of the Year, preceded by a winged figure swinging incense, and a priest-like one in a cope reading from a book and passing into a pillared porch of a temple—the House of Time. This work had been seen and purchased by Miss Monk, who called on us, having previously bought in London a water-colour picture of mine (an Annunciation). Curiously enough, the work was discovered by her at a saddler's in Mayfair, who said that he had taken it for a debt. On inquiry I found that

our friend Prince, who had set up the picture-shop in Wigmore Street, had with his partner made a failure of it. A number of my drawings left at his gallery disappeared. The place was closed, and no satisfaction could be obtained, since the proprietors both decamped.

Mr. Stopford Brooke some time afterwards showed me quite a number of my early landscapes (more lost sheep from Wigmore Street!) he had found at Attenborough's shop in the same neighbourhood and bought for his collection. This kind of thing (however gratifying) was not calculated to increase one's material prosperity!

However, Mr. Beaumont, taking a liking to this processional picture, and finding it already bought, commissioned me to paint him a similar subject, which I afterwards carried out in oil on returning to England, and entitled "The Advent of Spring."

I also, during this winter, completed a drawing of a vineyard for the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, who wanted one inspired by the Virgilian line of "How to train on elms the gadding vine," Mr. Stanley and his bride (Miss Bell, daughter of Sir I. Lowthian Bell), whom I afterwards painted, being among our visitors in San Giuseppe.

Others were Lady Elizabeth Butler, Edward Clifford the artist, the Hon. Mrs. Walpole, the Hon. Mrs. Brownlow de Grey, Mrs. Foljambe, and other Roman residents. So our time passed, constantly varied by visits to the inexhaustible treasures of Rome, villas, palaces, churches, galleries, ruins, archæological discoveries, walks and drives. A favourite ramble of ours was in the grounds of the Villa Pamfili Doria, where in February, on a certain grassy knoll, quantities of lovely anemones might be gathered, ranging in colour from pure white through delicate lavenders and pinks to full deep red. These flowers were all single, and such as are grown in our gardens, but there wild.

We saw about this time a curious performance of marionettes at the Teatro Valletta. The piece was called "Cassiere e Mephistophili." The queer little puppets were worked by strings by women from a staging above, concealed by the curtain, and the parts recited by them, so

that each puppet appeared to have an individual voice; and the illusion was fairly complete, save perhaps when one of the characters came on the stage with rather too impetuous a rush, and losing its centre of gravity had to be pulled up by the suspending string. At the end of the performance the curtain was drawn right up, and one could see the ladies who managed the puppets apparently attired in long canvas trousers arranging the strings of the marionettes and making them comfortable for the night, or perhaps ready for the next performance.

It was just past the middle of February, while the Carnival was in full swing, that an important event happened in our little household—the arrival of our firstborn.

I remember being well peppered with confetti in crossing the Corso to get to the post-office in the Piazza Colonna to send a telegram to England announcing the news to our circle.

The event necessitated a visit to the British Legation also, for registration purposes, as well as to the Roman authorities; "L'Ufficiale Sanitario" afterwards paying us a visit to verify the fact and to see that no deception had been practised upon S.P.Q.R.

It was a somewhat anxious time, and though in the end all went well, and the kindness and solicitude of our friends was most gratifying, I do not know that I should be prepared to recommend anyone to be born in Rome!

Our thoughts naturally turned homewards, and though we did not actually leave Rome till as late as the 14th of May, we began to make plans for returning to England.

Our excellent Serafina from Capri, who was to have accompanied us home, seemed to droop rather, and already felt home-sickness, and owing to this, or being urged by private affairs, her heart failed her, and she decided to return to Capri, so a substitute had to be found.

I had, too, some little commissions to finish. Among these was a drawing of Keats' grave at the Protestant Cemetery, which I had undertaken for Mr. George Howard, for whom the previous spring I had done a drawing of Shelley's tomb. Working in that restful garden, beneath the murmur of

the cypresses, one might almost feel the spirits of the poets still haunted the place, and could understand the feeling expressed by Shelley that "it might make one almost in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a spot."

As an ardent admirer of both poets I was proud to offer my small tribute to their genius and memory.

While drawing at Shelley's grave my thoughts shaped themselves in the following sonnet:—

COR CORDIUM

Tread softly, here the heart of Shelley lies:
His grave a garden, 'neath the cypress wood
Stirred with the tongues his spirit understood,
And spake in deathless song that vivifies
Men's souls made heavy with the world's sad cries,
Still when the darkness hides the dragon brood
Of evil, and while yet innocent blood
Is shed, and Truth and Falsehood change their dyes.

Thy voice is heard above this silent tomb,
And shall be heard until the end of days
While Freedom lives, and whatsoever things
Are good and lovely—still thy spirit sings;
And by thy grave to-day fresh violets bloom,
But on thy head imperishable bays.

As connected with the memory of Shelley one may mention that among the English visitors wintering in Rome whom we met were Mrs. and Miss Trelawney, the wife and daughter of Captain Trelawney, the friend of the poet, who wrote the "Memorials." I have some recollection, too, of seeing somewhere Captain Trelawney himself, whose striking face was immortalised by Millais in his picture, "The North-West Passage."

We met also a remarkable Shelley enthusiast in the person of Captain Silsbee, an American, who was deeply read in Shelley's poetry and the Shelley literature, his intense interest in both being only divided by an almost equally intense admiration for Japanese art, not then by any means common.

At last the day of our departure came, and, after a farewell glimpse of the Coliseum by moonlight, we said good-bye to

Rome, and started on our way back to England, breaking the journey first at Florence, where one renewed one's acquaintance with some of the art treasures, also at Turin (returning by the Mont Cenis tunnel), at Macon, and at Paris, as with a nurse and a baby it had to be taken rather easily. However, in due time we reached Charing Cross, and were put up for the first few weeks at my mother's house at Hammersmith, until we could find a home for ourselves. She was then living at Sussex House, on the Upper Mall, a charming old eighteenth-century brick house, originally built for a Duke of Sussex, and since divided into two houses. It had a long, old-fashioned garden in the rear, and a small forecourt with a flagged way to the front door; the staircase was interesting, with rich and varied balusters and carved treads. This house, later, became associated with William Morris (who lived at Kelmscott House, a few doors farther on the Mall) and the Kelmscott Press, he having used it for the work of the Press, and since his death it has been used by Mr. Emery Walker, for his work in connection with the preparation of process plates and printing. Opposite was "The Doves," famous as marking a critical point on the river in Oxford and Cambridge boat-races, and now giving its name to "The Doves Bindery" and "The Doves Press" of Mr. Cobden Sanderson and Mr. Emery Walker, his partner in the latter enterprise.

At Sussex House we spent some pleasant summer days—"when the bean was in flower"—tempered by the anxiety of house-hunting, but at last we discovered a suitable sort of nest in Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush, then a country lane leading from the Green to Wormwood Scrubbs, crossed by the viaduct of the Metropolitan Railway, here carried at a high level on a long line of brick arches, which might, in imaginative moods, form a poor substitute for the Claudian aqueduct to eyes still haunted by reminiscences of the Roman Campagna and anxious to mitigate the descent into a London suburb.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

CHAPTER VI

LIFE IN THE "BUSH," 1873–1879

WOOD LANE, Shepherd's Bush, where we had decided to make our home, at that time only had an irregular line of old-fashioned detached houses along a part of its east side. These houses mostly dated from the early years of the nineteenth century, and they all possessed gardens of various and some of considerable extent, with the further advantage of orchards and meadow-land, bounded by a fine belt of trees which effectually shut out "the hideous town," and made a pleasant oasis in the midst of brick fields.

The house we pitched upon was named "Florence," which had an agreeable suggestion of Italy about it, and there was a pleasant lawn with old apple trees upon it, no doubt originally part of the orchard which still existed beyond the boundary wall. An attractive feature was a large square living-room with French windows opening on to the garden, while a drawing-room of the same size above served me for a studio. Here, then, after twenty months' wandering, we set up housekeeping.

Our neighbours, only a few doors off, at Beaumont Lodge, at that time were Mr. (now Sir) Edward J. Poynter and his wife, who became very friendly, and frequent visits were exchanged between the two houses. Mrs. E. J. Poynter was an accomplished pianist, and after dinner frequently gave us some charming music, accompanied on the 'cello by Mr. Mackenzie. Our acquaintance with the Poynters led to again meeting the Burne-Jones's, who were not so far away at the Grange. I think it was there that I first met Mr. Spencer Stanhope, for whose work I had long entertained a great admiration. It was kindred in sentiment and treatment to the early work of

Burne-Jones, but quite distinct and individual. I recall a beautiful picture, called "The Mill," of a girl in a boat, reading, in a black dress, with a background of picturesque mill buildings reflected in a still pool beneath a wan sky, the tone and poetic and decorative feeling of the whole being delightful; also a powerful decorative design of a woman in golden-orange against the dark boughs of a cedar tree, Miriam watching the bodies of her sons I think the subject was, and the picture was in the Academy. Mr. Stanhope may be said to have drawn his inspiration from much the same sources as Burne-Jones, and, like him, showed in his early works the influence of D. G. Rossetti, though, later, more strongly that of the Florentine Quattro-Centi painters, whose method of painting in tempera Mr. Stanhope was, I think, the first among living English artists to revive.

His health not permitting him to live much in England, he afterwards took up his residence permanently in Florence, where his delightful villa at Bellosguardo is well remembered by his friends.

I soon settled down to work, and commenced the processional picture commissioned by Mr. Somerset Beaumont in Rome, which I entitled "The Advent of Spring." Spring appeared robed and crowned, her train held up by amorini, and she walked under a canopy supported by four maidens; before her were piping shepherds and nymphs dancing, and others trooped behind. At the end of the procession, which emerged from a wood, a figure cloaked in grey was shown seizing one of the nymphs and snatching flowers from her apron, suggesting a last assault of wintry weather. The green hilly landscape, interspersed with buildings and blossoming trees, was more or less founded on, or reminiscent of, some of my Roman studies.

Work for the publishers, too, was resumed, and the series of coloured picture-books for children which, in association with Mr. Edmund Evans as the engraver and printer, had been commenced in 1865 for the house of Routledge, and a new and larger series started, which included *Aladdin*, *The Yellow Dwarf*, *Beauty and the Beast*, *Princess Belle-etoile*, *Goody Two Shoes*, and *The Hind in the Wood*.

While I was away in Italy, the publishers, who at first were by no means converted to the efforts we were making to get more artistic colour and treatment in these books, perceiving a growing demand for them, issued a set of my sixpenny books bound together, and called it *Walter Crane's Picture Book*, but without my knowledge. This volume, though far from being what I should have approved in its general format, certainly served as a poster for me, and was, I believe, a commercial success, but as I had no rights in it, it was of no benefit to me in that respect.

My drawings for these books were done for a very modest sum and sold outright to the publishers. The engraving and printing was costly, and very large editions had to be sold in order to make them pay—as many as 50,000 of a single book, I was told, being necessary. However, if they did not bring in much money, I had my fun out of them, as in designing I was in the habit of putting in all sorts of subsidiary detail that interested me, and often made them the vehicle for my ideas in furniture and decoration.

This element, indeed, in the books soon began to be discovered by architects and others interested in or directly connected with house decoration, and this brought me some occasional commissions for actual work in that way in the form of friezes or frieze panels. Mr. E. J. Tarver, an architect (long since deceased), got me to design and paint a frieze in panels of animals and birds for a house in Palace Gardens (Mr. De Murrietta's), and through him I also, later, did a series of frieze panels (the subjects being from *Æsop's Fables*) in raised gesso for the house of Mr. Lee of Worcester, of the well-known firm of Lee & Perrins. This must have been my earliest work in this material. E. J. Tarver was a friend of Mr. R. Phené Spiers, who was one of my old colleagues on the Committee of "The Quibblers." They, with a small group of architects, formed a sketching club which met at each other's houses, when a subject was given by the host of the evening, and sketches were made by the guests. This society was called "The Picts," if I remember rightly.

About this time, also, I painted a triptych on panels for an old oak chimneypiece (at Boarzell) in the country house

of Mr. Gregory, formerly M.P. for East Sussex. The subjects were from *Winter's Tale.* Perdita giving flowers to the guests at the sheep-shearing in the centre, the shepherd finding Perdita as an infant in the first panel, and Hermione discovering herself to the king in the third.

In 1874 was commenced the well known series of children's story-books by Mrs. Molesworth, issued by the house of Macmillan. The first was *Tell me a Story.* I remember being introduced to Mrs. Molesworth in the late Mr. G. L. Craik's office. Mr. Craik then acted as reader to the firm, and he arranged with me to supply the illustrations to these very pretty stories, which I continued to do for many years.

In the summer of this year we paid a visit to the house at Hythe, near Southampton, of Mr. and Mrs. Roland, friends we had met in Rome, who had settled there in a pleasant country house commanding a view of Southampton Water and the Solent. Here we were introduced to an early form of lawn tennis, called "sferistiki" (or something like that, which sounded like "very sticky"), probably derived from the Italian game of Sferisterio, or Pallone, we had seen played in Rome.

Mr. Roland had accompanied Layard on his Eastern travels, and had been also with the traveller Urquhart, whose book on the Lebanon he presented me with.

From the Rolands we went on to Swanage, with our little Beatrice. Swanage was then unconnected with the main line by railway as now, and a drive by coach of some eleven miles was necessary. It was then a very charming primitive little village.

In the autumn of 1874 I experienced one of the saddest losses in life—the death of my mother. She had struggled with remarkable fortitude against ill-health and adverse circumstances for years, suffering from a distressing cough, but her energy, spirit, and self-sacrifice were wonderful. She began to fail towards the end of the summer, and after a few weeks passed away at Sussex House in September of that year, the house being afterwards given up. Pleasant neighbours had been found by my sister and brother at Hammersmith in the Gibson family, who occupied Bridge House, on the Mall, and one of the sons being at Oxford and another at Cambridge, their house was naturally distinctly interested

in the annual inter-university race on the Thames, and was full on such occasions, as hospitable riverside houses are apt to be. Several of the daughters were studying art, and this formed another sympathetic link; they were also among the early revivers of taste in furniture and decoration, two of the ladies even opening a shop for artistic furniture stuffs and bric-à-brac. In this they were assisted by Mr. Chambery Townsend, an architect of much refinement of taste (who afterwards married one of the Misses Gibson). One of the wallpaper patterns issued by Morris & Company was said to have been discovered by this gentleman on the wall of an ancient house and offered to the firm.

Speaking of wallpapers reminds me that it was in 1875 that I designed my first. Mr. Metford Warner, of the famous firm of Jeffrey & Co. (the same who printed all William Morris's papers), called upon me and commissioned me to design a nursery wallpaper—no doubt in consequence of seeing my children's books. The design was in three columns divided by a narrow border, each column containing a group illustrative of a nursery rhyme,—Bo Peep and Boy Blue and the Queen of Hearts figured in it,—and it was for machine-printing, which necessitated the outlines of the faces being formed of brass wire (which was not particularly favourable to subtlety of expression), but one relied more upon the decorative effect of the general distribution and colour.

It seemed to be successful, and was even imitated in its main motive in a paper brought out by a rival firm—a compliment of very doubtful advantage. With this design, however (the forerunner of many), a connection was established with the firm of Jeffrey & Co., which has continued up to the present time, a period of thirty years. Another design in which "Little Queen Anne" appeared, which was of a distinctly vertical character, was presently imitated as a floorcloth by another firm, whose enterprise was more to their credit than their taste or honesty; but the copyright of a design only protected its use in the same material in those days.

In 1875, too, appeared *Mrs. Mundi at Home*, an attempt in quite a different mode and with quite a different aim from those of the children's books. It was playful,

fantastic, and allegorical, a medley of all sorts of characters and subjects, astronomical, political, social, with satirical or humorous allusions to current events and notabilities of the time.

These mixed elements I endeavoured to combine in a series of designs in outline, and accompanied them with descriptive verses—the second title of the book being "Lines and Outlines."

On the appearance of *Mrs. Mundi* I had a very friendly letter from Mr. Linley Sambourne (the famous *Punch* artist), whom I did not then know personally, expressing his interest in the work and the wish to make my acquaintance, as he thought we should have "many ideas in common." But, as one of my reviewers said (who I suspect was my friend Wise), in concluding a notice of the book, "Sic transit gloria (Mrs.) Mundi" (!).

The book was published by the then existing firm of Marcus Ward & Co., for whom I had already designed other things, including a set of Christmas cards and a set of valentines. The latter designs were afterwards re-published by them in a book, together with some early designs by Kate Greenaway of figures in mediæval costume, but I had nothing to do with the scheme or arrangement of the book, and I never considered the reproductions of the valentine designs at all satisfactory, as they were copied on to the stone and much of the character lost in the process, under which they had caught—not the measles—but a certain *lithographic-mealiness* which is very objectionable.

This was before my elder brother (Thomas) was appointed Art Director to the firm, a post he occupied for many years—in fact until the firm dissolved. He had always shown taste in drawing, and developed considerable facility in floral design, for which he found much scope in the many publications of the firm in the direction of decorative Christmas cards, calendars, and books printed in colours, and much of his work appeared in such forms (though among other things he designed the façade for the new business premises of the firm in Farringdon Street), as well as, later, in coloured picture-books, for which he designed the purely ornamental pages, while

the figure designs were produced by a very talented cousin of ours, Mrs. Houghton (*née* Bolton), a daughter of my father's sister, who lived at Warrington. This lady studied at the same local school of art as Mr. Luke Fildes and Mr. Henry Woods before they came to London, and early showed remarkable artistic feeling and decorative taste, which found expression in a variety of ways, besides in the publications above mentioned.

I continued to paint in oil, and to offer at least one picture each year to the Royal Academy, but had met with nothing but rejection since 1872. The same fate (or shall we say *distinction*?) attended a picture produced this year, entitled "Amor Vincit Omnia"—a fanciful allegory rather in what might be called a Spenserian vein, showing an Amazonian city surrendering to General Love and his forces, with reminiscences of Rome and Florence in the background. This picture was many years afterwards bought by Sir Francis Gore.

The Dudley Gallery, however, enabled me to show my water-colour work, and I continued to send there, eventually serving on the Committee, where my colleagues were Ernest Waterlow (now Sir, and President of the R.W.S.); G. D. Leslie, R.A.; H. S. Marks, R.A.; Frank Walton, R.I. (now President of the Royal Institute). Exhibitions of works in oil were also organised in the winter months under the same Committee, which gave one further opportunities of exhibiting.

About 1876 Sir Coutts Lindsay projected his scheme for the Grosvenor Gallery in Bond Street. He felt that many most distinguished artists were either very inadequately represented at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, being either entirely ignored or indifferently treated by them, while there were others who never submitted their work to that body at all. Among these were painters of such distinction as Edward Burne-Jones, Alphonse Legros, J. McNeill Whistler, R. Spencer Stanhope, Cecil Lawson, W. Holman Hunt, and many less known younger artists.

Except at the Dudley Gallery, I do not think Burne-Jones had publicly exhibited at all since the affair at the Old Water Colour Society, and the wonderful work he had been doing since those days was entirely unknown to the

AMOR VINCIT OMNIA

WALTER CRANE, 1875

(Sir Francis Gore Coll.)

general public, though it had long been the object of enthusiastic admiration by an inner circle of devoted admirers.

In inviting the artists named and others to contribute to his exhibition, Sir Coutts no doubt relied largely upon the support of Burne-Jones and the interest his work would create. He, however, was very catholic, and included several amateurs (of whom he himself was the most distinguished) in his first exhibition.

He also very kindly extended his invitation to me, and I remember his calling at our house one Sunday afternoon, with Lady Lindsay, to speak of his scheme, and to ask me to send to the exhibition, which was to open in the spring of 1877.

I had brought back a considerable number of water-colour studies and sketches from Italy, and these had interested the few who had seen them. Among others, Burne-Jones, who was good enough to bring Mr. William Graham, his then almost exclusive patron, who was acquiring a wonderful collection of the painter's works (which I afterwards saw at his house), and who I remember saying on this occasion, that in regard to the possession of works by Burne-Jones, "were it not for one or two rivals about the town, he should have been quite happy."

I had a picture on the easel at that time which had won much sympathy from Burne-Jones, who wrote about it as follows:—

"The Grange

"My dear Crane,—Will you kindly tell me the ransom of that beautiful 'Domus Temporis'? I know a lady very anxious to possess one of your works, and if I could say distinctly that I remember one for sale at such a sum it might hasten matters.

"The bearer of this is an admirer of yours (who happens also to be my son). If at any time he may see your studio, it would be a great treat to him, and he has more comprehension of pictures than his years would promise—but never when you are busy.

"To-morrow week, if you and Mrs. Crane would like to come to my studio, I shall be very glad.—Ever yours truly,

"E. B.-J."

He afterwards brought Mr. Graham to see this picture, with the idea he might like to buy it. I had entitled the picture "Winter and Spring." It showed a ruined house of a Roman or Renascence character. The figure of Spring in a light green robe was hanging a garland over the broken doorway, while crouched on the steps below sat another figure (Winter) wrapped in a grey mantle. Through the door in the atrium was seen a bronze figure of Time on a pedestal, with a sickle and an hour-glass, and through the ruined archway beyond the dark horizon of the sea.

Mr. Graham, however, seemed much more interested in my Roman and Italian studies in the folios, and in turning these over, selected several and put them aside, wishing to purchase them; but I did not wish to offer them for sale, so that no business was done. I remember his advising me to stick to landscape, on the ground that there were so few in England who were interested in imaginative art. He reminded me that there was only *one* Burne-Jones, and apparently the country could not support more of that way of thinking. I listened respectfully, but I remained unconvinced, though from the commercial point of view, at least, he may have been right.

Mr. Graham went so far, however, as to request me to send "Winter and Spring" to his house, saying he thought "a friend" might like it. He sent it back to me again in a cab in a day or two, so I suppose it did not suit. This picture afterwards was exhibited at the Dudley, and was purchased by Mr. Eustace Balfour.

I should mention that in the summer of 1875 I had quite unexpectedly met my old friend J. R. Wise again. My wife and I had taken our little one to Whitby for a few weeks, and were much charmed by the old red-roofed fishing town below the green slopes, with the ruined Abbey and church on the hill above.

One day, walking towards Sandsend, I saw the well-known and rather unusual-looking figure of my old friend on the road some way in front. I soon overtook him; but he hardly recognised me at first. I found he had been living in retirement at a remote farmhouse near Sandsend, carrying on his

literary work. He did a good deal of reviewing for the *Westminster Review*, the *Saturday*, and other journals, and his room was full of books.

A work that had recently made a profound impression upon me was the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, translated by Edward Fitzgerald (which I was glad to introduce to my friend's notice). It was then only known to comparatively few, but since has become "familiar in men's mouths as household words," and has appeared in endless editions.

I first saw it at The Grange, in the beautiful illuminated MS. form, belonging to Lady Burne-Jones, in which the Rubaiyat had been enshrined by William Morris, who wrote the script with his own hand, and in the illuminated borders and pictures his collaborators were Burne-Jones and Fairfax Murray. Shortly afterwards meeting Mr. Frederic Harrison, he showed me a copy—one of the original little square ones published by Quaritch—which belonged to Mr. John Morley, who had lent it him, and who now allowed him to lend it to me. These copies were then very scarce, though I remember Mr. Quaritch at a dinner of the "Odd Volumes" in later years telling the story of their publication and the difficulties he experienced in getting rid of them at any price, though they finally were put outside the shop, I think he said at a penny apiece! Another edition was, however, published, and I, later, acquired a copy for myself.

The vivid and significant imagery, the oriental richness and colour, the pathetic or satiric philosophy, its extraordinariiy modern touches, and the general aptness of its reflections on life, together with the fascinating music of the quatrains, so completely enchanted one that it awoke a sort of echo in one's mind, which gradually took shape in a series of verses of similar construction but very different sentiment and ultimate aim, and which, with accompanying illustrations, I afterwards wrote in a script of my own, and they were eventually published under the title of "The Sirens Three," in the *English Illustrated Magazine* in its early days, when under the editorship of Mr. Comyns Carr, and afterwards issued as a volume by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in 1885. The blocks were facsimiled from my drawings, and the designs contained

many nude figures, and this circumstance brought the wrath of many fierce puritanical correspondents down upon the editor's head, so he afterwards told me!

While at Florence House I completed a portrait of Mrs. Frederic Harrison—a small full-length in oil, the lady seated in her own drawing-room, with the Morris daisy paper on the wall, and Eastern rugs, Chinese vases, and other accessaries carefully represented around her.

Another portrait on much the same scale I did about the same time, but in water colour, was that of Mrs. Lyulph Stanley, who had a dress specially designed and made for the occasion. Here again I made a faithful record of the actual background and accessaries, a principal feature of which was a marble Queen Anne mantelpiece by which the lady was standing. This portrait was afterwards exhibited at the Dudley Gallery.

About this time the Royal School of Art Needlework was established in Exhibition Road, South Kensington, by the exertions of Lady Marian Alford, Mrs. Percy Wyndham (who was especially keen), and other grand dames, headed by H.R.H. Princess Christian, who was President. Miss Wade was manager, and a sort of Advisory Committee was formed, of which William Morris, George Aitcheson (afterwards R.A.), Fairfax Wade, and myself were members, and Miss Burden (sister of Mrs. William Morris) was appointed chief instructress in the School. At the Philadelphia Exhibition the School had a show, and I designed hangings for their room, besides many other designs from time to time for screens, panels, and other things, in which I introduced figures, birds (notably peacocks), and animals, and many of them are still worked, I believe.

Among our visitors at Florence House may be mentioned Mr. Luke Fildes and his wife, Mr. Thomas Armstrong (who became godfather to our elder son, Lionel), Mr. and Mrs. (now Sir and Lady) Alma Tadema, and Mr. and Mrs. George Simonds, Miss Greatorex (the late Madame de Gorloff), and Madame Bodichon (a pioneer in the modern woman's movement), Mrs. Eustace Smith, and Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Lyulph Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. William Allingham, Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr,

Mrs. Russell Barrington (who frequently wrote most sympathetically about my work, and was always especially interested in the Italian studies I brought home).

In addition to these we made the acquaintance of the Rev. H. R. Haweis and Mrs. Haweis, who then lived in Wimpole Street, and were in the habit of giving large evening receptions. At one of these I remember meeting Gustave Doré, whose work as an illustrator of *Don Quixote* and of the Bible was then very much in evidence in England, and I think his Picture Gallery in Bond Street was also started, and attracted the British public in considerable numbers.

In appearance Doré was unmistakably French, but exceedingly quiet in manner and uncommunicative. He looked prosperous and inclined to be stout. He spoke in English, though I do not recall much more than monosyllables, and his smooth face and small moustache did not suggest the romantic and grotesque imagination which many of his designs, notably the earlier work, such as those to the *Contes drolatiques* undoubtedly possess.

Another house we frequented was that of Mr. J. P. Heseltine, who had had a delightful one built for himself in Queen's Gate by Mr. Norman Shaw in his earlier rather Flemish manner. It was the first to break the monotony of the grey stucco. Here I met the architect himself, also Charles Keene and other artists.

Mr. Heseltine (now one of the Trustees of the National Gallery) had an interesting collection of pictures, and even acquired one of mine from the Dudley, "The Earth and Spring," a water colour for which I had also written a sonnet.

I remember seeing Mr. Fildes' famous picture of "The Casuals" on his easel at King Henry's Road—the picture which (in its early form in black and white in the *Graphic* had attracted the attention of Charles Dickens) had made the artist's reputation. He was recently knighted.

In May 1876 we had an addition to our family, our son Lionel arriving. Overleaf is a sketch of him at two years old. About this time, too, we were in treaty with the Poynters for the transference of the lease of the house (Beaumont Lodge)

to us. Mr. Poynter, at that time head of the Slade School at University College, relinquished this post for the appointment as head of the National Art Training School at South Kensington, which he had just been offered. Wishing to be nearer to his work there, and being provided with a studio, he no longer required the one he had in his garden (which, on his taking Beaumont Lodge, had been converted into a spacious studio out of the stables by Mr. Philip Webb). I was in want of a studio, the lighting not being sufficiently good in the room I used at Florence House, and although we liked our house, it came about that the combined advantages of the studio and the large garden at Beaumont Lodge carried the day, and we decided on making the move, though it involved heavier responsibilities in the matter of rent and taxes.

SKETCH OF LIONEL FRANCIS CRANE AT TWO YEARS OLD

I had, however, already worked in Poynter's studio, as he had kindly lent it to me in order to work out a frieze I had been commissioned to paint for Mrs. Eustace Smith's boudoir in the house at Prince's Gate. This consisted of a design of white cockatoos with lemon and orange crests on a gold ground, connected by fanciful scroll-work in bronze green and red. This frieze brought me the acquaintance of Mr. George Aitcheson, for whom I afterwards did other designs. About the same time Sir Charles Dilke, to whom I was introduced by Mrs. Eustace Smith, wished me to make a water-colour drawing for him of Medmenham Abbey, showing John Wilkes's famous inscription over the doorway, "*Fait ce que voudras*," and I went down in the autumn of 1875, I think, to do this, staying at the inn there, which is in the Abbey grounds, close to the Thames side. Many of the meadows

were flooded, and rich-toned autumn woods reflected in the silver streaks had a beautiful effect, and induced me to make an extra drawing, which was promptly bought by Mrs. Eustace Smith. At Medmenham I remember meeting Mr. Keeley Halswelle, who lived and worked then mostly on the Thames, and had recently renewed his reputation by pictures of the river in which showery skies played an important part.

The flitting (though it was not a long flight) was not made under very favourable auspices, as my wife had not recovered her health, and to save her the discomfort and worry involved in changing houses the Hon. Mrs. George Howard (now Lady Carlisle) most kindly proposed her, with the baby, staying a week or two at Palace Green, their new and beautiful house, which had been designed and built for them by Mr. Philip Webb. This was gladly accepted. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the friendliness of Mr. and Mrs. Howard to us at that time. Mr. Howard offered me an important piece of work, too. This was to carry to completion a frieze which had been designed and commenced by Burne-Jones for the decoration of the dining-room at the Palace Green house. The subject was the story of Cupid and Psyche, arranged as a series of panels of different lengths, but all, of course, of the same depth, to fit together as the structural necessities of the room allowed. The designs themselves were more or less adapted from a series of woodcuts which had been designed by Burne-Jones and cut on wood by William Morris, and were part of a series of designs which had been projected by them for an illustrated edition of *The Earthly Paradise*, but which were never completed. The frieze was to be painted in flat oil colour on canvas enriched with raised details gilded somewhat after the manner of Pinturrichio. The canvases—in various stages, some blank, some just commenced, some, in parts, considerably advanced—were all sent to my new studio at Beaumont Lodge, and I started on the work, having the prints from the woodcuts above mentioned to go by. One or two of the subjects, such as "Zephyrus and Psyche," "Cupid finding Psyche asleep," and "Cupid recovering Psyche from the effects of the Opened

Casket," had been treated by Burne-Jones in water colour as completed pictures, but in the frieze these formed groups, and became parts of larger compositions containing several incidents in the story. One subject, "Psyche received by the Gods and Goddesses," where the figures were on a

THE GODS RECEIVING CUPID AND PSYCHÉ (1)

Early design by Sir E. Burne-Jones. Engraved on wood by William Morris
(Adapted as a panel at Palace Green)

smaller scale, filled an alcove at one end of the room on the eye-line.

In the treatment I allowed myself considerable freedom, especially in the subjects not already commenced or carried

far, though I endeavoured to preserve the spirit and feeling of the original designs. One of the canvases, representing the procession conducting Psyche to be sacrificed to the demands of the unknown monster, had been considerably advanced before it reached me, and this one Burne-Jones

THE GODS RECEIVING CUPID AND PSYCHE (2)

Early design by Sir E. Burne-Jones. Cut by William Morris

desired to reserve for himself to finish as a separate picture, which he afterwards did, and I started the subject afresh on a new canvas for the frieze. When I had carried the painting of the frieze as far as I could in the studio, the canvases went back to Palace Green, and were put up in position on

the wall. Burne-Jones then joined me, and we both worked on the frieze, *in situ*, from trestles.

The whimsical humour of the artist, which was his usual mood in everyday life, would never have been suspected by those who only knew him in his romantic, pensive, and poetic designs. He was always playing. I remember, while at work on this frieze with me, he pretended to assume the manner and language of the ordinary British workman "on the job," with a touch of caricature, of course, and when Mr. Howard came in to see the progress of the work, he, Burne-Jones, would by remarks to me, in *sotto voce*, insinuate the broadest hints about prospective cigars and drinks we were to enjoy at our host's expense.

The work was finished at last, and there was a Christmas party at Palace Green to celebrate the event, a family gathering of the Howards and the Stanleys and Ogilvies (I think the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, whom we used to meet at this time at Palace Green, and the Countess of Airlie were present on this occasion, and the young Lord Ogilvie, who since succeeded his father in the earldom, and lost his life in the South African War), with a few artists and their wives added—to wit, the Burne-Jones's, the Poynters, and ourselves, and we had a merry evening, diversified with "dumb crambo" and country dances.

At Palace Green I remember, too, meeting Mr. James Bryce, who was my opponent in a game at lawn tennis, Lord Carlisle and he playing against Mr. Stafford Howard and myself. The green where we played is now being built over.

It was Lord Carlisle (then Mr. George Howard) who I remember brought Mr. Henry James to see us at Beaumont Lodge. He made some remark in admiration of the artistic treatment of the house and of English houses generally, when Mr. Howard said that he must not suppose that they were all like ours, or that artistic feeling was by any means the rule in English interiors.

My old friend Wise having occasion to leave his hermitage at Sandsend and come up to London, paid us a visit, and we afterwards joined him in the course of the summer or early

autumn in the Forest of Dean, where he had taken up pleasant quarters at Speech House, an old-fashioned hotel in the midst of the woods, where formerly forest courts were held. It was an interesting district, and we took the opportunity to see Tintern Abbey and the Wye.

Mr. Poynter had recently completed his picture of "Atalanta's Race" for the billiard-room of the Earl of Wharncliffe at Wortley Hall, and he proposed to complete the decoration of the room by some scheme of ornamental design. Mr. Poynter having his hands full, was kind enough to recommend me for the work, and I was invited down to Wortley Hall in November, in order that I might see the room and devise a scheme of decoration for it.

Both Lord and Lady Wharncliffe were very kind and hospitable, and pressed me to stay a week. Among the house party were Colonel Thynne, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles and his wife, Colonel Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby), and Archibald Stuart-Wortley, the painter. Shooting was the main pursuit, and was organised at Wortley on a considerable scale. One of the days there was a great drive through the woods, and an army of beaters was engaged, who seemed to do their horrid work very thoroughly, and as the line of guns advanced, steadily tramping through the underwood, they were kept busy by the cries of the keepers, "Rabbit back!" or "Hare forward!" as the poor frightened creatures sprang out of cover in desperate attempts to escape, but the sportsmen being good shots, gave them very little chance. There are few sounds more heart-rending than the scream of a wounded hare: then the rows of slain laid out in the stable-yard at the end of the day did not make one exactly in love with modern "sport." (I had previously seen something of the old-fashioned sort with dog and gun on the Derbyshire moors.) The bags made were certainly very large, and numbers seemed rather the object. I remember Archie Stuart-Wortley, who was a very keen sportsman (and who painted pictures at that time chiefly for sportsmen), carefully counting the number of brace, separating them with the butt end of his gun, as he went along the lines of fur or feathers as they lay in long rows on the flagstones of the courtyard.

A brake and pair generally drove the shooting party to the scene of operations, and I remember on driving through the park we passed the American bison which his lordship had imported. This strange-looking beast was reported to be savage, but I wanted to make a sketch of him, so I got off the brake, while the party went on, and managed to get a note from a respectful distance, Stuart-Wortley afterwards jocularly remarking, when I rejoined the shooting party, that he fully expected to hear the shout raised, "Crane! mark down!" in anticipation of the bison's reception of me—but he could not have been as black as he was painted. A picnic luncheon

PHEASANT-SHOOTING AT WORTLEY (1876)

"Col. Thynis expectans—rocketans est phasis in alto
Keeper cum canibus, rapidus dum defluit amnis."

varied the proceedings in the middle of the day, the ladies sometimes joining the party to witness the shooting in the afternoon, though none of them handled a gun themselves. One of the days was devoted to pheasant-shooting. The guns were stationed at intervals along the grassy bank of a stream, which formed a stretch of greensward in front of the woods, each sportsman having his attendant ready with a second gun loaded. The birds were driven out of the woods by the beaters, and flying across the open were shot.

To a little pencil sketch I made of this scene, while the sportsmen were waiting for the pheasants to appear, Lord Wharncliffe appended a Latin verse of his own composing.

Game-cards on the dinner-table in the evening gave the

SKETCH OF THE COUNTESS OF WHARNCLIFFE AT HER EMBROIDERY FRAME

WALTER CRANE, 1876

names of the parts of the estate shot over during the day, and the number of brace killed.

In the evening Lady Wharncliffe sometimes took up her embroidery frame, and the company would amuse themselves by singing "nigger" songs, or in other light and gamesome ways, till the ladies retired, and the men adjourned to the smoking-room, not turning in generally till about two in the morning.

I did not find this sort of life very favourable to designing, and so did not make much progress with my scheme for the decoration of the billiard-room while there, beyond taking the measurements, and though afterwards, on returning home, I made a coloured sketch for the ceiling and frieze, the work was destined never to come off.

Somehow the Earl seemed to change his plans — at least, he wrote requesting me to defer the work for the time being, and if I had other "irons in the fire," as he expressed it, he hoped I would be able to attend to them first. I had intended a rather elaborate scheme, including a painted ceiling with Night and Day and the Hours, and a frieze in relief, and I fancy my estimate came to rather more than his lordship intended to spend on the work, and I presume the two large pictures by the present President of the Royal Academy painted for the same room must have cost him a considerable sum. One of these, as I have mentioned, was "Atalanta's Race," but the first illustrated the old ballad commonly known as "The Dragon of Wantley," properly "Wortley," and showed the heroic "More of More Hall" engaged in his famous fight with the scaly monster while the captive lady waited to be rescued. The background commemorated the lovely scenery of the Wortley estate, with its richly wooded hills and shining river flowing between. Both these works were seen in the Academy Exhibition at the time they were painted.

Eventually the decoration of the billiard-room at Wortley was undertaken by Sir E. J. Poynter himself, which after all, since he had already furnished the central features in these pictures, was perhaps the most fitting solution; but it was friendly of him to suggest a comparatively unknown artist, as I then was, for the work.

However, my hands were full enough. I had projected an important picture for the forthcoming first Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition in response to Sir Coutts Lindsay's invitation, which I hoped to finish in the intervals of my book-work. This was "The Renascence of Venus." My friend Wise had seen the coloured sketch for this picture, and seemed so struck with it that he made what he termed a "sporting" proposal in regard to the picture. This was that he would, to secure me against loss, and to enable me to complete it on the large scale I had projected, advance me a part of the price, on the understanding that if a purchaser came forward on its being exhibited the money was to be returned to him. I thought this extremely good of him, and the help was very timely. I was able to finish the picture, and in due course it went to the Grosvenor Gallery, where it occupied a fairly good place in the neighbourhood of the fine group of Burne-Jones's pictures in the large west gallery.[1]

[1] The picture was well received by the critics, for a wonder. Some of their comments were curious. The *World* said: "Mr. Burne-Jones's mysteries and miracle pictures find support in such contributions as Mr. Walter Crane's 'Renaissance of Venus.'" The *Daily Telegraph* remarked that though "an artist inexpressibly dear to all the patrons of children's picture-books, shows that he can be occasionally on grave labours bent in (70) the delicately drawn and more delicately coloured 'Renaissance of Venus.'" The *Examiner* was patronising but encouraging: "Mr. Crane has still much to learn in the matter of expressive draughtsmanship, as the nude figure of Venus testifies; but the design of his work as a whole exhibits a very remarkable feeling for ornamental beauty, and the execution of certain parts of it—of clear sea water, distant landscape, and the almond tree delicately traced against the sky—is a marvel of pure colour and sound workmanship. Of all the younger essays in imaginative painting to be found in the Gallery, this is, indeed, to our thinking, the most original and the most hopeful."

Mr. William Rossetti was good enough to write in the *Academy* that "Mr. Crane's chief contribution is rather high up; however, it can be adequately estimated. It is named 'The Renaissance of Venus,' a title which one has to think over a little before one hits upon any genuine meaning for it; but we suppose it to signify substantially 'The Re-birth of Beauty'; Venus, as the symbol of beauty, re-born at the period of art and culture. At any rate, Mr. Crane has painted a charming and delicious picture, full of gracious purity—one which holds its own well even against such formidable competition as that of Mr. Burne-Jones. We see a liquid bay and sands, the ruins of a classic temple, three women bathing, an almond tree in bloom, white doves darting and hovering about, and in the left foreground the queenly apparition of Venus. As in Mr. Armstrong's picture, blue is here the predominant colour, but in a lighter way; a sweet, clear, brilliant blue, not chilly, but softly limpid."

This gallery had a deep coved frieze immediately below the top lights, and this frieze was decorated from the designs of Mr. Whistler, and consisted of the phases of the moon with stars on a subdued blue ground, the moon and stars being brought out in silver, the frieze being divided into panels by the supports of the glass roof. The "phases" were sufficiently separated from each other. The walls were hung with crimson silk damask of an Italian eighteenth-century pattern divided by white and gold pilasters. I never thought this silk suited either the pictures or the cooler scheme of the cove. It was, however, a notable exhibition and a notable event in the artistic world.

The group of works of Burne-Jones occupied the whole of one end of the gallery, and extended part way down on each side. It included many of the artist's important works which have since become so well known by reproductions, such as the "The Days of Creation," "Venus's Mirror," "Merlin and Mimue." There were also fine works by Alphonse Legros and J. McNeill Whistler (it was, I think, in this exhibition that Whistler had his picture of fireworks at Cremorne, which so offended Ruskin that it caused him to write in his notes published on certain pictures of the year the famous passage which became the subject of libel action brought by the painter against the critic, resulting, after a long trial in which various well-known artists gave evidence, in a verdict for the plaintiff—damages one farthing), W. B. Richmond, Albert Moore, Holman Hunt, R. Spencer Stanhope, besides a few Royal Academicians, such as J. E. Millais and G. F. Watts and Leighton, and I think also Alma Tadema. This first Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition was a mixed but distinguished show. Though Sir Coutts did not take any decisive line in opposition to the Academy, his object was to show the works of painters who had been rather ignored by that body for the most part, so that though he might be said at first to have, like King David, gathered unto him all those who were discontented and distressed, and more or less in revolt against Academic tradition, he seemed quite ready to accept the support of certain members of that body as well as that of some amateurs. The position at once taken by the Grosvenor

Gallery, however, made it at once one of the most formidable rival shows the Academy have ever had, and no doubt the soirées held there and Lady Lindsay's Sunday afternoon receptions, which were attended by Royalty, the aristocracy, and the fashionable world, as well as the artists and the intellectuals, helped to increase the prestige of the Gallery from the worldly point of view.

Messrs. Comyns Carr and C. E. Hallé were appointed by Sir Coutts to help him in the direction and management of the Gallery, and he latterly left much in their hands, although at one time one had the impression that he (Sir Coutts) desired to fill the part of a sort of modern Lorenzo Magnifico and befriend, if not to champion, the cause of art and artists generally. He called a meeting of artists to confer on the copyright question (at the Gallery), I remember, which was then certainly in a very unsatisfactory state. The meeting was a very representative one, and certain resolutions were passed for the better protection of artists—painters, at all events. William Morris, who was present, thought the interests of decorative artists had been rather overlooked, as indeed they were.

In the summer of 1877 we went to Bamborough with our two young children—I think on the recommendation of Mr. Howard, who had shown me some admirable studies he had made there. It proved a long journey and difficult, with children and nurses; but we were charmed with the place when we did eventually get there—the unusual aspect of the Northumbrian village (the home of Grace Darling and the scene of her heroism), with a thick grove of trees covering its green, and the noble keep of the great castle rising into view at the end of the straggling street which led down to the sand dunes and the sea. There was a lovely stretch of sand, and an entire absence of the common objects of an ordinary seaside resort, and nothing to spoil or vulgarise the romantic interest of the country, framed inland by the Cheviot Hills. I found plenty of subjects, and among others Spindleston Heugh gave me in its curious legend of "The Laidley Worm," associated with the spot, materials for a romantic picture which I afterwards carried out and exhibited at the Grosvenor.

From Bamborough we paid a visit to Naworth Castle, the beautiful country home of the Howards, near the Cumberland border, before returning to London.

I think it was in the autumn of 1877 that we had what we called our "house-warming," and gathered all our friends together, holding open house and studio. The company included most of those already mentioned, I think. The Countess of Lovelace (then Miss Stuart-Wortley) was also present.

Previously to this, but the same year, we had met for the first time Mr. William Blake Richmond (now Sir and K.C.B.) at the house of the late J. C. Moore, the eldest brother of the three distinguished artists of that name (the other two being, respectively, Albert Moore, the decorative figure painter, and Henry Moore (afterwards R.A.), the famous sea painter). Mr. J. C. Moore then lived in Kensington Square, No. 8, a charming eighteenth-century house, since unfortunately pulled down to make way for the commonplace buildings which have invaded the old square on the eastern side and quite put it out of countenance.

J. C. Moore's work was less known than that of his brothers', though he was the elder, but his landscape studies in water colour of Rome and the Campagna had a singular refinement and charm, as also, latterly, his portraits of children, which had a considerable vogue.

I was glad to meet Richmond the younger (his father, Mr. George Richmond, the Academician, was then alive), as I had often admired his work, and we found as we exchanged ideas we had many sympathies in common, and frequently paid visits to each other's studios. In those days there was generally a lawn-tennis party on Saturdays at Beavor Lodge, in the charming garden of the old house. Both Richmond and myself were fond of the game, and with his brothers and other young men who met there, among whom was Mr. Erat Harrison, the artist (who worked as a pupil in Richmond's studio at the time), a good set was generally to be had, and the guests frequently stayed on to an informal dinner or supper, and pleasant evenings were spent afterwards in the studio, which was always full of interesting work in painting, modelling, and decoration.

In the midst of more ambitious work, however, I kept my book-work going. The series of children's picture-books issued by Messrs. Routledge & Co., which had been added to year by year, had now come to an end with *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.* I had offered to continue them if granted a small royalty, but as the firm took the line rather of the provincial trader who said, "We lose on every article we sell, it is only the quantity that makes it pay," there was nothing further to be hoped for in that direction, so I struck. Taking counsel with my friend the printer, Mr. Edmund Evans, we planned a book of another order, and *The Baby's Opera* was the result.

I remember my wife and I went to stay at Mr. Evans's charming house at Witley, in Surrey, and it was there that the general idea and the size and bulk of the book were settled upon, Mr. Evans's experience as a printer being most valuable in the practical details of cost and make up, and he supplied me with a dummy book, so that I was enabled to design the volume complete, with the pages in relation to each other and in strict accordance with the exigencies of the press and the cost of production.

Mr. Evans's house was pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill commanding a view of Blackdown and the sunny Weald, associated with the home of Tennyson. His immediate neighbour was Birket Foster, who had built himself a half-timbered Elizabethan-looking mansion, surrounded by gardens, close by, so that one could walk from the grounds of one house to the other. Mrs. Evans was related to Birket Foster, and I was introduced to him on the occasion of this visit. He was a large, burly man with a keen look, and proud of his house and possessions. I think he said he considered his greatest treasure a little drawing by Frederick Walker. I had always admired this artist greatly, and in common with many lamented his untimely death, which had then happened quite recently; but what interested me most at that time in Birket Foster's house was a room—the dining-room, I think—decorated with a complete series of pictures by Burne-Jones, a fine series of designs illustrating the history of St. George, and belonging to the painter's earlier middle period. Another extremely

interesting work was the original cartoon of Burne-Jones for a stained-glass window at Oxford (I think for Exeter College Chapel), in which the history of S. Frideswide was depicted. The design showed the influence of D. G. Rossetti, and was crowded with figures and detail on a small scale, and deep and rich in colour.

The Baby's Opera turned out a great success, although at first "the Trade" shook its head, as the sight of a five-shilling book not decently bound in cloth and without any gold on it was an unheard-of thing, and weighing it in their hands and finding it wanting in mere avoirdupois weight, some said, "This will never do!"—but it *did*. The first edition of 10,000 copies was soon exhausted, and another was called for, and another, and another. It has long passed its fortieth thousand, and, like "Charley's Aunt," is still running.

No doubt the combination of favourite nursery rhymes with pictures, as well as the music of the old airs, made it attractive, and commended it to mothers as well as children.

I was indebted to my sister for the arrangement of the tunes, which she collected with considerable care and research; but she was a pianist of much taste and skill, and possessed a considerable knowledge of music, both ancient and modern, and the task was a congenial one, I feel sure.

I received many gratifying letters about the book, and perhaps I may quote one from Professor von Herkomer, which I thought as coming from an artist of his distinction a particularly spontaneous and generous tribute.

"DYREHAM, BUSHEY, HERTS
December 8, 1876

"DEAR SIR,—I have not the pleasure of knowing you personally, but I hope you will allow me to express my great admiration for your last book, *Baby's Opera*. The sweet humour, the dainty design, and the good drawing of the pictures make it a delight for every person of taste, no matter what age he or she may be.

"Wishing you may enrich the world with many such books yet, I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"HUBERT HERKOMER

"W. CRANE, Esq."

The success of *Baby's Opera* made the publishers "ask for more," and I had a visit from Mr. Edmund Routledge (whose daughters I had painted, by the way, in the spring of that year (1877), a water-colour picture of the two young girls full length sitting upon a settee) to ascertain whether I would do another at once, as he said people were already asking "what was to be Walter Crane's next book."

Having my hands full of other work, and not wishing to produce a less spontaneous book simply to meet commercial demands, I was not prepared to accede to his wishes. He had suggested a Birthday Book, too, an idea which I did not care for, so that I did not follow up this success immediately.

This unbusiness-like laxity on my part at least gave others their opportunity, and if I had opened the door with a new class of books, others soon pressed in.

Among Messrs. Routledge's Christmas announcements (in the *Athenæum*) for that year I was rather startled to observe "Companion Volume to *The Baby's Opera*" (!), Miss Kate Greenaway's first children's book, *Under the Window*, being thus introduced to the world by the publishers. This I thought quite misleading, and wrote to protest, and the announcement was withdrawn. Miss Greenaway, in collaboration with Mr. Edmund Evans as the colour-printer, had produced a pretty book of nursery rhymes, with illustrations, treated, as far as the outline and flat tint method went, in a similar way to mine, but less formal, without the decorative borders, without the music, and of quite a different size. Her success from the appearance of this book was assured. She followed it up quickly, too, so I imagine she made more hay while the sun shone than I did, which, for the time at least, shone brightly enough for her, even if it did not shine so long.

I did not meet Miss Greenaway till some time afterwards, and only once. The occasion was an amateur dramatic performance in which Mr. Lionel Tennyson (second son of the poet) and Miss Eleanor Locker, the daughter of Frederick Locker (afterwards Locker-Lampson), took part. I do not recall the name of the play, but it was given in some hall in or near Argyll Street, Oxford Circus. I forget how we first

became acquainted with Frederick Locker. He was very friendly and agreeable, and we exchanged many visits both before and after his second marriage. He was a great admirer of Stothard and Chowdowiechi, and had a considerable collection of the small graceful book illustrations on steel of both artists arranged in a large folio book. He was an early collector of book plates, and had one of his own designed by H. S. Marks, and commissioned me to design him another, its main feature being a quasi-classical lady, or muse, seated. In acknowledging the design, his letter ran as follows:—

"25 CHESHAM STREET, S.W.
1st June [1876]

"MY DEAR CRANE,—I am very glad to hear about Mrs. Crane. We had not heard the good news. I trust she will go on well and make a good recovery. I congratulate you on your son.

"The design is delightful, just what I wanted. Perhaps the expression of the Muse is a sight too elevated, but in that you flatter me!

"Tell me what I am in your debt. Write soon, and I will send you a P.O. order. Do not postpone this, as the workman is worthy of his hire, at least I feel so when I dispose of my fine art (verse).—Yours ever, F. L."

In reply to this, I pointed out that the lady was at least seated on a modern drawing-room chair, and could not be considered inappropriate to the author of *Vers de Société*.

The characteristic sketch by Du Maurier of Frederick Locker gave a very excellent idea of him.

The connection of the name of Locker with that of Tennyson being close—the daughter of the former having married the second son of the latter—this seems a not inappropriate place to recall a meeting with the great poet himself, which must have been somewhere about this time, though I do not remember the exact date. My wife and I had been invited to dinner at the Rev. Stopford Brooke's house in Manchester Square to meet the great man, and in due course we were

introduced. He was accompanied, as was usually the case in his later days, by his eldest son, Hallam Tennyson (who has since succeeded him in the title). He was evidently devoted to his father. The poet himself was brusque and almost rough in his manner, and had a strong burr in his speech, and spoke in a deep voice, which occasionally became rather like a growl, especially when he objected to some dish that was served at the dinner. He was rather taciturn at first, but melted by degrees, and even told stories (after the ladies had retired); and after dinner in the drawing-room we had the unusual pleasure of hearing him read a poem of his own. This was the "Ballad of the Fleet." The poet read in his deep, impressive voice in a way which reminded one of his own description in the "Morte d'Arthur" of how the poet Everard Hall (which may have been himself)

> "Read, mouthing out his hollow o's and a's,
> Deep-chested music——"

Before he began he solemnly enjoined the whole company —almost swearing everyone—to the strictest secrecy as to the poem, or his having read it; and when the reading was finished, and when the applause and gratitude of the small audience (which consisted of Mr. Stopford Brooke, his sister, and his daughters, my wife and self, and Mr. Frederick Wedmore) had subsided, the Laureate growled out, "Yes, and to think that those wretched fellows of the *Nineteenth Century* only gave me three hundred pounds for it!"

As the poem shortly afterwards appeared in that magazine, I presume the injunction to secrecy referred to the fact of the poet's giving the reading, as if generally known he might have been pestered with invitations to repeat it.

One might really have supposed Tennyson to have been one of the ancient bards, his appearance (Watts's portraits represent him admirably) quite bearing out the idea, and his sympathies being entirely with warriors and their deeds, and his hero, the dogged Sir Richard, who said "Fight on" to the last. I remember his making some disparaging remark referring to modern living statesmen as compared with these

old Elizabethan admirals, and saying, in regard to their fighting qualities, "That's rather better than your Gladstones and Brights," and he turned rather savagely on me when I ventured to suggest that there might be peaceful ways of serving one's country also. One was not altogether without some suspicion that his ruggedness was partly assumed as a sort of cloak sometimes.

I remember William Morris describing Tennyson's way of approaching a picture to show that he had, or affected to have, but little appreciation of painting. Staring fixedly at the canvas he would growl (according to Morris), "What's that?" The answer perhaps was "A man," but this information only led to a further question, "What's he doing?" which was not very hopeful for the painter! This seems curious when one considers how rich in pictorial suggestion Tennyson's poems are, and how great his powers as a word-painter.

It was some time in 1877, I think, that our friend Mr. Thomas Armstrong brought Randolph Caldecott to our house. He never looked strong, and his quiet manner, low voice, and gentle but rather serious and earnest way of speaking did not suggest the extraordinary vivacity and humour of his drawings, though an occasional humorous remark may have betrayed a glimpse of such qualities. He consulted me as to his plans and dealings with publishers in regard to the picture-books he was then preparing (Edmund Evans again being the printer), the series which afterwards became so popular, and I think he may have benefited a little by my experience in the same sort of work—I mean as regards publishing arrangements—as his books were brought out at a shilling, and he was able to secure a royalty on them, which I could never get on my sixpenny toy-books.

His first was *The House that Jack Built*, which appeared in 1878, so that Caldecott's work and Miss Greenaway's books for children became known to the public about the same time. Before these, however, Caldecott had done his charming illustrations in black and white for Washington Irving's *Old Christmas* and *Bracebridge Hall*, issued by the house of Macmillan. His picture-books became immensely successful, and I think perhaps he caught the more popular English taste to some

extent by his introduction of the sporting element. His *Three Jovial Huntsmen* will not easily be forgotten.

Caldecott used to ride himself, and event hunt, and on some occasions rode down to Beaumont Lodge on horseback.

I remember, on one of his visits, that, to please our little daughter, he decked a stuffed peahen we had with chaplets and flowers arranged with quite a decorator's taste.

Punch had a rhyme running—

> "The Christmas volumes well deserve their gains
> Of Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, and Crane's,"

which was illustrated by the inventive pencil of Mr. Linley Sambourne, who introduced our portraits into his cartoon. I had appeared too, in the same journal, on a former occasion—with a bird's body and wings—drawn by the same hand.

The success of *Baby's Opera* even attracted the attention of the Editor of *Punch*, then Mr. (now Sir) F. C. Burnand, who despatched a brief note to me, of which the following is a copy:—

"GARRICK CLUB, W.C.

"DEAR SIR,—Would you be open to a Christmas book with me?—Yours truly, F. C. BURNAND

"I have the notion."

I did not, however, feel at liberty then to take it up, having my hands full, and so there was another might-have-been to be recorded.

Still another might-have-been must be mentioned. "Lewis Carroll" (Mr. C. L. Dodgson of Christ Church, Oxford) wrote to me early in 1878, saying he had been looking out for a new illustrator for a forthcoming work of his, as after *Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice through the Looking-Glass*, Tenniel would do "no more." This Mr. Dodgson evidently greatly deplored, and naturally felt that it would be most difficult to find a substitute. His letters gave one the impression of a most particular person, and it is quite possible that he may have led Tenniel anything but a quiet life during the time he was engaged upon his inimitable illustrations to

the immortal *Alice*. The letter from Mr. Dodgson given here must have been his second letter: it is quite characteristically theoretic and ingenious.

"CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD
Jan. 22, 1878

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have read and re-read, with much interest, your letter dated Dec. 30, and will now make some remarks on it.

"As to terms, I quite see that it is fair to charge for two or three drawings at a higher rate than for a large number. But you did not at all misunderstand me: I am *not* contemplating a book with fifty pictures *now*. No such book is at present in existence. I was merely pointing out what it would come to if I *were* to write such a book and pay for the pictures at that rate. However, it is satisfactory to know that the rate in such a case would be lower—and your suggestion of 'sharing profits' is well worth considering

"You are probably more learned on the subject of ancient art than I am: but my theory is that among savages there is a much earlier stage than outline drawing—viz. mere reproduction (in clay, etc.) of the solid form. I *imagine* that you would find idols and other representations in solid form among nations where any kind of *drawing* is unknown. The next step I should expect to be alto-relievo (arising from the discovery that you can only see one side of an image at once): and this would gradually flatten down. Then the effect (with a side light) would be of a flat surface with strong black lines of shadow marking the outline of the form represented. And the next step would be to *paint* lines representing these shadows: and such lines would be broad at first, and would narrow on discovering that their breadth was not an essential feature. However, this is all rather theory than actual knowledge.

"I have now made up my mind to get you to do *Bruno's Revenge* at anyrate. But instead of making them *all* full-page pictures, suppose you give me £60 worth of work, in any sizes and shapes you think proper, keeping the *Alice* page as your outside limit. You can take your own time for it (up to a year, let us say), and can either draw on the wood at once,

or on paper and transfer to wood (at your own expense), keeping the drawings yourself. I shall be glad to hear whether this proposal is satisfactory to you.—Believe me very truly yours, C. L. DODGSON"

I believe I agreed to meet his views if possible, but my hands were so full of all sorts of other work that I fear the year went by without my being able to take the matter up. The story, too, of which he sent me a portion, was of a very different character to *Alice*—a story with a religious and moral purpose, with only an occasional touch of the ingenuity and humour of *Alice*, so that it was not nearly so inspiring or amusing. It afterwards appeared, I think, with illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss.

The argument in Mr. Dodgson's letter about outline was drawn forth, I think, by his rather objecting to my use of a rather thick woodcut sort of line in my illustrations to Mr. Molesworth's stories, which appeared to have sent him to me in the first instance, and by my defence. I can well understand that after Tenniel's hair-like pencilling, mine probably looked rough and coarse to him.

I think it was through our mutual friend Mr. Armstrong that we first met the Du Mauriers, and I remember my wife and I rode over to see them while they were living at the house on the top of Hampstead Hill at the period when bits of old Hampstead frequently appeared in the backgrounds of the artist's *Punch* drawings, and I think also the big St. Bernard was then alive.

Later I was a collaborateur with Du Maurier in a work of a rather unusual sort—at least for him. A gentleman (introduced by Caldecott, by the way) wanted a silver cup, or centrepiece, on a large scale, and wished a rather elaborate scheme of design carried out in it, beginning with primitive man and apparently ending with a modern fashionable garden-party. The earlier periods of civilisation were to occupy the massive stand of the cup, and these I was to design; but Du Maurier was wanted for modern society upon the outside of the bowl of the cup. My designs were to be in relief, but Du Maurier's were to be engraved on the surface of the silver,

I believe. He was rather puzzled with the commission, I remember, and came to see me about it. Eventually he did a sort of extended frieze of *Punch* drawings representing modern society amusing itself according to the seasons, and introducing his favourite types—elegant ladies, bishops, swells, and children.

My designs were modelled in wax for casting in silver by Messrs. Hunt & Roskill's artists at their works, where I went to see them in progress, and the cup was made to a section I had furnished.

At an evening at some friend's house, I remember hearing Du Maurier sing an amusing song in German broken English, playing the accompaniment himself in quite an accomplished drawing-room entertainer's manner. This was long before *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby*, and before the world had any

ALLEGORICAL SKETCH FOR BASE OF SILVER CUP

idea of his resources as a novelist. His fellow-students in Paris, upon whose experiences and manner of life many of the incidents in *Trilby* were founded, discovered themselves and their friends also under thin disguises as characters in the book, and were wont to smile knowingly, as if they were aware of exactly how much dressing and make-up they and the incidents had received at the hands of the versatile artist-novelist.

I recall his telling me about his first interview with the telephone at some inaugural trial when it was first introduced. Du Maurier, as the representative of *Punch*, was requested to send a message, but he couldn't think of anything to say at the moment; but there being no escape, he tried Mr. Punch's time-honoured war-cry—or whatever it is—and shouted "Roo-ti-too-it" down the receiver, but felt rather "stumped" when the humour of it failed to impress the man at the other end, who merely said, "I beg your pardon?"

In 1878 I completed a large picture for the Grosvenor Gallery Summer Exhibition. This was "The Fate of Persephone." Pluto and his black horses and gilded biga are supposed to have suddenly emerged from a volcanic fissure in the earth in Enna, and surprised the goddess as she stooped to pluck the fateful narcissus. Her figure, in white with a yellow mantle, is relieved against the black horses rearing up behind her, as Pluto, in Roman armour and fanciful helmet, lays his hand upon her. Her three frightened maiden attendants, like the fates, witness the scene, divided from Persephone by the crack in the earth. The foreground is covered with flowers, chiefly narcissus and anemones; a mountainous country sloping to the dark horizon of the sea with blossoming orchards and the walls and towers of a city with a peak in eruption beyond form the landscape background. A pomegranate tree in blossom in front suggests the legend of Persephone and the promise of her return to earth, while a tiny figure on the mountain was meant to indicate the sorrow of Demeter.

This picture is now in the public gallery at Karlsruhe, having been purchased while on exhibition in Germany for that collection.

Mr. George Howard at that time in a letter written from Venice says—

"I have not seen many newspaper criticisms of the Grosvenor, so I do not know what our instructors say about your work this time, but I heard from Ned Jones [E. Burne-Jones], whose opinion we value a little more, who was really greatly pleased with your 'Proserpine.'" He adds, "I am very glad to hear that you are doing another Baby-book. It can't be as good as the last, but if it is at all like it, it will do. I am also glad to hear that 'Psyche' is getting on. I shall be very anxious to see her when I get home. I suppose that I shall stay in London this next winter, and her presence will tend to cheer me in the absence of Italian sun.

"Here there is little contemporary art going on, so far as I know.

"One Bunney, a friend of Ruskin's, does wonderfully accurate

topographical drawings, chiefly of architecture. There is also a young landscape painter—Williams—who does pretty things, but not in a very good style."

The "Baby-book" my friend speaks of was *The Baby's Bouquet*, which I was then scheming as a companion to *The Baby's Opera*, and it was published for the Christmas season of '78–'79. It was a book of the same size, and my sister again selected and arranged the musical accompaniment. The rhymes and songs included one or two French and German ones. This book, like *Baby's Opera*, however, is still before the public, and though it never quite reached the same numbers as its predecessor, it was quite successful, and keeps fairly up with it in popular favour.

There was an "Exposition Universel" at Paris in this year 1898 (and my "Venus" was invited to appear in the British Fine Art section), and my wife and I went over for a little visit in the course of the summer, and saw the wonders of the fair. Bartoldi's colossal statue of Liberty, destined for New York harbour, was shown there, I think in the model stage, and there was a central "Street of Nations" which was very picturesque and amusing. Entering by way of the Trocadero, then quite new, on a sunny morning, with the fountains playing and the buzz of a very cosmopolitan crowd, it was a gay scene enough. There were miles of pictures and sculpture as well as of machinery, an enormous captive balloon that looked, when tethered below the buildings, as if some fairy had blown a huge dome, like a bubble, over some fantastic palace. There were all the usual attractions—and repulsions—of such shows, which usually suggest the vast departments of a gigantic Universal Provider, relieved by some genuine and interesting art, and, in spite of blatant commercialism, a certain stimulating feeling of the oneness of the world, and the wonderful results of human invention and co-operative human labour—and the thought of what they might yet accomplish in a true commonwealth! It was fine summer weather, and we had a pleasant time altogether.

After the "Psyche" frieze was finished, I was asked by Dr. William Spottiswoode (the eminent printer and scientist, to

whom I was introduced by Sir E. J. Poynter) to undertake a rather extensive work—the interior decoration of the large saloon at Combe Bank, near Sevenoaks, his country home. The ceiling was flat, divided into panels by existing mouldings, and he wished me to furnish a design for the whole in relief. There was also the chimney breast to be treated and the doors.

I prepared plans and drawings for this work, which naturally occupied a considerable time in completion, and I needed assistance.

As it happened, about this time a man who worked as a sculptor's assistant or "studio ghost" called to see me with, I think, a recommendation from Richmond. He bore in his hands a cast of a bull's head from nature, which he offered for sale. The man was in very low water and in need of work, so I bought the bull's head and started him modelling something from a drawing, and he succeeded so well that I was able to keep him going on preparatory and subsidiary work, in which he was a most useful assistant—although rather uncertain sometimes. His name was Osmund Weeks.

I had devised a scheme for this ceiling embodying the sun and the seasons and signs of the Zodiac in the centre in a circular panel, supported from two sides by large winged figures. The side panels had borders of small figures of the Hours with hour-glasses intertwined with the snake of time, and four small square panels represented Morn, Noon, Eve, and Night respectively. Four large panels at each angle of the ceiling were filled by figures of the planets—Venus, Mars, Neptune, and Uranus—and in circular panels at the centres of each side and ends were Jupiter, Saturn, Mercury, and the Moon.

The figures were all modelled direct in gesso composed of fine Italian plaster of Paris mixed with thin glue, or size, and worked with cotton-wool soaked in the gesso on fibrous plaster panels which were made for me by Messrs. Jackson of Rathbone Place; the repeating borders and mouldings being cast in plaster.

The whole ceiling was coloured by bronze and white metal.

The design is reproduced in Millar's work on *Plastering, Plain and Decorated.*

The chimney breast I designed was a semi-classical structure in wood, with pilasters at each side, and semicircular recesses over a high mantelshelf, below which, in a semicircular tympanum, I designed a relief of the Fates, working in a web, the net of which radiated outwards from the centre to the edge —shell-wise. Every detail was specially designed, including the cheeks of the fireplace, in brass repoussé, the basket grate and the fireirons and standards and the fender.

The walls were hung with a stamped and gilded Renascence design I had made for Messrs. Jeffrey & Co., and there was a frieze composed of certain late Venetian paintings (previously acquired by Dr. Spottiswoode) of Amorini in procession or playing, carrying fruits and emblems, etc. The intervals between these canvases I filled by similar figures in metallic colours. The doors and shutter panels I also decorated by figure designs painted on canvas and affixed, treated as to colour in the same metallic way, so that the prevailing tone of the room was bronze and silver.

Dr. Spottiswoode was a most appreciative as well as a most considerate client and kind host. He would constantly spontaneously send me what lawyers would call "refreshers," as the work necessarily took a long time to complete (I think about two years), and was expensive.

The following letters are characteristic:—

"DEAR MR. CRANE,—Many thanks for your note. We are very glad that my suggestion recommends itself to your mind. We have full confidence in your skill in making your work harmonise with the old paintings. Although I do not mean to undervalue the difficulty of the task, I am sure that you will do your best towards this, as the paintings were the *fons et origo* of the whole business, and we set store by them. The silk for the walls is also ancient, from some Italian church or palace.

"One more thing. Could not you and Mrs. Crane come down on the Saturday, August 16, instead of the Monday? We expect John Collier and his bride, and perhaps one or two other friends.—Believe me yours very sincerely,

"W. SPOTTISWOODE"

The above was a type-written letter, a method Dr. Spottiswoode was one of the earliest to use, I think. He was in the habit of using the typewriter for his scientific work, and so got into the way of adopting it for private correspondence. The silk for the walls was not finally used, as my stamped design suited the general scheme best.

Dr. Spottiswoode was also the first, I think, to use the electric light for domestic purposes. He used, when in residence at Combe Bank, to have a light going like a beacon on the top of the house.

The following was in autograph, and shows how gracefully he could send one money:—

"HER MAJESTY'S PRINTING OFFICE, EAST HARDING STREET
FETTER LANE, E.C., *Feb.* 13, 1880

"DEAR MR. CRANE,—Perhaps the enclosed may be a not unwelcome 'Valentine,' although I hope it may reach you overnight.

"This makes £700, I think.—Yours very sincerely,
"W. SPOTTISWOODE"

Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Spottiswoode entertained at that time very largely, and frequently invited very large afternoon parties in the summer down to Combe Bank. Special trains conveyed the guests from Charing Cross to Sevenoaks, and at the station brakes and carriages of different kinds were waiting to drive them to Combe Bank, a distance of three or four miles.

At these receptions many well-known and distinguished people were present, especially eminent men of science, the Royal Society being strongly represented.

It was at Combe Bank that we first met Professor Huxley (whose daughter, a talented artist, was the "bride" of the Hon. John Collier mentioned in Dr. Spottiswoode's letter given above). I remember he said that watching the different methods in which his daughter and his son-in-law (John Collier) worked (I think when they were both drawing the Professor's portrait), he said he had come to the conclusion that the first might be called "a creatist," and the second "an evolutionist," as in the first instance the likeness was at once visible in the

sketch, and it did not advance much farther; while in the second the likeness was not recognisable at first, and only by degrees was made apparent and got more and more like as it was completed. This was a characteristic and interesting application of scientific observation to the artistic temperament.

A little caricature I made at the time we were staying at Combe Bank, our little daughter Beatrice being with us, shows her among the Lions—the Lions being Dr. Wm. Spottiswoode, Sir Fredk. Pollock, Professor Huxley, and the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, who were of the house party at the time.

BEATRICE AMONG THE LIONS AT COMBE BANK (1881)

The great evolutionist philosopher, Herbert Spencer, was also a guest at Combe Bank. I remember seeing him at one of the afternoon receptions in deep converse with another savant, in a frock-coat of antique cut and ample cravat in the style of the early "fifties." He was a very distinct figure in a fashionable crowd of the early "eighties."

Professor and Mrs. Tyndall were generally seen at these gatherings, and on one occasion we were guests in the house at the same time. The Professor was extremely genial, and always full of interesting talk — at that I think it mostly turned on his Alpine experiences. Among the Spottiswoodes'

guests were individualities as diverse as Moncure D. Conway, Matthew Arnold, and Oscar Wilde.

Of Matthew Arnold I recall our host telling us that he had been trying for years to induce him to lecture at the Royal Institution, and that he had at last consented, but on one condition—that his wife should not be present! Whether this was an indication of extreme shyness or nervousness I do not know, but there was no appearance of either on the occasion I heard Matthew Arnold lecture at the Royal Institution. He wore a single eyeglass, which always seems to give an air of deliberation, if not of superiority. He spoke very calmly and distinctly, and his subject was "Equality"—an essay afterwards published. I remember his delivery of the famous sentence—

"Inequality materialises the upper classes, vulgarises the middle classes, and brutalises the lower classes."

Of Moncure Conway I have already spoken. He was always very friendly, as also Mrs. Conway and his son and daughter. Mrs. Conway was a sister of R. H. Dana, who wrote *Two Years Before the Mast*, a book which had a considerable vogue, and gave a very vivid idea of what a sailor's life is really like.

The ill-fated Oscar Wilde was a notable figure in Society at that time. He had come up from Oxford, the winner of the Newdegate prize (for poetry), full of brilliant promise, singularly gifted and sympathetic with all refined forms of art, and, despite some occasional affectations, inspired by a really genuine love of beauty. He led the so-called "Æsthetic" movement of the early "eighties," and was constantly caricatured in *Punch*, which was particularly satirical on the subject. Some thought, indeed, that Du Maurier, who was answerable for the creation of Postlethwaite and Maudle, was rather unduly bitter against the sources of some of his own inspiration, seeing that he was at one time certainly influenced as a designer by the pre-Raphaelite, or rather the modern primitive-romantic school of D. G. Rossetti, then called *intense.*

Oscar Wilde was certainly the petted favourite of Society at one time; no private view or first night was complete without

him. If he ever fooled people he was also befooled. He squandered the most brilliant talents on trifles, but showed even in his brilliant trifling gleams of real power and imagination. He would have been happy in pagan times, but could not adjust himself to modern British suburban ideals or morals. He fought the Philistines with delicate weapons, and at last, defying them, and overstepping ordinary bounds in the pursuit of pleasure—though perhaps not more guilty of perverted excesses than some others—he committed the fatal crime of being found out, was instantly dropped by Society, and so fell, and was crushed by the heavy foot of the Law. In *De Profundis* he seems to give an analysis of his own nature as well as of his feelings.

I never saw much of him and latterly quite lost sight of him, but in his earlier days used to meet him here and there in the world, and he came to our house several times with his wife, and we exchanged visits. He got me to do some illustrations to a book of stories he published under the title of *The Happy Prince, and Other Stories*, and at one time he edited *The Woman's World*, a magazine with a section for children, published by Messrs. Cassell. Our daughter in her childhood showed considerable taste for writing verse, and he, being shown a little poem of hers ("Blush Roses"), wanted it for the magazine, where it duly appeared, accompanied with a design of my own.[1] The following note refers to this:—

"16 TITE STREET, CHELSEA, S.W.

"MY DEAR CRANE,—Many thanks for the charming design and for Beatrice's pretty little poem. I will have it reproduced at once.—Very truly yours, OSCAR WILDE

"(A *horrid* pen.)"

It was at Oscar Wilde's house in Tite Street that I met on one occasion Sir Richard Burton, the famous Eastern traveller, Arabic scholar, and translator of the *Arabian Nights*.

[1] A series of verses written by her on "The Months," and illustrated by me, appeared in *Little Folks* afterwards, and these were also issued by Messrs. Cassell in a separate form. She also contributed some short stories for children to the same journal.

It was in his later days, when he seemed somewhat bowed by age and infirmity. The rest of the company were mostly standing up and talking, as is usual at afternoon "At Homes," but Burton remained seated in an arm-chair, like a monarch, and people were brought up by the host to be presented to him. One had the impression of a massive personality, and one with whom it would not be pleasant to quarrel. I always thought Leighton's portrait of him extremely fine, though perhaps a little less rugged than the reality; but of course Burton was much older and greyer than the date of that portrait when I saw him.

In 1878 Mr. Sidney Colvin introduced to me Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who was just about to publish, through Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., his first book, and they wanted a frontispiece for it. He writes characteristically to me about it, and with all a young author's impatience, and is amusing, but a little "cheeky" perhaps.

"BURFORD BRIDGE INN, BOX HILL
DORKING, SURREY

"MR. CRANE,

"DEAR SIR,—I hope that is the orthodox beginning. Mr. Kegan Paul has asked me to call on you; and I have tried to do so. Owing to time and tide, that could not be, so I take the other liberty of writing.

"You have written to him promising a frontispiece for a fortnight hence for a little book of mine—*An Inland Voyage*—shortly to appear. Mr. Paul is in dismay. It appears that there is a tide in the affairs of publishers which has the narrowest moment of flood conceivable: a week here, a week there, and a book is made or lost; and now, as I write to you, is the very nick of time, the publisher's high noon.

"I should deceive you if I were to pretend I had no more than a generous interest in this appeal. For, should the public prove gullible to a proper degree, and one thousand copies net, counting thirteen to the dozen, disappear into its capacious circulating libraries, I should begin to perceive a royalty which visibly affects me as I write.

"I fear you will think me rude, and I do mean to be

importunate. The sooner you can get the frontispiece for us, the better the book will swim, if swim it does.—Believe me yours very hopefully,

"ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"My mother (a good judge) says this is obscure and affected. What I mean is, couldn't you get that frontispiece sooner? R. L. S.

"My mother says the last is impolite: couldn't you as *a favour* get the frontispiece sooner? R. L. S."

The frontispiece was duly designed and engraved on wood. It shows Pan among the reeds by a riverside, with his pipes, resting after the classical river-god manner on a hydria from the mouth of which the water flows. R. L. S. and his friend are seen paddling their canoes beyond the reeds, and on the crest of a hill in the distance a ploughman appears against the rays of a setting sun.

The subject is framed by an architectural border in which the two canoes *Arethusa* and *Cicarette* figure, and a medallion of a centaur bearing off a nymph, all of which details are allusive to passages in the book, which was very charmingly written. So that I may be said to have helped to launch Stevenson's first (canoe) book, which was to be the forerunner of such a remarkable literary career. The following year Stevenson brought out, through the same house, another book, *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*, and again I was called upon to furnish a frontispiece, in which I introduced various incidents in the travels in what one reviewer described as a "Bunyanesque" way. We had an amusing correspondence over this one too, but I have unfortunately mislaid Stevenson's letters. I wanted his portrait for it, I remember, and he sent me several—one in a velvet jacket and grey felt hat was labelled "The Baronet."

I met Stevenson once or twice about this period at the Savile Club, in its old quarters in Savile Row. He used to stand on the hearthrug in the smoking-room, the centre of an admiring circle, and discourse very much in the same style as that in which he wrote. It gave one the impression of

artificiality rather—I mean his manner of speaking and choice of words, as if carefully selected and cultivated. If a remark was offered by one of the company he would perhaps accept it, and turn it about, much as a conjurer does when he borrows a handkerchief or a hat from someone in his audience; or perhaps he would work it into his next sentence, returning it to his interlocutor improved—wrapped in silver paper, metaphorically speaking.

His personal appearance was quite as unusual as his speech. A long, pale thin face and lank hair, quick and penetrating eyes, and a rather sardonic smile. The world in general, especially in clubland, wore white shirts and collars as a rule, but Stevenson sported black ones.

I never saw him afterwards, nor was I called upon again to illustrate anything of his.

The two books I speak of were both, I believe, extremely successful. I have a copy of each in the original cloth as first published.

Another member of the Savile at this time who sought my co-operation in a book was Professor J. M. D. Meiklejohn of St. Andrews University. He had a scheme for a primer embodying a method of teaching to read by associating words with the objects they signify, and without forcing a child to learn the series of misleading and cumbrous sounds which represent the letters of the alphabet.

He planned a book called *The Golden Primer*, to be issued as a Christmas book full of pictures in colour, which I supplied to his text, and I believe it had considerable success. He intended to follow it with others, covering the whole field of an educational course, but did not live to carry out his schemes. Professor Meiklejohn was a very hard worker, and such books as these were only done in the intervals of heavy educational works—courses of lectures, and so on. He was most enthusiastic as to what might be done to improve the methods of teaching to read, and most pleasant and sympathetic to work with. The direction in which he was labouring as a pioneer has since been pursued by others, and the children of the present age must be having a better time of it than their fathers and mothers in acquiring the art of deciphering the English language.

I did a large number of drawings for him for *The Golden Primer*, and drew them on a large scale, so that the Professor could use these illustrations when he lectured on the subject, and they were reduced for the book.

Professor Meiklejohn died at Ashford, April 16, 1902.

One of our visitors about this time at Beaumont Lodge was Mr. William Russell, a connection of the Duke of Bedford, a very complete picture of an old gentleman of a past age, both as to manners and dress. He was a friend of Mr. Louis Huth, and was himself a collector, and among other things collected my picture-books, which were the prime cause of his friendly interest in us. He got me a commission from the Duke to draw out on a large scale the ducal arms, to form the centre of a portière to be embroidered, I think, at the School of Needlework for the Duke's house. I remember Mr. Russell taking me to see the Duke and Duchess in their London house to talk about the work. We lunched with them, but the Duke's own lunch appeared to consist simply of a cup of cocoa. He was a small man, and in appearance resembled the later portraits of Lord John Russell in the days when he grew a beard.

Mr. Leyland of Prince's Gate I also met about this time. He was a notable patron of art and very wealthy, but became still more celebrated as the owner of the famous peacock room decorated by Whistler.

I recall a dinner in that room he gave to a company of artists, most of them exhibitors at the Grosvenor, I think, as well as some R.A.'s. Burne-Jones was there, and Val. Prinsep, G. H. Boughton, E. J. Poynter, T. Armstrong, Spencer Stanhope (I think), Comyns Carr, and others. I sat next to Burne-Jones, and the conversation happened to turn on Whistler's work, and I expressed my appreciation of its artistic quality. I was rather surprised to find, however, that Burne-Jones could not, or would not, see his merits as an artist, or recognise the difference of his aims. He seemed to think there was only *one* right way of painting, and after a little discussion, he said, with some emphasis, "This is the only time we ever had a difference and—it shall be the last!" I forgot, or did not realise, that the libel case of Whistler *v.*

Ruskin was about to come on, in which Burne-Jones was an important witness for the defendant, and, in fact, though much against the grain, and only under the strongest pressure from Ruskin, he undertook to appear in court for him. Under the circumstances he could hardly afford to allow any credit to Whistler.

Mr. Leyland had a fine collection of D. G. Rossetti's pictures, chiefly of the later period. He was also the owner of Burne-Jones's "Venus's Mirror." I remember his saying something kind about my "Venus," but he did not offer to purchase it.

On another occasion he and his daughters gave a fancy dress ball, which was largely attended by artists and their wives and daughters. There were many good costumes, and the sight was a pretty one, in the handsome house adorned with so many fine pictures, and affording so decorative a background as the peacock room, which was used for the supper.

Another notable artists' fancy ball about this period which my wife and I attended was given by Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Boughton, as a kind of house-warming on the occasion of entering their new house (from a design by Mr. Norman Shaw, I believe) on the summit of Campden Hill. Each guest on entering wrote his or her name in a large book with the character each represented opposite. There were a very large number of guests, and they included, I think, most of the artistic celebrities of London. The stream of many-coloured costumes on the picturesque staircase, where there was a tremendous crush, formed a curious sight. Amid the dresses of all periods appeared a grey-haired, amiable-looking gentleman in his shirt and dress trousers only. This was puzzling to most people, until he explained that he was one of the "Corsican brothers,"—I suppose the ghost of one, rather, as a red silk handkerchief on his left side was supposed to indicate the result of the duel.

Among the guests was the great Whistler disguised as a Spanish cavalier in black, with a big sombrero. I was all in white, as Cimabue, so we presented a complete contrast both of style and colour, which may have been quite symbolic! I had met him previously at one of his own private views, and

said to him by way of greeting that I thought I had had the pleasure of meeting him before; but he was not at all inclined to be friendly, and only said drily, "Very likely,"—and we didn't get any further.

I imagine he always had the idea that I belonged to a necessarily hostile camp; for on another occasion, much later, I met him coming into the Grosvenor Gallery, on a varnishing day, I think, arm-in-arm with Mr. Theodore Rousell, a close friend of his at that time. Mr. Rousell, whom I knew, dropped his arm and came forward in a very cordial way to greet me, and was eager to introduce me to Whistler,—whom he had previously told me had actually admired a drawing of mine!—but as we had met before it was unnecessary. Whistler's manner, however, was just as cold as before, so—"we measured swords and parted."

About this time, I think, I had a visit from Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, the eminent architect, at that period engaged upon the Manchester Town Hall. He was anxious to persuade the City Councillors to adopt a good scheme of decoration for the rooms, and his idea was to secure the co-operation of certain artists with mural and decorative feeling for the proposed work, on the supposition that different rooms might be allotted to different artists. He had invited W. B. Richmond and myself to suggest subjects and give estimates for painting them, which we did. In fact, I think it was Richmond who suggested to Mr. Waterhouse he should call on me. However, nothing came of it, as the Manchester authorities preferred to have portraits of Manchester worthies on the walls of the rooms instead of any decoration—apart, of course, from the large hall where Madox Brown was finally commissioned to paint his famous series of frescoes and mural pictures dealing with the history of Manchester.

It was not until some years later that I made the acquaintance of Madox Brown himself, when our mutual friend, Charles Rowley of Manchester, brought him one day to see us at Beaumont Lodge.

My friend J. R. Wise now had a great scheme in which he wanted to engage my services as illustrator.

He had had an accession of fortune through the death of

his uncle, Hurrell Froude (who had himself written a curious book of verse, with the title *Stones from a Quarry*, under the *nom de plume* of "Henry Brown"), and was now apparently in much easier circumstances than of old, I was glad to find. He had written *The First of May, a Fairy Masque*, and proposed to publish it as an illustrated gift-book. He was lodging in the village of Edwinstowe, in Sherwood Forest, a district of which as an old Forest lover he was exceedingly fond, and in the spring of 1878 he asked me down to stay with him, and then read his poem to me, and I began to make some preliminary designs for it, and together we made out a scheme of arrangement and list of illustrations for the whole book.

During the summer I paid him another visit, and on that occasion we were both invited to stay at Newstead Abbey, then occupied by a family of the name of Webb, with whom Wise had become acquainted. It was very interesting to see the ancient home of Lord Byron, and the Webbs were most hospitable, and showed us all the treasures of the house.

We also made an excursion together to see Wingfield Manor House, a very fine example of a fortifiable stone house of the fifteenth century, partly ruinous and partly occupied as a farmhouse, but retaining its fine gateway and flanking towers. We afterwards went on to Helmsley, in Yorkshire, with the object of seeing Rievaulx Abbey, staying at the inn in the village, where I remember we met Mr. Inchbold, the landscape painter, who was in his day associated with pre-Raphaelite methods and who had a considerable repute.

I did some water colours of the fine ruined Abbey church and refectory, surrounded by the rich woodlands of that beautiful valley and encircled by the running stream. I was sketching one evening, on the north terrace of Duncombe Park, one of the Roman temples which stand in contrast to the Gothic abbey below, when Lord Faversham and his shooting party came along; old Lord Winchilsea was of the party, an old-world-looking sportsman in brown. The house is a characteristic example of Vanbrugh's design.

After leaving Wise, I paid a visit to Naworth Castle, and

made a drawing of the garden and gate-house, with the representatives of three generations on the terrace, as Mrs. Howard said at the time, including the Hon. Charles Howard, his son George Howard, and his son's son—also Charles (now Lord Morpeth).

This drawing was afterwards sold at the Grosvenor Gallery, where it was exhibited the next year.

Mr. Philip Webb was staying at the Castle at this time. He had been designing some interior oak fittings, and had made a delightful panelled room for Lady Carlisle in one of the towers. The family now wanted to build a new wing, but Webb as a staunch member of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings would have nothing to do with it. "No," he said; "you must pay me off now. I can't do any more."

From Naworth I joined my wife and little ones at Deal, where they were enjoying the sea air, the ships in the Downs, and the sight of Walmer Castle, and we had some rides about the country, and visited the old town of Sandwich.

I joined my friend Wise again in the spring of 1879, to carry on the work of illustrating his book. It was an unusually cold and inclement spring, and the trees were very slow in getting their greenery on, even in May, when the country in these parts hardly looked more advanced than it often is in March. North-easters prevailed generally. The Forest, however, about Edwinstowe and Ollerton was very beautiful, and I returned there in the summer, with wife and children, to enjoy it better and see it in its full panoply of leaves and bracken, also to carry on the work of the designs to *The First of May*, which took some time, as there were many pages, and each page had a decorative border and figure design upon it, while the whole of the text I inscribed to be in harmony with the designs. The drawings were made in pencil, and were afterwards reproduced by photogravure by Messrs. Goupil & Co., the plates being done in Paris. The reproductions on a slightly reduced scale were very well done, and gave the silvery delicate effect of the pencil drawings very successfully. A letter from J. R. Wise I give here shows his state of feeling about the work at the outset, and his extreme thoughtfulness.

"DUNSLEY, WHITBY
July 5, 1878

"MY DEAR CRANE,—Just the shortest of notes to know whether your plans will admit of your reaching Yorkshire this summer.

"Please, however, do not put yourself out on my account. I have great misgivings about the success of *The First of May*, even should it appear under your auspices, and feel unwilling that you should risk your reputation over such a hazardous enterprise.

"I have had the enjoyment of writing it, and that is after all sufficient for me.

"I venture to speak thus plainly, so that you may fairly understand the situation.

"Let me, however, have a line from you, so that I may be able to arrange my plans.

"I trust that both you and Mrs. Crane have enjoyed the Paris Exhibition, and with kindest regards to you both, very sincerely yours, JOHN R. WISE

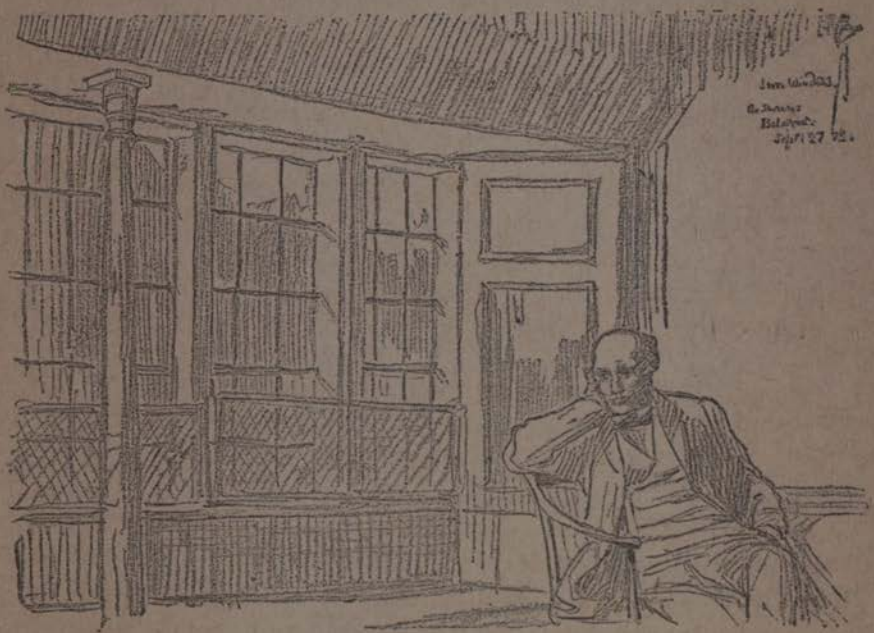
"*P.S.*—Remember I think nothing about my play. It can well afford to wait ten years before it is published, as it has waited so many. Let this be your last concern."

I varied my work by making some water-colour studies of the delightful Forest scenery. Edwinstowe was not far from Thoresby Park, the seat of Earl Manvers, a large mansion of mid-nineteenth-century design (by Salvin), and near to some of the finest woods, though the house stood divested of trees. Rufford Abbey was also in the immediate neighbourhood, and the "Dukeries" not far off. We made a driving tour to Roche Abbey (a striking ruin by the waterside), and passed through the whole district, my wife, who was always an expert driver, driving Wise and myself on a dog-cart the whole distance and back.

In the autumn I joined my friend Wise again, alone, at Edwinstowe, to work at our *Fairy Masque*, and made considerable progress with the designs, with which he was highly delighted. To make a diversion, we made a little

walking tour, visiting Hardwicke Hall and Bolsover Castle. The tapestries, the plaster decorations in coloured relief, the pictures and old furniture of the first named, that fine old Elizabethan mansion of which the Duke of Devonshire is the fortunate owner, interested me vastly, and its striking situation on the top of a steep green hill gives it a unique character, the towers rising above the fine trees of the park as one ascended the hill.

We had walked from Mansfield in the morning—thirteen



OLD INN WINDOW AT BOLSOVER, WITH SKETCH OF J. R. WISE

miles, I think. The day was hot, and after a hearty lunch and rest at the inn at Hardwicke we started up the hill to see the Hall. I began to sketch, but suddenly turned so faint I had to give it up and sit down on the grass in the shade, leaning against a tree, to the great alarm of my friend, as I afterwards learned, who thought I was going "off the hooks" there and then! Probably the long walk, the heat of the weather, the lunch and taking the hill too soon after it would be sufficient to account for my sudden faintness, which never, however, returned.

As to other work that year, I had exhibited in the Grosvenor a picture entitled "The Sirens," showing three lightly-clad ladies dancing on a seashore, their draperies floating and fluttering as they moved, their eyes turned towards the ship of Ulysses, which is seen drifting slowly past in a diaphanous haze, through which a full moon rises over an opal-coloured sea.

This picture was ultimately purchased by Mr. Graham Robertson, who in his early days entertained a warm appreciation of my work.

My official connection with South Kensington and the Science and Art Department dates, I believe, from this year (1879). (Sir) E. J. Poynter was, as I have already mentioned, the Art Director, and the following letter refers to my appointment as one of the examiners of the works sent up from the art schools of the country for the national competition:—

"SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT
SOUTH KENSINGTON
Monday, March 31, 1879

"MY DEAR CRANE,—Make the attendance convenient to yourself: we shall be sorry not to have your assistance all through, but it will be better that you should come in later than not at all. I do not think there will be any need to make up the days that you are not here, as we shall arrange that the last two days of every week will be given to awarding the prizes; and the result will be that the first two weeks we shall have to do without your help.—Very truly yours,

"EDWARD J. POYNTER"

Among my first colleagues at that time, I remember, were William Bell Scott, the painter, and Solomon Hart, R.A. Mr. F. Barwell was also with us, and Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A. I remember Solomon Hart offering to put my name down as a candidate for membership of the Athenæum Club, but as he said it would be about twenty years or so before there would be a chance of election I did not feel particularly keen.

William Bell Scott (the brother of David Scott) I was particularly interested to meet, as I had been struck some

SKETCH OF "THE SIRENS" (GROSVENOR GALLERY, 1879)

years before by a series of pictures of the history of the Scottish or English border he had painted for the house of Trevelyan, which were exhibited for a short time in London—also as the friend of W. J. Linton, and of the Rossettis and their circle. Among the numerous rhymes in which D. G. Rossetti was in the habit of libelling (and labelling) his friends, Scott is immortalised.

I never, however, met D. G. Rossetti, though if I had been persevering I might have got introductions, no doubt, knowing so many of his friends. I understood, though, that he did not desire to extend his acquaintance, and so I did not like to intrude.

The same with regard to Thomas Carlyle, whom I might have approached, but I heard such unfavourable accounts of the way in which he, in his later days, was as likely as not to receive strangers that I did not venture to thrust myself on the privacy of the Sage of Chelsea.

ACT I · SCENE III
(Scene.—A glade in Rosedale Forest. Here and there groups of Fairies with Robinet at their head. Brilliant atmospheric effects of rain and sunshine succeed one another. A bright rainbow spans the sky.)
ROBINET'S SONG.
Cease, oh! cease now, opal rain,
Cease your flower-christening;
Let that flower in heaven 'gin wane,
As the earths are glistening;
Fade, rainbow, in your azure tomb;
Fade, rainbow, fade, bloom flowers,
bloom.

PAGE FROM "THE FIRST OF MAY" (REDUCED)

WALTER CRANE, 1880

CHAPTER VII

RECORD OF WORK—ITALY REVISITED, 1880–84

IT was not until the spring of 1880, I think, that I finished the set of drawings for *The First of May*. The work was published by Messrs. Sotheran & Co. the following year.

Owing to the generosity of the author, I was enabled to present a few copies to my friends of this rather costly work, which was issued in two forms, one at ten guineas, and the other at six guineas, all limited in number, and I remember having to convert myself into a signature-writing machine at the publishers', as each copy had to be signed by me and numbered before being issued.

Among the letters received, the two following are especially interesting as coming from such distinguished artists, and on this account I may perhaps be pardoned for producing them, in spite of their flattering terms about my work.

"THE GRANGE

"MY DEAR CRANE,—What a gift! Only kings send such presents to other kings—is it possible that we are after all in that category? But it is a splendid book, and will be a great treasure to me, and one of my chief possessions, and how can I thank you enough? I hope the whole country will be as grateful as it ought to be.—Yours very truly,

"E. BURNE-JONES"

The following is from (Sir) W. B. Richmond :—

"MY DEAR CRANE,—To express in terms that would not appear extreme, alone could I acknowledge and thank you for the most valuable and lovely gift. From page to page,

fancy is led on, the design is the more beautiful than the previous one, more precious in sentiment and more lovely in execution.

"While such poetic work is being done as yours always is, and especially this your latest publication, we cannot say that the more imaginative side of our delightful art has no vitality.

"Recognition you will and must have in a marked degree by all who know, and alone from those is it pleasant to an artist in reality.

"I quite hoped to have been to see you on Friday, but now that Oxford work has begun, the whole of each Friday is spent there trying in some shape or form to knock into people's heads something good concerning art.[1]

"Thank you, my dear brother painter, for your gift, and accept my very sincere congratulations on the exquisite results of your labour.—Ever yours sincerely,

"W. B. RICHMOND"

This year we changed our quarters from Edwinstowe to Cromer, then a quiet little place consisting of a cluster of houses huddling around a tall square pinnacled tower, a landmark for the country round. It had not then been "boomed" as a seaside resort, and villadom had not arrived to take up "desirable building sites." Our lodgings were on an old-fashioned little parade of modest houses on the top of a green bank facing the sea.

Sherringham, which we visited in our walks while at Cromer, was then a most primitive little fishing village, innocent of asphalted esplanades, grand hotels, and detached villas, and with no railway nearer than Cromer. We also had a glimpse of the Norfolk Broads about Wrexham.

I liked Cromer and its neighbourhood so much on this visit that I induced my wife to spend our summer holiday with the children there. We now had three, our second son (Lancelot) having been born in January of this year—in extremely cold wintry weather, I remember. I give a little sketch of him done in the following summer (1881).

[1] This is an allusion to his work as Slade professor at Oxford, where Richmond had recently been appointed to the chair vacated by Ruskin.

In due course we found ourselves at Cromer, having taken the same rooms when I had stayed with Wise in the previous May. It was the custom for visitors to pitch their little bathing tents on the shore, many preferring them to the cumbrous bathing machine. We also had a tribal tent of this sort, but one morning my wife while making her toilette after bathing was startled by a heavy tread outside and a rough voice demanding that the tent should be struck, as Lord Suffield's foreshore rights were being infringed—or words to that effect.

I immediately wrote to his lordship protesting against this conduct on the part of his Cromer agent, and presently received a polite note that our tent should not be interfered with in any way during our stay at Cromer. I do not know how the foreshore question was ultimately settled.

SKETCH OF LANCELOT CRANE AT THE AGE OF ONE YEAR AND SEVEN MONTHS

The Duchess of St. Albans was staying at the hotel, and a friend of Wise's whom I had met in the spring, an architect of Nottingham, Mr. Hine (who was staying at Cromer with his daughter), took me to call on the Duchess, she having expressed a wish to make my acquaintance. She was a very charming lady, simply dressed in the seaside fashion of those days, which consisted chiefly of a tight jersey and skirt, and being in black the effect of the severe simplicity of such a costume was increased.

At Cromer at that time were staying Mr. F. G. Stephens (the well-known art critic of the *Athenæum* for many years), with Mrs. Stephens and their son Holly (now a successful engineer), then quite a young boy. We had not at that time become personally acquainted, but I knew them by sight, and I knew of Mr. Stephens's interesting

connection with the pre-Raphaelite movement in its early days, and that he sat to Millais for his picture of "Ferdinand and Ariel," and also for the lover of Isabella in the banquet scene by the same painter.

We happened to see the Stephens's one day. He was busily engaged in rubbing a fine brass in an interesting church near Cromer, famous for its brasses.

He was one of the earliest of my critics to appreciate my work, and his remarks in the *Athenæum*, though variable, had been in the main favourable, and he had emphatically and cordially welcomed my children's books, and was one of the first, if not the first, to recognise their aim.

He afterwards wrote an account of my work in the *Portfolio* — a journal of art published by Messrs. Seeley & Co. His death occurred in the present year.

Mr. Cyril Flower (now Lord Battersea) was also staying at Cromer, where he afterwards built a house, and we made his acquaintance. I remember his driving over to East Runton—to which place we had moved on from Cromer—in a pony-chaise with some of the Duchess's children. He was always very genial and good-natured, and seemed to take a kindly interest in us and our little family at that time. I think it was through him that we received a very kind invitation from the Marchioness of Lothian—the then mistress of Blickling Hall, which we had expressed a wish to see—to come over with our babies and make a short stay, which we did.

A tragic event happened during our sojourn at East Runton. One of the village boys was bathing with others in the shallow water which covered a slightly raised plateau of sand (over which there was a strong undertow when the tide ebbed) on the shore at East Runton. The beach was full of visitors and children, some bathing, and all happy and basking in the sunshine of a beautiful summer morning. The boy was a good swimmer, and seemed to be diving, but no one noticed him particularly, until a cry was raised, and his head disappeared beneath a wave. A man who had just left the water plunged in again to where the boy's

head appeared for the last time, but in vain. Boats were got out and eager search was made, but it was only when the tide turned that his body was recovered, and a sorrowful little procession passed our house to the village. We went to pay a visit of condolence to the poor mother afterwards.

We left East Runton for our visit to Blickling, driving in a closed carriage with our children, it being a very wet day. We arrived about five in the evening in the pouring rain, and just as the carriage had drawn up, past the long walls of clipped yew which made so fine an approach to the front, the figure of a rather attenuated lady in a waterproof, shining in the wet, without an umbrella, came up to welcome us. This was our hostess, Lady Lothian, and very hospitable she was to us, and greatly we enjoyed the charm of her beautiful Jacobean mansion—one of the most complete, I suppose, of the date in England. I made a drawing of the gateway (dated 1619) from the court, and one of the house from the garden, which I presented to our hostess. The colour of the house was delightful in low-toned red brick and warm grey stone quoins and dressings. The famous Library was the great feature inside the house, with its wonderful emblematic ceiling in plaster relief.

A great sorrow had fallen on the house in the death of the young Marquis. Watts had painted a portrait of him in life, and had since designed a monument, which was then in the church near the gates. This consisted of a recumbent effigy of the Marquis, with kneeling guardian angels, one at the head and one at the feet. These were carved in marble.

Lady Lothian's fancy was to have none but *white* birds and animals on her estate, and so we saw white cattle, white doves, white fowls and peacocks everywhere, and the effect of these creatures moving or flying about among the old buildings, or relieved against the dark yew hedges, was exceedingly pretty.

Among the circle we met at The Grange were Mr. William De Morgan and his sister, Miss Mary De Morgan, and Mr. Fairfax Murray. Miss De Morgan had recently published a charming book of fairy tales (*On a Pincushion*) which her brother had illustrated. She had since written some

more, and had asked me, through Burne-Jones, whether I would illustrate them. William De Morgan was too busy with his pottery to be able to do the pictures. He was then working in Chelsea at the Orange House Pottery, and Mrs. De Morgan was then alive (the widow of the distinguished Professor De Morgan), and she lived in one of the charming old houses in Great Cheyne Row, with her son and daughter.

Miss De Morgan's book was entitled *The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde.* It was published by Macmillan & Co., and appeared in 1880.

Another work I had undertaken for the same firm about this time was an illustrated edition of the *Haus Märchen* of the brothers Grimm, the translation of which had already been undertaken by my sister, at the suggestion of Mr. G. L. Craik. (Mr. Craik had married Miss Mulock, some of whose work I had illustrated for Macmillan, and my sister often stayed with them at their house at Shortlands, in Kent.)

This work was some time in preparation, as there were a large number of designs in the form of head-pieces, tail-pieces, and full pages in black and white, and all were engraved on wood by Messrs. Swain.

While I was at work on some of these designs in my studio at Beaumont Lodge I had a visit from William Morris, who was just experimenting in the weaving of arras tapestry, and had set up a loom at his house at Hammersmith and woven the first piece (of a scroll-work design) with his own hands. He now desired to introduce figures, and asked me to do him a design with plenty of trees in the background, which, he said, were always good to work in tapestry. Seeing the "Goose-girl" design, which I had just completed for the Grimm book, as a decorative full page with a border, he said he should like me to work it out large for a tapestry. This I accordingly did, making the cartoon 8 feet by 6 feet, and colouring it. This cartoon was worked out in arras tapestry at Merton, it was exhibited at the winter exhibition of design at the Grosvenor in 1881, afterwards at many other places, both here and on the Continent, and it was finally purchased by the South Kensington (Victoria and Albert) Museum, where it now hangs. It was, I believe, the first figure piece

done at Morris's works, but many of Burne-Jones's designs were done afterwards.

My wife having written to Morris to ask him whether she could get some flannel dyed the beautiful blue of his famous shirts, she received this letter from him:—

"KELMSCOTT, LECHLADE
August 23 [? 18–]

"DEAR MRS. CRANE,—The stuff my shirts are made of is *cotton*: I daresay we could get it for you, if you wanted it.

"On the other hand, if you want flannel dyed to that shade, or as near to it as wool would be to cotton, we can do that for you at Merton, if you will send us the stuff; only sometimes we cannot do things as quick as they are wanted: but I would do my best in the matter with great pleasure.—I am, yours very truly, WILLIAM MORRIS"

About this time Leighton was planning his Arab Hall, as an addition to his house in Holland Park Road. Mr. George Aitcheson was his architect, and he asked me to undertake the designs for the mosaic frieze which surrounds the hall. I had some correspondence with Leighton over the designs, which were submitted to him in the form of small scale sketches. The following is one of the letters he wrote at the time:—

"ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL

"DEAR CRANE,—Many thanks. Cleave to the Sphinx and Eagle, they are *delightful*. I don't like the Duck-women. By the bye, what do you say to making the circles in the returns starry heavens instead of another sun and moon?—In haste great, yours sincerely, FRED. LEIGHTON"

The "Duck-women" above mentioned were in a suggestion of mine for a design (in one of the circles) of Sirens, after the traditional treatment seen in Greek gems, representing these creatures on the rocks seeking to ensnare the Argonauts.

Leighton had evidently taken the old Saracenic palace at Palermo called "La Zisa" as the model both for the mosaic treatment and the plan and proportions of his Arab Hall.

I remember he sent me a photograph of the mosaic frieze at La Zisa, wishing me to adopt a similar arrangement—so far as the circles on a gold ground went; but I did not realise till many years afterwards, when I visited Palermo, how closely the plan and proportions of the old palace hall had been followed.

It was Leighton's intention to have carried out mosaic decoration on the interior of the dome of his Arab Hall, for I remember his saying to me that, when he was able to afford it, he hoped to "let" Burne-Jones and myself "loose" there; but this never was realised.

In December 1880 I was invited by Lady Pembroke for a few days' stay at Wilton. The idea was that I should be interested in the Wilton carpets and make a design for one introducing the arms of the house of Pembroke. I was duly shown through the works in the village, and saw the looms and the hand-weavers at work. There was, of course, an immense amount of artistic interest in the house as well as out, with its collection of antique sculpture and the superb Inigo Jones double-cube room, with the Vandyke portraits as panelled pictures on the walls—besides the Italian garden and the Holbein porch.

Among the guests were Lord and Lady Brownlow, the Hon. Sydney Herbert (the present Earl of Pembroke), and the Earl and Countess of Wemyss.

I do not suppose that the Earl of Wemyss in conversing with me had any recollection of his visit (when Lord Elcho) to Linton's office in Essex Street in 1859, or could possibly identify me as the small boy who went to inform Linton of his lordship's arrival, on the business of his book on the rifle-volunteer and his equipment—and I did not attempt to revive his memory.

I afterwards visited Lord Pembroke's house in Carlton House Terrace, and had the great pleasure of seeing the room decorated by Watts's paintings there.

Somehow or other the design scheme for the carpets fell through, nor did it fare better with a picture of mine, "Europa," for which Lady Pembroke seemed to entertain a passing fancy, as, though sent on trial, no place could be found for it, and

EUROPA

WALTER CRANE, 1881

(Seeger Coll., Berlin)

TRUTH AND THE TRAVELLER

WALTER CRANE; 1880

(Seeger Coll., Berlin)

"Europa"—born to be a traveller—eventually found a home in Germany.

I afterwards had a little newspaper controversy in the *Westminster Gazette* with Lord Pembroke on the subject of the unemployed, over-population, and Socialism. He was a large handsome man, I remember, but did not seem to enjoy good health, and died young.

Another house in Carlton House Terrace where we were occasional guests was that of Sir Matthew White and Lady Ridley, who used to give large receptions. She was a very amiable lady and kind hostess, but the company was generally rather a proud one.

I remember seeing the late Marquis of Salisbury there, among other eminent Conservative politicians, and thought how well Tenniel and, later, F. C. G. had emphasised his outward characteristics.

Mr. Balfour, whom I saw later, at Stafford House, allowing for exaggeration, was equally like—himself, I was going to say —I mean his caricatures.

At the instance of Mr. George Aitcheson about this period I also undertook other mosaic designs for the town house of Mr. Stewart Hodgson in South Audley Street, which the architect had just designed for him. Leighton had painted two frieze panels, treating the theme of Music, for the drawing-room. There remained four smaller panels to be filled, and for these I designed "Earth," "Air," "Fire," and "Water," as well as two smaller arched panels in recesses of "Stags Drinking" and "A Faun and a Satyr." These designs, also, were made in colour, and carefully tesserated, and carried out with remarkable skill by the Murano Company at Venice.

As to pictorial work, I had become interested in tempera painting, and sent a picture in this method to the Grosvenor that year. This was "Truth and the Traveller." It was painted in some colours, prepared with starch, which W. B. Richmond had recommended to me. I also enlarged and carried out in the same method one of the designs in *The First of May*, using a wet plaster ground. This work I called the "Advent of Spring."

My assistant, Osmund Weeks, was still with me, and was very ingenious in preparing plaster grounds and fibrous plaster panels to paint on, but while the Combe Bank modelling-work was being carried on, a fine white dust settled upon everything in the studio, which was not got rid of for some time, till I was able to use an adjacent coach-house as a modelling-room. Other work of the sort, too, came in, and I was able to keep Weeks going for a long time. We had made the acquaintance of Madame Coronio, and of her brothers, Mr. Constantine, Mr. Luke, and Mr. Aleco Ionides.

The latter had a house in the Holland Park quarter which he had called in Mr. Philip Webb to make interesting. It was originally a builder's house of a not uncommon Bayswater type, though its detached situation in garden-ground with the front entrance in an outer wall gave it a certain character. Webb had made some charming additions to its interior, and among other changes a tiled roof had been substituted for the original blue-slate one. The architect, however, described the house as hopeless: "It was like a feather-bed—shapeless, and when you pushed it in one direction it stuck out in another." I was called in to decorate the ceiling of the dining-room, and to add a frieze. The room already had a fine Spanish stamped leather on the walls and some charming wood-work designed by Webb.

I designed a coffered ceiling in relief, taking the vine as the ornamental motive, and—thinking of Omar Khayyam—I placed an inverted cylix to serve as a boss at each junction of the panel mouldings. The frieze illustrated *Æsop's Fables* in a series of panels, each divided by vertical pilasters panelled with arabesques.

The ceiling and frieze were, when fixed, covered with silver leaf, and then tinted and toned with various lacquers. Afterwards small designs worked in gesso in low relief, *in situ*, were added as fillings in Mr. Webb's panelling at the end of the room and in the fireplace, a long panel above the latter being decorated with a design (also in gesso) emphasising the motive of the vine by a symbolic group framed by an inscription from the quatrains of Omar.

The house was quite a treasury of art, and apart from beautiful oriental china and metal-work and curios of all kinds, contained tapestry and decorations and furniture by William Morris, pictures by Burne-Jones and F. Sandys, Greek vases and a choice collection of Tanagra figures. For these latter I afterwards designed a sort of temple-like cabinet placed in the position of an "over-mantel." This was ebony, with gilded recesses to hold the figures.

SKETCH ON BOARD A YACHT

The work at Holland Park, following the Combe Bank work, also took a considerable time in completion; but Mr. Aleco Ionides was a most amiable and generous client, and seemed rather to enjoy work going on in his house, and was certainly in possession of ample means to gratify his wishes.

The following summer I was invited to join him with a party on a yachting cruise.

The party were to start from Liverpool Street and embark

at Brightlingsea. I, however, missed the train, and had to join the party at Ryde, so I lost the first part of the voyage. The party consisted of four men, I think, and two ladies (Miss Sechiari, daughter of Madame Coronio, and Miss Edith Gellibrand). I was never much of a sailor, and being somewhat breezy when we left Ryde, it took me some little time to get my sea legs, though there were intervals when I could make sketches on deck. The yacht was a 40-ton yawl, and she sailed well, the cabins small, but compact and well appointed. Our destination was Torquay, and it was interesting to mark the various features of the coast as we sailed along. Our morning bath was an enlivening shock administered by one of the crew with a bucket or two of sea-water thrown over one on deck—the ladies having a luxurious bathroom below; the intellectual amusements consisted mainly in shooting at a champagne bottle, trailed astern, with an air-gun, and playing "Grab" in the saloon in the evening.

I had not seen Torquay since leaving it as a boy in 1857, four-and-twenty years before, and as we entered the bay and anchored outside the harbour it was interesting to recognise the old landmarks and the spots so familiar in early days.

Landing, we paid a visit to Mr. Ralli, a friend of my host's, who had a villa somewhere on the hills above the town. He appeared to amuse himself by rapid speculations on the Stock Exchange, as he was receiving telegrams every few minutes.

He drove our party in a phaeton and pair to Dartmouth, where we saw the old *Britannia* training-ship in the river, passing it in a steam launch which took us up to Totness, where we had a look at the old town, and returned to Dartmouth, and so back to Torquay, re-embarking in the yacht for the return voyage to Ryde. We enjoyed a splendid sail before the wind all the way up the Channel and through the Solent, with the spinnaker out. Altogether it was a pleasant trip, and one went back to town feeling very fit.

We were deliberating where to take our children that summer, and had heard of a house at Richmond, in Yorkshire. With our friend Edward Blount Smith (one of our old friends

of the Roman days), a landscape painter of much feeling and refinement, I travelled down to look at the place, which, though extremely striking and interesting as a town, did not seem particularly suitable for children on a holiday. So after a rapid survey and a night at the hotel, we returned to town and reported.

I had been invited to Naworth Castle again, to take part in a play the house party were getting up. This had been written by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, and its title was *Riquet with the Tuft*, an amplification and treatment in verse

SKETCH OF THE REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE (NAWORTH, 1881)

SKETCH OF T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON (NAWORTH, 1881)

of the old fairy tale, with some charming scenes and songs in it. Mr. Brooke was himself one of the house party. The leading rôle of the Prince Riquet with the Tuft was taken by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, who described it as "Hamlet with a hump." To E. R. Hughes was assigned the part of the Court painter; Charles Howard, the eldest son (now Lord Morpeth), took the part of a prince-suitor to the princess, represented by his sister (now Lady Mary Murray). I was to take two parts—one of the old gardener in the first scene, and one of the rejected suitors in another. Great preparations were made. A stage was erected at the top of the great hall, we were all learning our parts, the costumes were ready, the rehearsals

were in full swing, the guests were invited, when—news arrived of the death of Lord Lanerton at Castle Howard, and everything was put off.

It was at Naworth that I met Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who was, of course, a neighbour of the Howards, and it may have been in a great measure due to his influence that the Earl and Countess and their family afterwards took up the teetotal cause, which they did with great energy, and, being landowners, had considerable powers in respect of public-houses on their estates, which it was said they were not slow to exercise.

As regards the drink question, I always felt that excessive drinking was rather an *effect* than a cause of misery and poverty.

By the death of Lord Lanerton the Hon. Charles Howard, Mr. George Howard's (the present Earl) father, was brought a step nearer to the earldom of Carlisle; but he did not survive his elder brother, and the earldom eventually fell to our friend Mr. George Howard, who sat in the House of Commons as member for the division of his county, until, in the natural course of events, he went up higher—though, probably, if he had had his choice, he would have preferred to spend his time in his studio, or painting in Italy. He wrote to me about this period from the Library of the House of Commons, as follows:—

"I have been wishing to call on you for a long time, but my time gets so filled up now that I have to waste so much of it down here, that I have not been able to manage it.

"I had a large number of wallpapers of your design sent to me by the manufacturer. The blossom patterns are specially lovely; but he has not sent me the nursery wallpaper.

"I am anxious to see the drawings you have done for Miss De Morgan's book. I have been working hard at my landscapes, but have not been out anywhere."

* * *

My early friend, Mr. Somerset Beaumont (brother-in-law of the Rev. Stopford Brooke), was another gentleman who found himself in the House at one time (as member for

Wakefield), but apparently without the slightest taste for and very little interest in politics, and he was glad to retire from the turmoil of party strife. He writes about this time from Shere, in Surrey, where he had bought a house, to ask if I had any pictures at any of the winter galleries, and expressing a wish to see them if I had, and he is good enough to say that—

"I am surrounded in my habitation by works of your creation: they all improve upon acquaintance, and find themselves in sympathetic company of some of Costa's and poor F. Walker.

"I did not see the Grosvenor Gallery collection, as I returned very late to England; but I was glad to hear you found a Gallery where you could give free scope to your genius and fancy.

"The scenery about here is quite lovely, and infinite variety of form, outline, composition, and colour. Then the human beings are as courteous, picturesque, and unaspiring as Ruskin himself could possibly desiderate.

"I hope you will see it all some time. This winter I am going to Egypt and some other Mediterranean shores I have not yet seen.

"I hope Mrs. Crane and the children are quite well. Pray give my kind remembrances."

It was during the winter of 1881 that a group of designers and decorative artists formed themselves into a little Society to discuss subjects of common interest to themselves and bearing upon various branches of design. The idea was initiated by Mr. Lewis F. Day, whom I had not seen since the old days of "The Quibblers," and it was pleasant to renew my friendship with him when he invited me to join this Society.

The other original members were Mr. Henry Holiday, Mr. Hugh Stannus, Mr. T. M. Rooke, Mr. G. T. Robinson, Mr. (now Sir) James D. Linton, Mr. E. F. Brentnall, Mr. Sacheverell Coke, Mr. J. D. Sedding, Mr. H. Arthur Kennedy, Mr. George Simonds. Mr. H. M. Paget, Mr. Henry Page, Mr. T. Erat Harrison, and Mr. J. T. Nettleship joined us later. We used to meet at each other's houses or studios

about once a month from October to May, the host of the evening being responsible for the refreshment of both the outer and the inner man, and he had to provide a paper or open a discussion on some subject or question of decorative art.

The name "The Fifteen" was adopted from a popular puzzle with which people were wont to exasperate their spare moments about this time—some trick with fifteen numbers and one blank in a square box. We never, however, really numbered fifteen. Some joined and some left, but we kept our meetings up for two or three years, and should, no doubt, have existed longer, but for the ultimate but natural absorption of our members into a larger Society, which was formed in 1884, with similar objects to ours, namely, "The Art Workers' Guild," but which was able more effectively to raise the banner of Decorative Design and Handicraft and to gather under it a larger and wider representative group of artists. Mr. George Simonds, the sculptor, was the first Master of the Art Workers' Guild, and Mr. J. D. Sedding the second, the gifted and most sympathetic architect, whose early death was profoundly regretted by all who knew him. "The Fifteen" was really born in a snowstorm. The first meeting was at Mr. Lewis Day's house in Mecklenburg Square, on a certain Tuesday in January, I think—known as "Hurricane Tuesday." In fact, Beaumont Lodge was almost buried in the drifts of snow, and the blizzard was so severe that I did not turn out. However, there were a dauntless few who made a quorum and started the Society, which was the means of bringing forth many interesting papers and pleasant fireside discussions.

In December 1881 my friend Edward Blount Smith proposed I should join him on a little trip to Italy. Rome was his destination, but we stopped on the way at Paris, at Turin, and at Genoa, where we visited the tomb of Mazzini in the picturesque cemetery outside the town, full of very extraordinary examples of modern Italian sculpture. Mazzini's tomb was in strong contrast to most of its neighbours—dignified and massive in its Doric simplicity and severity.

The Genoese palaces commanded our admiration in the splendour of their painted and stucco interior decoration, telling of the former wealth and importance of the port. The

city showed abundant signs of preparation for the Christmas feast, whole bay trees being used to decorate the butchers' shops, which were then quite as much in evidence as in our own country at this season.

We spent Christmas Day, however, in Pisa, and they brought us with pride an English plum-pudding at the restaurant where we dined—if, indeed, our Christmas pudding can be called our own, and has not been imported at some remote time, together with raisins and currants.

I had not seen either Genoa or Pisa before, and of course

SKETCH OF MAZZINI'S TOMB (GENOA, 1882

found both very interesting, and we sketched as we went along. I remember making a little coloured sketch of the Baptistery and the Leaning Tower from outside the gate. Fair indeed they looked in the clear sunlight of that winter day, with the purple mountains behind them.

We drove out to the great pine forest of Il Gombo, which had been a favourite sketching-ground with Edward Smith before. The beautiful silhouettes of the dark stone pines relieved against the ultra-marine of the Carrara Mountains in all the grandeur of their sculptured masses can never be forgotten, or the impressive gloom in the forest overshadowing the dark waters of the Fiume del Morte.

From Pisa we went to Florence, and it was a joy to renew

one's acquaintance with its beauties and wonders of art, first seen ten years before.

Continuing our journey to Rome, we stopped at Arezzo, where we saw the fine Piero della Francesca frescoes in the church, and after a night there, in a somewhat primitive hotel, went on to Perugia, where we spent a few days. Leighton had told me that though it was true they had put on what he called "a dickey" in the shape of a brand new Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele, the mediæval town was still intact behind it, and so we found it.

The air was very still, and the valleys appeared in the mornings and evenings wrapped in layers of thick white mist, through which the tops of the mountains appeared like islands in a silver sea.

From Perugia we went to Assisi, where we were much charmed with the beautiful Lower church of the famous Monastery, its vault adorned with the frescoes of Giotto.

Our last resting-place before Rome was Orvieto, so strikingly situated upon its steep, with commanding views up and down the valley of the Tiber, with its shrine-like Cathedral, and the strong frescoes of Luca Signorelli, and its west front rich in thirteenth-century sculpture and sparkling with gold and mosaic. The church was blocked with scaffolding at the time of our visit, and extensive repairs were going on; but under the wise direction of Signor Boni much interesting work has been preserved from decay and neglect.

At Rome we met Vedder and many of our former artist friends of the old circle and some new ones, among whom was Mr. Ross, a genial and versatile Norwegian painter.

After a pleasant few days' stay, during which I found time to make several drawings and to discover considerable changes, notably in the appearance of the Forum, which had been extensively excavated since I had made my drawing of the Arch of Titus in 1871, with the avenue of acacias, which had now gone, I left my friend in Rome, and started homewards alone, but having a great wish to see Ravenna I made a detour at Bologna to visit that wonderful treasury of Byzantine architecture and mosaic. The mosaics in the churches at

that time had not been touched, and wonderfully impressive they were. There was a pathetic, melancholy feeling about the old city, as of departed splendour, and memories of Dante, whose tomb it contains—grass growing in many of the streets, and the level marshy country around bordered with pine forests increased this impression.

I broke my journey, too, at Siena, and saw that most interesting and delightful city for the first time, and enjoyed the treasures of art in the Cathedral. On the way to Florence I stopped at Poggibonsi, and took the six miles' drive in a

SKETCH AT VENICE (1882)

vetture to San Gimignano—a unique place, and an almost perfect example of an Italian mediæval town, complete with its gates, walls, and towers, though only thirteen of the latter were left—out of fifty, it was said.

I also touched at Venice on my way home, arriving, I remember, about six on a morning early in January. I was rowed from the station through the silent deserted canals, a solitary light reflected on the dark water here and there, and as I was landed on the hotel steps the Ave Maria sounded, and my gondolier stopped, and putting his hands together, muttered a prayer.

I paid my devotions, later, at the great shrines of art—St. Mark's, the Accademia, the churches, and I made a drawing of the island of San Giorgio, which I afterwards exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

From Venice I went through to London. In the train I met an Oxford professor of science, and during the usual pause in Paris we dined together, and nearly missed the train to Calais. He was anxious to bear home as a trophy a yard of bread, and duly secured one at the restaurant, but in the haste of our rush to catch the train the yard of bread was after all forgotten.

Before that January was past a sad sorrow fell upon us in the death of our fourth child, a little son who had been born in the previous June. The heavy fogs which visited London at that time proved fatal in their effects, and our child, who never seemed very strong from the first, succumbed to a cold which settled on the lungs.

This upset us so much that, after laying him to rest at Kensal Green, we determined to leave our house for some time.

We went, in the first place, to Eastbourne with our two little boys and a nurse, but after stopping there a while turned inland, and eventually discovered a retreat near Sevenoaks—a delightful house on the side of a hill overlooking Sevenoaks Weald. It had been an old manor-house, and retained a fine old Gothic hall with open-timbered roof. This and the house, however, had been "restored" and added to, with the idea of making it a modern country residence, and there had been no attempt to make the modern part harmonise with the old hall. There was a farm attached of about two hundred acres in extent, and this was managed by a steward, who with his family lived in a part of the house.

We had abundance of room, and the old hall was a delightful place for the children to play in in bad weather. One of the rooms had a good north light, and I was able to paint and carry on my work. So we stayed on here through the spring, until the copses were blue with hyacinths and the valley filled with the song of nightingales.

I find a letter from Professor Herkomer, dated May 27,

1882, acknowledging one of my books I had sent him, probably *Pan-pipes*.

The letter is headed with his shield bearing a scroll-work design of German type entwined with his motto on a ribbon, "Propria Alis." It runs as follows:—

"MY DEAR CRANE,—My daughter and I thank you sincerely for the gift of your beautiful book. This surely cannot, and *must not* be the last! Just at such a time when such imitation as Kate Greenaway and her crew are taking away the masculine tendency you started, you are more than ever needed.

"I enjoyed the other evening thoroughly.—Ever yours,

"HUBERT HERKOMER"

This year saw the appearance of *Grimm's Household Stories*, which my sister had translated, and for which I had furnished a large number of illustrations in the form of full pages with headings and tail-pieces to each story. These were engraved on wood by Messrs. Swain, and the book was printed by Messrs. R. & R. Clark, and no pains were spared upon it. It was called "The Crane Edition," and has been reprinted several times, remaining still a favourite with the public.

Another book published this year was *Pan-pipes*, a book of old songs with the tunes. In this I had the advantage of the co-operation of Mr. Theo. Marzials, himself a most charming song composer. The book was in oblong form, so as to be convenient on a piano, and to each song there was a coloured design, taking the form of a decorative border enclosing the music. It opened with the delightful "Tudoresque" melody, as Marzials called it, of Mr. Malcolm Lawson's setting of Marlowe's words, "Come live with me and be my love"; but this was the only modern exception, as the rest of the airs were all arranged by Mr. Marzials from the old traditional ones. Marzials himself seemed really more like a troubadour than a modern person, and was always most delightful to meet, apart from his musical gifts.

While at Wickhurst the sad news arrived of the sudden

death of my sister. She was at the time among her friends in the north of England, engaged in giving the series of lectures which were afterwards published by Macmillan & Co. under the title of *Lectures on Art and the Formation of Taste*, with a memorial Introduction by my brother and myself. It was in March, and my sister, never very strong, must have rather over-tasked herself, as after one of the lectures she fell suddenly ill, and died very shortly afterwards at the house of the friends she was with. My brother went down immediately

PORTRAIT OF LUCY CRANE (1882)
(*Given in "Art and the Formation of Taste"*)

to make the final mournful arrangements, and she was laid in the family grave at Kensal Green.

I have already written of her remarkable musical accomplishments. She was also skilled with her pen and pencil, and had shown remarkable refinement and a cultivated taste, both in art and literature. She had projected a visit to Italy, to which she was looking forward with immense interest, before her untimely death. Altogether this was a sad spring-time for us. My picture this year for the Grosvenor, "The Roll of Fate"

THE ROLL OF FATE

WALTER CRANE, 1882

(Somerset Beaumont Coll.)

(painted at Wickhurst), with the verse from Omar, was expressive of one's feelings at the time:—

> 'Would that some winged angel ere too late
> Arrest the yet unfolded scroll of Fate
> And make the stern recorder otherwise
> Enregister—or quite obliterate.
>
> O Love, could you and I with him conspire
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
> Remould it nearer to the heart's desire."

To set against the domestic sorrows of this year I had the great gratification of hearing from Mr. G. F. Watts that he desired to possess my picture, "The Renascence of Venus." An artist's appreciation and sympathy is always doubly gratifying, and that one of Mr. Watts's eminence should think so highly of a work of mine was particularly so to me.

Here is the letter he wrote at the time:—

"LITTLE HOLLAND HOUSE
July 5, 1882

"MY DEAR MR. CRANE,—I have always desired to possess your picture, 'The Birth of Venus,' and as long as it remains unsold I shall find some pleasure in the possibility, but certainly I should not consider myself justified in offering you a smaller price than the one you name. I know it was what you had fixed upon the work, and only think it too small. The expenses of my building and framing my pictures for the collection at the Grosvenor have crippled me, so that I am unable to gratify my longings at present, but I may have some better time later. I am glad you like the effect of the paper ground.—Yours very sincerely, G. F. WATTS"

"If you are leaving your old house, you may find some difficulty in placing your pictures. I know I did, and do for that matter. If so, and you see no chance of disposing of your picture, will you let me have it and pay for it by instalments? say £50 at a time [the price was £300]. I might hesitate to make such a proposal in general, but I think you will understand that nothing can be further from my mind than an offence."

In reply to my letter agreeing to his proposal he wrote again:—

"LITTLE HOLLAND HOUSE
July 8, 1882

"DEAR MR. CRANE,—I shall be delighted to have the picture, and will try and be not very long about the payment of the whole sum; but I have very *particular* reasons for wishing to be able to hang up the picture *as a lent picture.* I may as well say, not to make a mystery, that there are certain people of my acquaintance who wanting money might think that I am not behaving in a friendly manner in making purchases I can do without, instead of lending or giving such purchase money (this is between ourselves), and I think you will understand it, so please let me have the picture for a *very short* time as a loan.—Yours very sincerely,

"G. F. WATTS"

Mrs. Russell Barrington, who has always been very sympathetic about my work, and has frequently written about it from time to time, sent me a very kind letter. She being a next-door neighbour, saw a great deal of Mr. Watts, and therefore her letter written at the time my picture was sent to Little Holland House may not be without interest here. It is as follows:—

"MY DEAR MR. CRANE,—I must write and tell you what delight your beautiful picture gives. Mr. Watts is really in ecstasies over it, says in all pictures old and new he never saw such an exquisite silvery tone . . . and that he never did anything so good . . . that he is quite in love with the 'Venus' . . . in fact, is quite enthusiastic.

"It is so nice to see a beautiful thing in a house where it is loved. We speculate how far it is tempera and how far oil, will you give us a little light? And, by the bye, Mrs. Merritt asked me the other day if I could find out how the last book of yours was done, the big serious work I mean [*First of May*]. The process of engraving she meant, and whether it was photographed. If not too much trouble, will you tell me?

"I wonder if the pool and the reeds have got into a sketch

yet [a reference to a spot near Tunbridge Wells I think she had seen on a visit to us]. Please remember me most kindly to Mrs. Crane and the dear chicks, and promise me, if you can, to give us an evening and dine with us, if you are coming to town, and will write a card to say when it will be.—Yours very truly, E. I. BARRINGTON

"4 MELBURY ROAD, W.
July 28"

Mr. Watts's opinion of my picture seemed, too, to stand the test of years. I had later many letters from him in which he repeatedly records his opinion, and expresses his intention of presenting it to the Tate Gallery. Here is one in answer to a request to lend it to an exhibition:—

"LIMNERSLEASE, GUILDFORD
November 13, 1900

"MY DEAR MR. CRANE,—Of course I will lend the pictures with a great deal of pleasure—glad that your picture, which I always admired so much, should be seen. I have never lost my admiration for it, and feel I ought to have profited more from my appreciation of the qualities in it which my work does not possess. I shall, with your permission, give it to the Gallery of British Art. I always regret not seeing more of you.—With regards to Mrs. Crane, very sincerely yours, G. F. WATTS"

He writes again on October 24, 1902:—

"I do not doubt 'Venus' has been much admired! My opinion, which has never changed, was proved by my purchase of it, for I never was a picture-buyer. Your place in art will always be among the highest. I do not greatly value contemporary opinion.

"I want to give the 'Venus' to the Gallery of British Art [Tate]. I do not think you are represented there."

Again, July 5, 1903, just a year before his death, he writes:—

"I do not think you are represented in the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank, and if you do not object I shall present the picture to it.—Very sincerely yours,

"G. F. WATTS

"If the picture is not in your way, will you let it remain till I have made arrangements?"[1]

SKETCH OF BEATRICE CRANE
(LITTLEHAMPTON, 1882)

Our little daughter (now nine years old, I give a sketch of her done at Littlehampton later) had been previously sent to a school at Tunbridge Wells, so that it was conveniently near to see her and have her over to stay.

In the early summer, however, to be still nearer to her, we took up our abode at Tunbridge Wells, finding comfortable (but expensive) quarters overlooking the Common in a little furnished cottage in a large garden.

While at Tunbridge Wells I was invited to read a paper during the University Extension courses which were arranged in the vacation at Oxford that year. Professor York Powell had asked me to undertake this, and I was his guest at his rooms in Christchurch College for the night. His other guest was Mr. W. B. Yeats, whom I met for the first time, a very young man with long black hair, pale face, and slight stoop, then unknown to fame, whose quiet manner and dreamy look no doubt concealed unknown depths of poetic imagination.

[1] The picture was then in my studio, having just returned from its Continental tour.

My subject was "The Architecture of Art" (included in my *Claims of Decorative Art*, afterwards printed), and I illustrated it as I went along by rapid sketches on the blackboard. We dined in the common room with the Master and Fellows afterwards, and everybody was very agreeable.

Professor York Powell I had met in London. He had a house at Bedford Park, and was a near neighbour of another friend, Mr. T. Erat Harrison, the artist. He used also occasionally afterwards to attend the Socialist meetings at William Morris's at Kelmscott House, and was a guest of the Art Workers' Guild sometimes. An extremely interesting man, full of learning, yet most retiring and modest. He had an observant, contemplative manner, behind the facial outworks of glasses and a pipe, and a personality which gave one the impression of suppressed force and reserve of power.

At Tunbridge Wells I think we stayed until August, seeing a few friends from town occasionally, and then moved on to Littlehampton—a place I had not seen since 1860.

While here, Mr. E. R. Hughes came to stay with us and paint a portrait picture of our two boys.

The place had grown a bit as a seaside resort, but the old jetty was there, and Arundel Castle stood as of old. The sands were wide and safe, and it was a good place for children.

We used to hire tricycles of I know not what antique make, and trundle along on these "old crocks" to our infinite satisfaction, and fortunately the country was very level. The Safety bicycle had not then appeared, and there was nothing between the "ordinary" (with its *extraordinary* big wheel) and a heavy tricycle.[1]

It was indeed the heroic age of the bicycle. The intrepid way in which the young men of the period mounted and rode those high-steppers and endured the bone-shaking over a fifty-

[1] We had tricycles at Beaumont Lodge, and I recall one occasion when Mr. Watts came to see us he was induced to take his seat on one, and went wobbling about the lawn with some satisfaction, but I do not think he ever set up one for himself. He used to ride on horseback a good deal, but now complained of the danger of the slippery wood pavements and the time it took to get out of London, and so had some idea of taking to the wheel as a substitute, I fancy.

inch wheel, innocent of pneumatic tyres, was amazing. One used to see the Clubs turning out in all their bravery on a Saturday afternoon on any main road out of London—troops of wheelers in their close-fitting neat uniforms of dark blue or grey, with tight knee-breeches, like young men out of W. S. Gilbert's opera *Patience*, preceded by buglers to clear the way.

Patience reminds me that when Mr. W. S. Gilbert was considering the setting of this opera, in which he caricatures the æsthetic movement, he consulted me as to suggestions for stage costume and scenery. I remember going to see him when he lived in The Boltons, when he explained his ideas on the subject. As a supporter at the time of what was described in his opera as the "greenery yallery Grosvenor Gallery," I was a little afraid of his wanting to guy the Burne-Jones School too much, and I remember saying that I naturally did not want to lend a hand to pull to pieces my own nest; but as he seemed to want something really beautiful as a setting, I was induced to make a sketch for a garden scene; but I don't think I could have quite lent myself to the comic and satiric spirit of his opera, and my plan was not actually followed, though I detected that hints had been taken from it when I saw the opera produced—though I cannot say I found myself in any way enriched.

The wariness of a man of business and the alertness of a theatrical manager were the qualities that seemed most in evidence in my personal impression of the ingenious humorist and comic poet. One arrangement in his room struck me as very convenient and practical, and that was the wide mouth of a convenient shoot for letters. He got rid of his letters for the post in this way at once, as they fell into some receptacle in the hall below, and got posted—or perhaps posted themselves!

Later, when the new Savoy Theatre was being projected—at the suggestion, I believe, of Mr. Arthur MacMurdo—Mr. D'Oyley Carte consulted me about the decoration and planning of the theatre. I remember meeting him and Mr. Michael Gunn about the business, and I made some suggestions and sketches. I wanted them to adopt the ancient Greek and

Roman plan for the arrangement of the seats for the stalls and pit—the seats to be built in curved tiers, rising step by step from the floor in front of the stage.

It all came to nothing, however, and the next thing I heard was that Messrs. Collinson & Lock had been commissioned to carry out the work on another scheme.

This reminds me of the too sympathetic solicitor in the Bab Ballad who, after expending an immense amount of interest (and even tears) on a case, when he was consulted, his client "the Captain," after all,

> "——toddled off next door,
> And gave the case to Mr. Cobb."

MEMORY SKETCH OF HENRIK IBSEN (ROME, 1883)

To return to Littlehampton: we finally determined to spend the winter in Rome again, and so towards the end of September we with our little family worked along the coast to Folkestone, from where we presently took steamer to Boulogne. Our party had been increased by a young lady, Miss Fyfe, who acted as governess to the children. We got through the usual discomforts of the long journey, taking it in fairly easy stages, and in due course found ourselves in Rome once more.

Our first business was to find quarters, which we did before many days in our old neighbourhood, finding a suitable *appartement* in Capo le Case, within a stone's throw of where we had been located in 1873, in San Giuseppe. We had the top floor or piano, with access to a loggia—or flat asphalted roof—open to the sky, decorated with pots of small lemon and orange trees, which was very pleasant.

On the piano below us, in the same house, lived at that time no less a literary celebrity than Ibsen, then not widely read or known in England, though he had made a considerable repute as a dramatist in his own country, in Germany,

and on the Continent generally. We never became personally acquainted, however, though our friend Mr. Ross, the Norwegian painter, had some acquaintance with the dramatist.

I often saw him taking his constitutional on the Pincio. He usually appeared in a long grey frock-overcoat reaching to his heels, and a very wide, curly-brimmed silk hat, and he walked with a heavy cane, so that altogether he rather suggested an old-fashioned doctor of medicine, and his face, with shaved chin and grey side-whiskers and *pince-nez*, certainly bore out the impression.

We renewed our acquaintance with many old friends in Rome, and made many new ones. Among the latter must be named Madame Helbig, the wife of Professor Helbig, the head of the German Archæological Institute at that time, and their residence was close to the Tarpeian Rock. Madame Helbig, a striking figure and a most accomplished and learned lady, took the most friendly interest in us and our children, and even took charge of our little daughter's music lessons for a time. She was indeed a most genial and generous soul, and carried a large heart and a wide mind in an ample frame.

Another interesting personality was Miss Beresford, whose early death was much deplored. She was a great friend of Madame Helbig's, and they frequently met at our rooms.

Another frequent visitor was William Davies, known as the author of a book of poems. He used also to make little etchings of Roman subjects, and had a copperplate press in his rooms, where he printed them. He induced me to try my hand, and I did one or two small plates; but I never took heartily to etching as a method of expression.

William Davies had some acquaintance with the Rossetti circle, and Smetham, who was also known to Rossetti, was a particular friend of his. Davies was an accomplished Italian scholar and a great student of Dante, and had an immense love for Italy and Italian life.

I regretted that unfortunate circumstances afterwards hopelessly estranged us, as at the time we saw much of Davies and even had a scheme for a children's book together, for which his friend Ross composed tunes and Madame Helbig arranged them—but alas! it never saw the light.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murch were then living in Rome, and at their rooms we met Mrs. Lynn Linton again, I remember; Mr. Ridley Corbett also (afterwards A.R.A.), who had a studio in the Via Sistina, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, the sculptor, and his family. The latter was then comparatively unknown, but the tide was just about turning with him at that time, after a hard struggle, and important commissions were coming in. Leighton had bought one of his works, and his generous appreciation did much to bring the extraordinary genius of Gilbert to the front. He seemed to me always to show a tendency to waste his powers, and I fear his artistic fastidiousness compelled him often to destroy exquisite preliminary suggestions and sketches for his work. There was always a sense of unrest and strife, as if with an invisible enemy about him, and he gave one the impression of a man who had never emerged from his "sturm und drang" period.

We renewed our acquaintance with Costa, who since we had last met had taken to himself a charming wife, and now had a little daughter. Signora Costa was a delightful Italian lady and very lively and good-humoured, and we became great friends.

The Costas had a country retreat near Bocca d'Arno (where M. R. Corbett frequently worked). Here is a greeting sent to us for a New Year written by Costa himself—

"Il Sigr. Walter Crane e Signora
Spero vorranno accettare gli
Auguri di felicita per il nuovo
Anno, che gli invia il di sono.

"Collega amico e servo
"Giocato Giovanni Costa

"Marina di Pisa"

No sooner had we arrived in Rome than I received a letter from Dr. Nevin, who was the clergyman of the American church (designed by Mr. G. Street) in Rome. This was to ask me to undertake the design and painting of an important frieze for the newly built house at Newport, R.I., of Miss Catherine Wolfe of New York. It was for the decoration of the dining-room. The subject was to be taken from Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armour." There was an old

tower at Newport which was said to be a relic of the early Norse discoverers and settlers in America, long before Columbus, and stones with runic characters incised upon them were said to have been found in the neighbourhood. Others, however, said the reputed tower was only the base of a mill; but the States are not wealthy in antiquities, and it seems cruel to deprive Newport of the interest of such a promising relic. I was desired to introduce this tower into the frieze, and I had a photograph of it to work from. There were four lengths of frieze of about twenty-four feet each for the four sides of the room, one of which was invaded by the window heads. I schemed a continuous sort of decorative picture, the incidents succeeding one another without formal break or division into panels, and then painted the frieze (which full size was about three feet deep) in flat oil colour, each length being on a continuous roll of canvas worked upon wooden rollers, around which it was looped, and could be run forwards or backwards by handles affixed to the same.

It was necessary for such a work to take a studio at once, and I found one in the Via Sistina, very near our *appartement* —not a particularly good one, it is true, but studios were scarce, and I made it do.

My neighbours on the same floor were the late Lord Lamington and his family, I remember.

I had rather contemplated being free to make studies in and about Rome, as in the old days, but as I accepted this commission, I had to practically stick to my studio most of my time, and even then did not finally complete the frieze until I returned to England, though the greater part of it was sent to Newport direct from Rome when finished.

During the progress of the work I had a visit from Sir Augustus Paget, then English Ambassador at the Italian Court. He brought some beautiful lady with him, whose name I did not catch, but she was very appreciative about the designs. I remember calling at the Embassy and seeing Lady Paget and her daughter, afterwards Lady Windsor and now the Countess of Plymouth, and we attended a reception there in the course of the season.

I afterwards met Lady Paget at one of Leighton's recep-

tions at Holland Park Road when the Arab Hall was completed, and she expressed her approval of the mosaics.

We sometimes indulged, my wife and I, in a ride on horseback out into the Campagna, a diversion of which we were both always fond. We got very good hacks in Rome, and certainly it was the pleasantest way of seeing the country. Dr. Nevin, a keen horseman, accompanied us on one occasion, and we had a long ride outside the Porta Pia, encountering near a farm the wolfish dogs of the herdsmen, which flew at us as we rode by, but did no damage. I remember his relating some of his experiences in the American War, in which he served as an aide-de-camp. He spoke of spending thirty-six hours in the saddle sometimes, and when sleep overcame him he would dismount, and hooking the bridle over his arm, secure a nap underneath his horse with no fear of being trampled on.[1]

Dr. William Spottiswoode and his wife came out to Rome during the spring, and paid us a visit. He was then out of health, and unfortunately he contracted a fever while in Rome, from which he never recovered. In him I lost a valuable friend and the most considerate and generous client I ever had.

Another interesting man I met in Rome at this time was Mr. Wentworth Buller, who first taught William Morris to work in the high-warp loom, which led to his revival of arras tapestry. Buller was an enthusiast for hand-weaving and had an extraordinary knowledge of Oriental carpets and woven stuffs, especially Persian silks. He had a fine

[1] As I write, the announcement of Dr. Nevin's death meets my eye, with an account of him in the *Morning Post* (October 2, 1906). He seems to have kept up his riding to the last, as he is reported to have died while hunting in Mexico. I find a letter from him dated Rome, October 23, 1883, in which he speaks of having been delayed on his return there at Paris and Venice. He "was charmed, by the way, at the latter place with some small mosaic cartoons of yours that I saw in execution at the Cia-Venezia Murano." (These were probably some of those I designed for Leighton's Arab Hall or for Mr. Hodgson's house.) He sends me "the architect's measure for the windows in Miss Wolfe's house," and incidentally mentions the frieze, asking for a complete set of the photographs from it, and concludes: "Rome is lovely, as ever, and I wish you were to be here this winter. Kind remembrances to Mrs. Crane.—Very truly yours, R. J. NEVIN."

He was certainly the most genial and unaffected clergyman I had ever met

collection of such things. He was full of the discovery he had made that the finer Persian rugs were made of goat's hair. I remember he got me to design some animals treated rather in the Persian manner for some work he was then engaged upon; but he too, unfortunately, fell a victim to what was called Roman fever. As a memento he left me a very interesting piece of silk, of Persian design but of his own weaving. This his sister sent to me after his death. He was connected with the Buller family of Devonshire.

We had some very pleasant and interesting excursions to Frascati and Albano and the ruins of Tusculum. Mrs. Burtchaell (a lady who lived in Rome and had started a school of embroidery among the women, with a view to perpetuating the characteristic traditional patterns of the Campagna peasantry) and her daughters and Dr. Nevin were of the party, and we formed quite a cavalcade (on donkeys!).

Tivoli, too, was again visited, and our youngest child not seeming well, it was thought a stay there might be beneficial, and my wife took him there; but the hotel, it was to be feared, was not sanitary at that time, so that any benefit from the air of the hills was counteracted, and I believe the seeds of typhoid fever were caught there by my wife, though our little son got better.

This proved a most serious disaster, for although the fever did not manifest itself definitely for some time, we determined to make for home. My wife was far from well when we started. We had intended to break the journey at Florence, but finding her apparently better on reaching there, we went on to Lucerne. There a Swiss doctor whom we called in looked grave, and said that if she went on it would be at considerable risk, and it must be at our own. This anxiety clouded the sunshine and beauties of Lucerne, then fresh and smiling in its new spring dress, the little villages by the lake looking as if they had just been taken out of toy boxes and planted there.

We determined to go on, however, and in due course reached our roof-tree on the evening of June 5, 1883.

I called in our doctor, who at once ordered the patient

DIANA AND THE SHEPHERD

WALTER CRANE, 1882

to bed. A nurse was installed, and straw laid down in the road, as quiet was essential, and every measure was taken to fight the fever, but it was an anxious time, only cheered by the kindness of friends, and it was not until the 24th June that my wife was able to sit up for an hour; but from that time she improved, although the effects of such an illness were felt for a long time afterwards, and a depression of the nerves remained, which it took many months to recover from.

In the autumn we paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull at their charming country home, near Ashburton, in Derbyshire. They were old friends of my late sister, and they had been among our visitors in Rome the previous winter. They had purchased a picture of mine which I had worked out the previous summer at Tunbridge Wells, and which was in the Grosvenor Gallery in the summer exhibition of 1883. This was in water colour, and the subject, "Diana and Endymion," altered in the catalogue to "Diana and the Shepherd."[1] I had sent it in a silver instead of a gold frame, but this dismayed the Management so much that I was implored to have it gilded.

In addition to this picture, I exhibited a portrait of my wife and two portions of the Newport frieze, "The Viking's Wooing" and "The Viking's Bride."

I revisited this autumn my old haunts in Derbyshire also, with my wife, stopping at the little fishing inn at Lead Mill. There was little change in the aspect of the valley, but time had made gaps in the old inhabitants, and my former hosts at Hazelford were no more.

[1] In connection with this picture, "Diana and the Shepherd," it may be interesting to note that among my hostile critics (I always had plenty of them) was Mr. Harry Quilter, who then wrote in the *Spectator*. He had seen me in Rome the winter before, and so he thought he would be down upon me, and having abused the picture generally, wrote that it was strange that an artist who had studied so long in Italy could not paint an olive tree. As it happened, the background for this picture had been found on Tunbridge Wells Common, so I was able to turn the tables on him on this point.

It is only fair to acknowledge, however, that some time afterwards Mr. Quilter, in his own magazine, the *Universal Review*, an Art Review he conducted for a time, in writing of a later illustrated work of mine, handsomely withdrew his former disparagement of my artistic capacity.

The Institute of Painters in Water Colours had been busy considering a scheme of re-organisation. They had had a gallery in Pall Mall nearly opposite Marlborough House, where their exhibitions had been held for many years since they seceded from the old society.

A meeting was called of unattached painters in water colours, but chiefly, I think, of members of the two committees of the Dudley Gallery general exhibition of water-colour drawings, and members of the Institute, to discuss a proposal for amalgamation, and a scheme for the acquisition of new galleries in connection with a company then being formed — the Piccadilly Art Galleries Company.

As a result, most of the members of the Dudley committee joined the Institute, or rather were elected into it, I being among the number, and the new galleries in Piccadilly were opened. I exhibited my water-colour work there from this time onwards for about seven years, and also joining the Institute of Painters in Oil, who held their exhibitions in the winter. This gave me another opportunity for showing my work in oil.

"La Belle Dame sans Merci" appeared there in the following year, 1884, and "Beauty sat Bathing by a Spring," also a study made in the Beaumont Lodge garden, I entitled "In a London Garden," though the fact of its being so was openly discredited by some of my critics.

I was also busy with an elaborate design for a picture completed and exhibited the following year (1884) at the Grosvenor. This was "The Bridge of Life." I had made a large number of designs for it, and had been meditating it, while the genesis of the picture owed something to my visit to Venice, and I think the design was suggested by the sight of the small marble foot-bridges over the canals, approached by steps each way, and the stream of people passing across them of all ages, while the black gondolas passed to and fro beneath — some of the earlier sketches for it, in fact, quite followed, on slighter lines, the Rialto type of bridge, but in adapting the suggestion to a purely allegorical idea much simplification became necessary.

My own description, given in a preface to a catalogue of

"LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI"

WALTER CRANE, 1884

an exhibition of my works some years later, may perhaps be given here—

"The legend is perhaps not difficult to read, though it is an age that loves not allegory. The thread of life from the staff of Clotho woven into its mystic and complex web by Lachesis, and severed at last by Atropos. The boats of life and of death meeting under the frail bridge. From the one, Young Life disembarking, and climbing the stairs, fostered by father and mother, led and guided and taught by Eld: following its child-like play, till made the sport of Love in the heydey of youth: till the trumpet of Ambition is heard and 'the middle of life's onward way' is reached.

'We look before and after,
And sigh for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.'

Fortune and Fame pursued and ever eluding the grasp: till the crown perhaps is gained, but the burden of the intolerable world has to be borne. Lot's wife looks wistfully back. Tottering Eld is led by Youth; the eyes of the old man resting on the boat with its dark freight, while the boy is intent upon tasting life's apple. Hope holds her little lamp, led by Love, even on the descending steps of life; when farther down the frail glass of existence is shattered, and the mourners weep and strew the memorial flowers over the silent dead."

A letter of the late Randolph Caldecott may be of interest here. It refers to the silver cup, mentioned in the previous chapter, in which Du Maurier collaborated with me as a designer. It appears the work had in the first place been offered to Caldecott, who took alarm at the prospect of working for so exacting a client, and—wisely, perhaps—declined to attempt to meet his ideas, which were certainly extensive.

"BROOMFIELD, FRENSHAM, FARNHAM, SURREY
January 25, 1884

"MY DEAR CRANE,—Perhaps you may be able to find a few minutes to read the accompanying amusing rigmarole in.

"I had an interview with the interesting writer at the beginning of the month. He asked me to undertake part—a small part or a large part—of the getting-out of the cup: or rather, he had been recommended to apply to me by several artists, so he wanted to find out whether I had anything to show him that would justify him in giving me the work (or part of it) to do.

"Before we parted I think he would have entrusted a portion of the work—all the reliefs of the base—to me; but I was fearful of being worried by a man of so many beautiful ideas, and I knew that I had enough work already promised.

"I told him he would have to be always near the cup in order to explain to gazers the beautiful meaning of the pyramidal base, etc., and I said that if he had put the whole thing into my hands—designing, modelling, and getting it reproduced in silver—I might have undertaken it!!! He, or they, will spend £600 on the cup. I reprimanded him for having promised the reproduction of the thing to Hunt & Roskell. I further told him to put down his notions on paper, and I would show them to some artists. He has so done—and before asking T. Armstrong if he knew of any rising geniuses who could help Mr. S——r I thought I would venture to place the thing before you. Although you must be very busy and be above bothering with the man's notions, yet it occurred to me that you might possibly see your way to designing the four reliefs—perhaps modelling them too—and fixing the exact general design of the cup.

"Pardon me for troubling you on the chance that you might take an interest in the matter. I do not suppose that the scheme is in a form to tempt you—even if you have time. I believe Du Maurier has half promised to make the drawings for cup part at £50 each.—Yours, R. CALDECOTT"

This charming artist died only two years later at St. Augustine, Florida, whither he had gone for the winter, almost as a forlorn hope for his health.

The following letter from his close friend, Mr Thomas Armstrong, has a mournful interest:—

THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

WALTER CRANE, 1884

(Seeger Coll., Berlin)

"14 SHEFFIELD GARDENS, CAMPDEN HILL, W.
February 14, 1886

"MY DEAR CRANE,—As I have not seen you or heard from you lately, I have been meaning to write to you, and am moved to do so now by having very bad news to send you, which I am sure you will be grieved to hear. Poor Caldecott died yesterday morning, at St. Augustine, Florida.

"He seemed to be recovering from the illness he had about Christmas, and had been out twice.

"On Friday his wife telegraphed that he was dangerously ill, and that his friends and his brother in Barbadoes ought to be informed.

"Yesterday afternoon came the news of his death. We were all in great perplexity yesterday, for it seemed desirable that somebody should go out, which, on the other hand, the very great distance rendered it impossible for one to get to Florida before the time when Mrs. Caldecott would like to come away if she is well enough. She was asked by telegraph if she would like somebody to come, and said 'No.'

"It is very sad and, although he was so ailing, very sudden, and his friends, who are many, will feel his loss very much. To me it is a very serious trouble.

"I hope you will try to see me soon if you are still of the same mind and will give the Department your help.—Yours very truly, T. ARMSTRONG

"WALTER CRANE, Esq."

I afterwards met a brother of Randolph Caldecott's—Mr. Alfred Caldecott of St. John's College, Cambridge, who was known for his musical compositions. He had asked me down to distribute the prizes and give an address at the Cambridge School of Art. The Master of Caius (Dr. Perowne) presided, and was my host afterwards.

During the summer of 1884 we met Mr. Augustine Birrell, who happened to be a guest at the house of some friends (Mr. and Mrs. George Freeman), who at that time had a pleasant house near the Thames, on a tributary stream which flowed through their grounds.

My impression of the future author of *Obiter Dicta* and

Minister of Education (also Chief Secretary for Ireland) in the Liberal Government of 1906 was that of a rather self-contained and absorbed gentleman with a quiet smile, of distinctly legal aspect, and early Victorian whiskers, clothed in white flannel, who pulled a good steady oar, and took a capable hand at lawn tennis, but who could also sit contentedly enough in the shade of pleasant trees on a summer afternoon without such violent delights. He, later, married the daughter of our friend, Frederick Locker Lampson, the widow of Lionel Tennyson.

We also renewed our acquaintance with Swanage the same summer, and afterwards paid a first visit to Scotland, spending three pleasant weeks in the Isle of Mull with our friends the Turnbulls, who had taken a shooting lodge at Aros Moor in the Isle of Mull for a season. Here at Aros Bridge we were on the historic ground celebrated by Walter Scott in his *Lord of the Isles*, also Ulva's Isle, associated with the ballad of *Lord Ulin's Daughter*. We covered most of the island, I think, in our excursions, from Deuart Castle to Tobermory, where, by the way, I remember Lord Pembroke's steam yacht was pointed out lying in the harbour.

At Aros Bridge I fell in with Malcolm Lawson, who was at that time hunting up Scottish songs for his *Songs of the North*. The weather was characteristically wet and showery, and proved too stormy to attempt a voyage to Iona and Staffa, originally projected; but the rich colouring of the moors and mountains, intensified by the frequent showers, in the intervals when the sun shone was very wonderful; as also the sudden transformations effected in the landscape by the changeful sky, the mountains often appearing to be suddenly wiped out or hidden in veils of rain, and as rapidly disclosed again in pearly light or banded by rainbows; leaden-looking lakes transmuted into sparkling silver, or black rocks becoming nuggets of gold in the sunshine and the extraordinary translucence of the rain-washed atmosphere.

LIBRARY

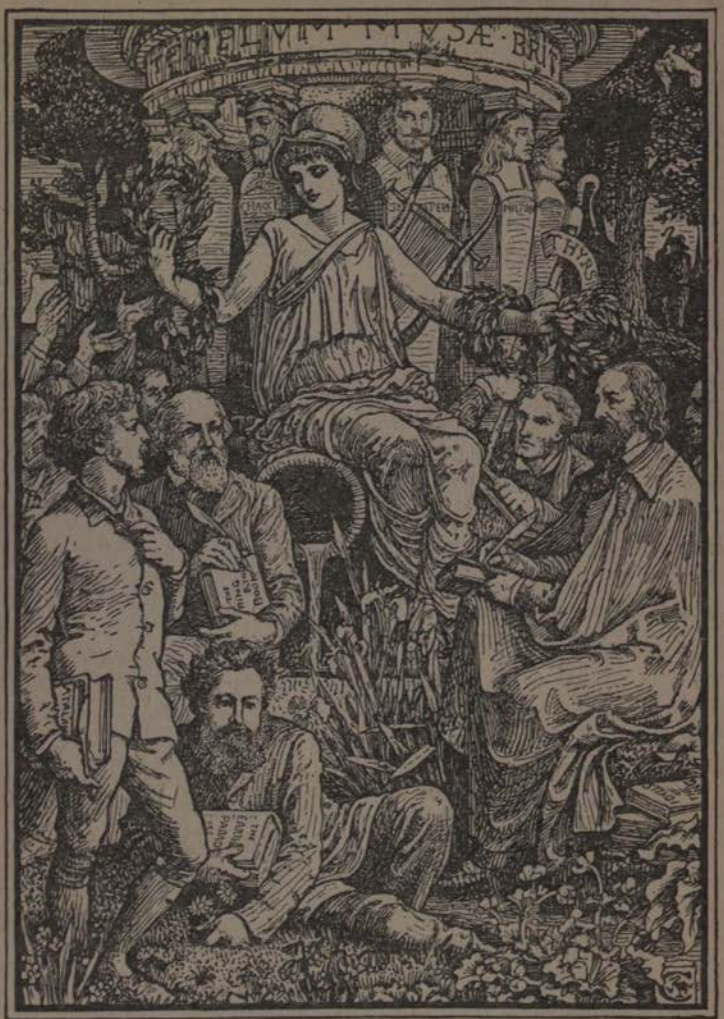
CHAPTER VIII

ART AND SOCIALISM, 1885–90

AMONG the smaller occasional designs I did while in Rome during the winter of 1883–84 was a frontispiece for Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.'s selection from "Living English Poets," which may claim a certain interest from the fact that of the groups of poets I represented on the slopes of an English Parnassus, including Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, and Swinburne, the last named only now survives.

I heard also from Mr. Comyns Carr, who had been appointed Editor of a new magazine,—the *English Illustrated Magazine*, projected by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.,—asking me to design the cover—which I did. The magazine has gone through many vicissitudes since, and has changed hands, as well as its format and cover, many times since. Some attempt at first was made in the direction of relieving the effect of ordinary type by introducing decorative adjuncts of printing in the shape of headings, initials, and tailpieces, some of these being reproductions of old designs by sixteenth-century German masters and others, as well as some modern designers, such as Heywood Sumner and Louis Davies, and some care was spent upon the wood-engraving, which was a feature of the magazine. In furtherance of this decorative aim I sent a poem, *A Herald of Spring*, which Carr printed. I wrote it out in a script of my own with decorative borders to occupy four pages, and it was reproduced in facsimile. This was followed by another one similarly treated, entitled *Thoughts in a Hammock*. I next offered a more important poem, *The Sirens Three*, previously mentioned as being in the metre of Fitzgerald's translation of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam. Each

page embodied a separate design and contained the text in a script of my own. The poem being long appeared in many



FRONTISPIECE TO "ENGLISH LIVING POETS"
Designed by Walter Crane

instalments in the magazine, and was afterwards issued in book form with a newly designed title-page by Messrs. Macmillan.

Socialist aspirations are expressed at the conclusion of the poem, and it contained a dedicatory sonnet to William Morris which I give here—

TO WILLIAM MORRIS

The Mage of Naishápúr in English tongue
Beside the Northern Sea I, wandering, read;
With chaunt of breaking waves each verse was said,
Till, storm-possessed, my heart in answer sung;
And to the winds my ship of thoughts I flung,
And drifted wide upon an ocean dread
Of space and time, ere thought and life were bred,
Till Hope did cast the anchor, and I clung.

The book of Omar saw I, limned in gold,
And decked with vine and rose and pictured pause,
Enwrought by hands of one well-skilled and bold
In art and poesy and Freedom's cause,
Hope of Humanity and equal laws:
To him and to this hope be mine enscrolled.

September 1885

I sent a copy to the poet, and received the following letter from him in reply:—

"KELMSCOTT HOUSE, UPPER MALL, HAMMERSMITH
October 3, 1885

"MY DEAR CRANE,—Many thanks for your note and the copy of the beautiful sonnet; which, however, makes me blush; and I don't know what our comrade, Joe Lane,[1] that contemner of votes of thanks, will say.

"It was nice of you to remember my painted book.[2]—With best wishes, yours fraternally,

"WILLIAM MORRIS"

Morris praised the designs in the book, but was not satisfied with the way they were reproduced.

I also sent a copy of *The Sirens Three* to Mr. Watts, who wrote—

"Your book is and will be a real pleasure to me. I don't

[1] A stern and active member of the Socialist League.

[2] The copy of Omar Khayyam before mentioned, illuminated by William Morris, belonging to Lady Burne-Jones.

know how I have deserved that you should send it to me. I will not say how much I admire it, lest you should think me a flatterer, but you must excuse a little envy."

It may be of interest to give here, also, a rather remarkable letter I had from him about a picture of his, entitled "The Soul's Prism," which was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery the next year. I had written a sonnet on the picture, which I sent him. It was as follows:—

Star-stedfast eyes that pierce the smouldering haze
Of Life and Thought, whose fires prismatic fuse
The palpitating mists with magic hues
That stain the glass of Being, as we gaze,
And mark in transit every mood and phase,
Which, sensitive, doth take or doth refuse
The lights and shadows Time and Love confuse,
When lost in dreams we thread their wandering maze.

Fledged, too, art thou with plumes on brow and breast,
To bear thee, brooding o'er the depths unknown
Of human strife and wonder and desire,
And silence wakened by thy horn alone—
Behind thy veil behold a heart on fire,
Wrapped in the secret of its own unrest.

Mr. Watts acknowledged this as follows:—

"L. H. H., Melbury Road
March 23, 1886

"My dear Mr. Crane,—Thank you for the sonnet. That my picture could interest you so much is an extreme gratification to me. If you would like to print the sonnet I shall be very much pleased, for the picture will admit of no explanation or name in the Grosvenor Catalogue. Indeed it is but a stuttering that I should never have expected even you to follow or make any sense of. I myself can hardly give a mental form to the confused ideas which it endeavours in some slight way to focus, vague murmurings rather than fancies which constantly beat me and rather prevent any kind of work than aid.—Very sincerely yours,

"G. F. Watts"

The picture was, however, entitled "The Soul's Prism" in the catalogue, and my sonnet was printed underneath, so I presume the artist felt it was not altogether wide of the subject.

At Mr. F. G. Stephens's request the sonnet was printed in the *Athenæum* at the time.

I do not think more than a year or two had passed since Morris and myself had first embraced Socialism. Morris was first, of course, and I recall the period of his earlier lectures and addresses, which show his gradual conversion from his earlier attitude of "the idle dreamer of an empty day" to an ardent and active Socialist. He naturally approached the question from the art side, and it was the conviction of the hopelessness of any real and permanent or widespread improvement in design and handicraft (which he himself had made such practical efforts to revive and to place upon a vital basis) under the existing economic system and the deplorable effects of modern machine industry, both upon art and the workers under the control of competitive capitalistic commerce, which really drove him into the Socialist camp. He hated the shams and pretences and pretentiousness of modern life and its glaring contrasts of wealth and poverty; he noted the growing ugliness of our cities; he loved simplicity, and, with all his keen artistic sense and instinct for colour and inventive pattern, I believe he preferred plainness, and even rudeness, to insincere or corrupt forms of art.

He was no sentimentalist, however, but went to the root of things in everything he took up, and a study of Karl Marx and other economists only strengthened his Socialist convictions. He saw the evils and dangers which arose from the tendency of excessive wealth to fall into the hands of the few, and the disastrous working of the commercial principle of absolute individual possession of land and of the instruments of production and distribution in its effect upon the condition of the people at large. He saw the world divided into a possessing class, with their hangers-on, and a vast dispossessed class dependent for life itself upon the condition that their employment should be a source of profit to the employers, and he saw the resulting competitive struggle, commercial booms, followed by commercial depression and want of work,

and a chronic state for many of what he termed "artificial starvation."

He brought his vivid insight into and intimate knowledge of mediæval life to bear on modern problems, and in his *Dream of John Ball* associates the ideals of the English popular revolt of the fourteenth century and its leaders historically with those of modern Socialism, and he places on record in delightful form in *News from Nowhere* his own vision of a socialist or communistic state in the midst of the well-loved and familiar landscape of the Thames valley.

On the occasion of one of his addresses in some hall near Tottenham Court Road (it might have been Store Street, but

WILLIAM MORRIS'S DESIGN FOR THE CARD OF MEMBERSHIP OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC FEDERATION

I am not sure), some of his old friends (who looked upon him as a prophet in decorative art, though but few could follow him as a Socialist) were present, and were a little startled and flustered by some of the things he said, and I remember one saying rather apprehensively, as we came out, "He bears the fiery cross!" His intense earnestness and profound conviction set one thinking, however, and to a mind already more or less prepared by the economic writings of John Ruskin, and possessed of Radical sympathies in politics of long standing, it was not difficult to advance farther, even though such advance involved some divergence from the main road of contemporary thought.

A little pamphlet entitled *Art and Socialism*, issued as

one of the "Leek Reprints,"—really a reprint of one of Morris's addresses,—had a great effect upon my mind, and led me into a correspondence with Morris on the subject, in which I stated all the objections or difficulties which occurred to me against Socialism, as I then understood it, and he very kindly wrote fully in reply. The result was that the difficulties disappeared, and from the verge of pessimism as regards human progress, I accepted the Socialist position, which became a universal solvent in my mind. It was the question which swallowed all other questions—"Like Aaron's rod," as Morris said at the time.

A helpful book which he told me of was *The Co-operative Commonwealth*, by Maurice Grünland, the author of which I afterwards met in London (H. M. Hyndman's *Historic Basis of Socialism*, and a translation of Karl Marx's *Das Capital*, were also among the most informing books on the subject). I think this was at Wedde's Hotel in Greek Street, a favourite rendezvous for men and women of advanced political and social opinions of all schools at that time.

I met here Pierre Kropotkin, the Russian prince and savant, who had suffered so much for his opinions, and who has won universal respect and sympathy in this country, charming all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance by his genial manners, his disinterested enthusiasm for the cause of humanity, and his peaceful but earnest propaganda in "anarchist-communism," as well as his valuable sociological writings. Stepniak I met later, and Madame Stepniak, at the house of Dr. Todhunter at Bedford Park, where the author of *Underground Russia* also lived, and where at the level crossing of the North London Railway he came by his untimely and tragic death.

At Wedde's, too, one met the leaders of the then newly formed "Social Democratic Federation," the chief being Mr. H. M. Hyndman. His remarkable force and political insight struck one at once. His power as a public speaker is well known, and it has always seemed to me extraordinary that he never found his way to that best platform in the country—the House of Commons. Even his enemies ought to welcome so able an exponent of advanced views, and so fearless and

trenchant a foe, who would show them the weak places in their armour. But, like others who happen to be in advance of their time, he was not much reported by the press. Apart from the social question, his knowledge of Indian affairs ought to be of the greatest service to that country, and to those responsible for its administration; but warning voices are seldom listened to, and officials do not like questioners, however able, who are possessed of an inconvenient amount of knowledge beforehand.

John Burns, another leader in the Federation and the Socialist movement, was a conspicuous figure at these gatherings. He was then a working engineer. With all his apparent confidence and power of public speaking, he often showed diffidence in private conversation and a certain caution and desire to be politic, but a picturesque and attractive personality, and a strong voice, and his resourceful and popular imagery in speaking made him very influential at public meetings and in the movement generally. H. H. Champion was another well-known member of the S.D.F. Executive at that time. He was an ex-artillery officer, and very ardent and energetic in the propaganda. He afterwards transferred his activities to Australia, like another able and ardent champion of Socialism and Labour leader, Tom Mann, who was a powerful public speaker, and was very much to the fore in the early years of the propaganda, and did excellent service for the workers in connection with the organisation of various Labour Unions.

The organ of the Federation, *Justice*, had recently been started as a weekly paper, as it has continued ever since—a genuine workman's paper, and for a long time all the work on it was gratuitous, from the writers of the articles to the compositors and printers, and, as regards the former, still is so. E. Belfort Bax, Dr. Aveling, Eleanor Marx Aveling (the daughter of Karl Marx, the famous author of *Das Capital*), Miss May Morris, and Mr. Emery Walker were all active spirits in the movement.

Among so many ardent natures there were different counsels, and that natural divergencies of view should take place in the growth of such a far-reaching movement was not surprising, and there are always two wings to every party—a

Right and a Left. Differences arose as to the policy of the Federation among the leaders, mainly on the question of the part to be taken in the elections and how far it was desirable to use the existing political machinery, and the result was that, after a stormy meeting, which went against them, William Morris with his daughter, and I think Mrs. Aveling, Emery Walker, and Belfort Bax, withdrew from the Federation and established the "Socialist League" at Hammersmith, a room attached to Kelmscott House being used for weekly Sunday evening meetings, when lectures were given, questions were asked, and discussions followed.

It was here, I think, that I first met Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who used often to be at Kelmscott House, and frequently lectured for Morris's League. There was indeed a general interchange of lecturers and speakers between the various Socialist groups, which as groups and organisations kept themselves distinct, however, and though they may, as such, have appealed to different sections of the people, from the point of view of political effectiveness and influence it seemed a mistake to show so sectarian a spirit in so large a movement, and not to be able to unite in one party, agreed in principle, while allowing room for different tactics locally.

This want of unity may have hindered for a time the general understanding and acceptance of Socialist principles and aims, and certainly stood in the way of getting representatives into Parliament—which has now been accomplished. Until a movement can make its weight felt politically it is apt to be treated as a negligible quantity in this country. But, after all, it was educational work which was mostly wanted then.

Besides the Social Democratic Federation and the Socialist League, there were the Christian Socialists, allied with certain Churchmen, such as the Rev. Stuart Headlam, and the Guild of St. Matthew, and having the sympathy of such men as Canon Scott Holland and the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. A journal named the *Christian Socialist* ran for a time, edited by Mr. Paul Campbell.

Then there was, and still is, the Fabian Society, founded by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw and his group, among whom were

Mr. Hubert Bland and Mrs. Hubert Bland (who writes under the *nom de plume* of "E. Nesbit"), Mr. Graham Wallas, Mr. Sydney Webb, Mrs. Annie Besant, Miss May Morris, and Mr. Sydney Olivier. Many of these have since won distinction in other ways. The Fabian Society certainly has done very useful educational work by its economic lectures and tracts. The Society has addressed itself more to the middle classes, and as regards Socialism has advocated a waiting or Fabian policy, relying rather on the effects of a gradual permeation of society by new ideas than emphatic protest and revolt—the name "Fabian" being an allusion to the Roman general who opposed Hannibal. Representatives of the other Socialist bodies, however, frequently attended their meetings and spoke—Morris himself among the number.

I joined the Society, and lectured for them on several occasions—once, I remember, in Westminster. Town Hall, to a large audience, when Mr. G. Bernard Shaw took the chair, and Oscar Wilde was among the speakers in the discussion which followed.

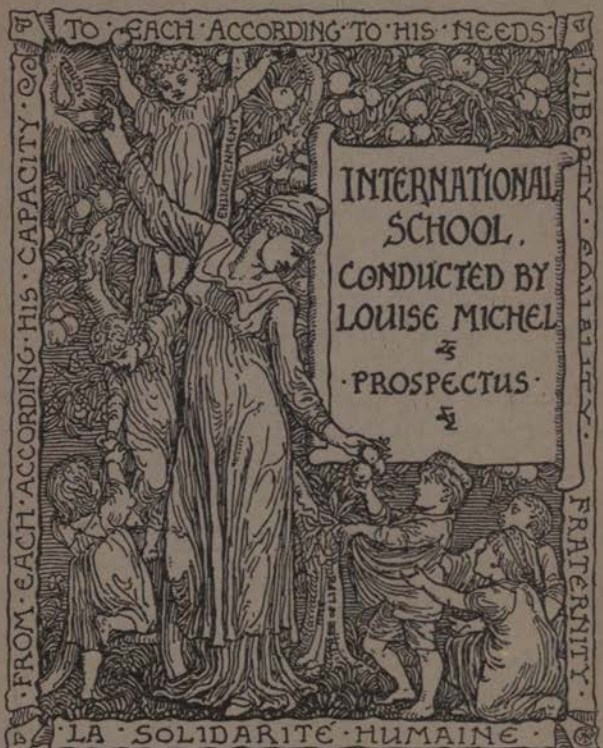
The essential difference between anarchistic and socialistic ideas and aims was not then very well understood or generally recognised, especially as both schools could join in their protests and denunciations of the existing economic system. Prince Pierre Kropotkin represented the most enlightened opinion on the anarchist-communistic side, and a journal with the title *Freedom*, to which he contributed, was conducted for some time with great spirit by Mrs. Charlotte M. Wilson (a graduate of Girton, I believe).

Louise Michel, that devoted and ardent Communist, came over to England about this time and started an International Socialist School in Fitzroy Street. A Committee was formed to support it, and I made a design for the prospectus, which is a remarkable document, and states the principles upon which the teaching is to be based—quoting from Michael Bakounine that "the final object of education necessarily being the formation of free men full of respect and love for the liberty of others."

I heard Louise Michel speak (at Hammersmith). She had much fire and fervour, and her sincerity and enthusiasm

for the welfare of humanity it was impossible to doubt, while her appearance seemed to speak of her strenuous life and struggles and sufferings for her ideal — "La solidarité humaine."

By the use of explosives (other than moral) the extreme anarchist section had set public opinion hopelessly against


TO · EACH · ACCORDING · TO · HIS · NEEDS ·
FROM · EACH · ACCORDING · HIS · CAPACITY ·
LIBERTY · EQUALITY ·
FRATERNITY ·
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL.
CONDUCTED BY
LOUISE MICHEL
·PROSPECTUS·
LA · SOLIDARITÉ · HUMAINE ·

DESIGN FOR LOUISE MICHEL'S INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

them, and, what was worse, confused them and their methods with others who totally disapproved such methods, and their plea for the freedom of the individual and the substitution of purely voluntary effort and organisation in social matters, instead of regular government and its complicated and coercive machinery, was obscured and lost sight of. Indeed, by

using force, those who protest against force and coercion are themselves employing means which they themselves denounce.

There was reason to believe, however, that so-called "anarchist plots" were manufactured by police agents in some cases, and certainly police spies or agents disguised as sympathisers attended the Socialist meetings, and got themselves enrolled as members of Socialist bodies. One Coulon was well known for the persuasive manner he would use to induce people to speak at these meetings (in the hope they would compromise themselves), creeping about amongst an audience and addressing individuals, *sotto voce*, with this object. But he was eventually found out and exposed. Such tactics are too base and detestable for words.

Funds were much needed for the Socialist propaganda, and the drama was called into requisition with this object.

I remember, on one occasion, a play was given, I think at Ladbroke Hall, in which Mr. Bernard Shaw himself appeared, —red beard and all,—but I cannot remember whether the play was one of his own writing, or whether the author was Dr. Aveling, who with his wife certainly appeared at another time in a play of his own. William Morris, too, came out as a playwright, and actually took a part himself in it—that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, called as a witness in court. The title was *The Tables Turned; or, Nuptkins awakened*, and the play turned on the trial of Socialists for sedition, by a prejudiced and tyrannical judge, whose proceedings are interrupted by the social revolution which breaks up the sitting and releases the prisoners. Then we are shown what happens afterwards—the country peacefully settled and everybody happy, except old Nuptkins, who is a vagrant hiding from what he fears will be the vengeance of his former victims, who now transformed into comfortable rustics at their village Folkmote turn the tables upon him, but in the end only require him to do some honest work for his living. Miss May Morris appeared in this scene, singing "Come, lasses and lads," to her own accompaniment on her guitar.

It appears there was some difficulty about filling the part of the Archbishop, as so unlikely a person as I was applied to to take it up! A comrade writes:—

"As you no doubt are aware, we are producing an 'Interlude,' written by Morris, which is to be played next Saturday. Everything is all right but a part for the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is called as a witness in a trial for sedition. It is not a large part, but Morris thought you would not mind taking it, if you had time. Should you be able to do so, we should be glad to have a word from you to-morrow night, when we meet again here for rehearsal. If you come here at 8 p.m. we shall be extremely glad to see you.—Trusting you will be able to help us . . ."

I did not fancy myself as an Archbishop, however, and so lost—well, what I am sure was no loss to the audience!

It was a very interesting performance. Morris (in full canonicals) was said to look more like an archimandrite than an archbishop, and no doubt he did, with his full beard; but he played his part well, though looking a little too bluff.

There were other attractions, too, for after the play Mr. John Burns appeared rigged out in gay Japanese costume, with a Japanese umbrella, and gave the song "Titwillow" from Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, *The Mikado*, very popular then. That was in 1887. I seem to have got a little ahead chronologically, but it was in this year that another distinguished personality in the movement, who frequently attended the Kelmscott House meetings, Mr. Edward Carpenter, author of *England's Ideal*, wrote to me to ask me to do a frontispiece to his *Chants of Labour*. He says:—

"*December* 7, 1887

"I am bringing out very shortly a song-book for the use of the Labour party, Socialists and others, and want to know whether you would be so good as to help me with a design for frontispiece or cover, or both. The book will contain fifty or sixty songs, with music,—a pretty good average, with plenty of variety,—and I think will be a help to the movement. I should be very pleased if you could do this, as I am sure it would add greatly to the circulation; and if you are willing, and would let me know, I will call upon you, and show you specimens of the songs and give you details about the book.

I am going to lecture at Hammersmith next Sunday, and might meet you there, or could see you any time on Friday up to 5 p.m.

"I think of calling the book *Chants of Labour.* Sonnenschein has the MS., but if you would like to see it *in toto* I can get it from him.—Yours fraternally,

"EDWARD CARPENTER"

The book duly appeared with my cover and frontispiece, and I believe it has been a favourite in the movement.

Edward Carpenter might almost be called the English Walt Whitman, as he shares much of his spirit as well as the power of expressing his thoughts in irregular cadences. His large-hearted humanity and aspirations after a simple life penetrate all his writings, and he has done good service against the callous demon of vivisection.

Among others who occasionally attended the Hammersmith meetings was Mr. H. G. Wells. I did not, however, make his acquaintance, and never heard him speak there. Mr. Catterson Smith, the artist, now head of the Birmingham School of Art, was very constant in his attendance, and frequently took part in the discussions. Mr. Robert Steele, also, and Mr. John Burns, Mr. Sydney Webb, Mr. Graham Wallas, and others; Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham occasionally, as well as those previously mentioned.

Mr. Felix Moschelles, the artist, whose delightful *Reminiscences* are well known, was always an earnest Socialist, and was generally to be seen at the important meetings. Latterly he has worked hard for the cause of International Peace and Arbitration, and conducts the journal *Concord.* I met Mr. Keir Hardie, who has come so much to the front, later.

I remember, too, a Mr. Craig, who had been connected with some industrial and social experiments in Ireland as organiser and director many years before, but who despite his great age had lost none of his enthusiasm, and often spoke with much fire and energy.

Mr. Halliday Sparling acted as Secretary, and Mr. Emery Walker as Treasurer. After the meetings it was the custom for Morris to ask the speakers and a few of the chief members of the

Branch into the house, where, in the famous dining-room, on the oaken board, a cold supper was spread, and the evening finished in a talk round the fireside.

Morris and his group, who rather inclined to the communistic, or, at one time, even anarchistic, side of the movement, while the Social Democratic Federation represented the political side, also started a weekly paper to give expression to their views. This was *The Commonweal.* Morris designed the title, and he asked me for some little headings, which were also used for pamphlets issued from the same Press.

In the summer of 1885 I had designed a cartoon for *Justice*, ready for a big meeting in Hyde Park. A suggestion for it had been made by H. H. Champion. Capitalism was represented as a vampire fastening on a slumbering workman, and an emblematic figure of Socialism endeavours to arouse him to a sense of his danger by the blast of a clarion.

It was curious that a while afterwards the pictorial motive of this obviously inspired a cartoon of Tenniel's in *Punch*, but he applied the vampire idea to the Irish Home Rule question and Nationalist movement—and against both, of course.

Those were days when one of the recurring waves of commercial depression had fallen on the land, after a period of comparative prosperity,—an inevitable accompaniment of the capitalist system, as Socialists have continually pointed out,—and as a consequence the army of the unemployed rapidly increased, and the distress that winter (1885–86) was very great.

There were meetings in Trafalgar Square and in Hyde Park, and on one occasion, early in February 1886, large numbers had marched in procession to the square and proceeded afterwards to Hyde Park, led by John Burns waving a red flag, by which he earned the name of "the man with the red flag." In the Park the crowd surged around the fashionable people in their carriages, and frightened some of them very much, though no damage was done. On leaving the Park after the meeting was over, large crowds of unemployed and doubtless hungry men poured along Oxford Street, with them no doubt all sorts of elements and characters generally to be found in a London crowd, and it was said that some shop

windows were broken and some provisions taken; but it must be remembered that the police were that day conspicuous by their absence, and the West End might be said to have been practically at the mercy of the demonstrators. Under these circumstances the wonder was not that such incidents had occurred but that the food and drink shops were not generally attacked.

The West End, however, had a thrill of horror, and thought a revolution was really upon them. The Socialists were freely blamed, but their numbers were absurdly exaggerated, as at that time they were really only a handful. To begin with, Mr. Hyndman described the leaders as no more than could easily be got into a four-wheeled cab.

One gentleman on Campden Hill—I believe it was Lord Walter Campbell—publicly announced his intention, in a letter to the papers, of fortifying his house and arming his servants with Winchester rifles!

In the next number of *The Commonweal* I designed a cartoon entitled "Mrs. Grundy frightened at her own shadow," or rather, I had it first, "Madame Bourgeois." Morris, however, in the following letter recommended this change as being advisable:—

"KELMSCOTT HOUSE, UPPER MALL
HAMMERSMITH, *Monday*

"MY DEAR CRANE,—Thanks for note. Yes, I got the cartoon all right, very many thanks for it; I thought it very good indeed, and also well cut. I think we had better call the lady 'Mrs. Grundy,' as a foreign language will not be understanded by all our customers. We have come to the conclusion to keep it for the first number of the weekly issue, as in any case the event has ceased to be a current one, and as we have quite made up our minds to go in for the weekly.—Yours very truly,

"WILLIAM MORRIS"

This shows that *The Commonweal* was first started as a monthly, which I had forgotten. The following winter the unemployed trouble began again, but a military dictator had been appointed as Chief of the Metropolitan Police in the person

MRS. GRUNDY FRIGHTENED AT HER OWN SHADOW

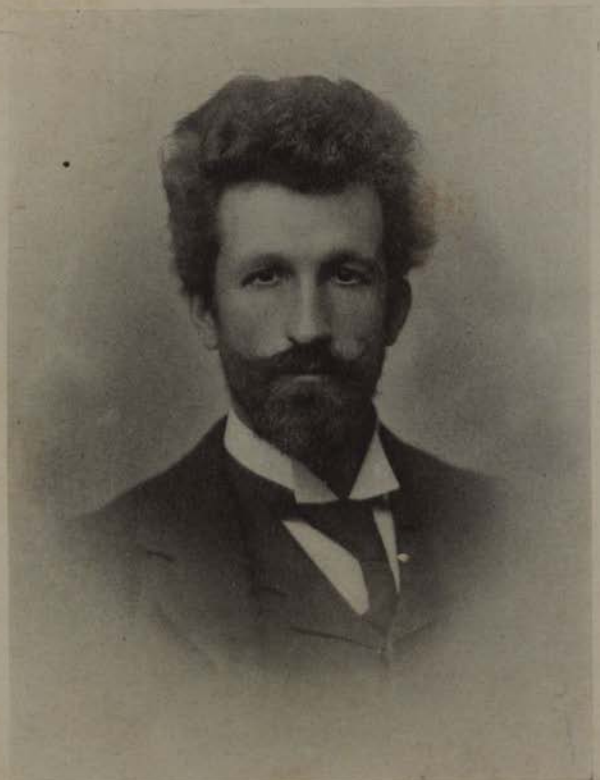
Cartoon for "The Commonweal" (1887)

of Sir Charles Warren—a case of a King Stork instead of a King Log—and he proceeded to treat public meetings and popular rights in true military and summary fashion.

In addition to other revolutionary symptoms at this time, the Irish kept the question of Home Rule and separate nationality well to the fore, and in their determined struggle both in and out of Parliament their representatives, like Michael Davitt, William O'Brien, Tim Healy, Joe Biggar, and their Parliamentary leader, Parnell, by their courage, persistency, and resource, set a spirited example of what unity and self-sacrifice is capable in political life. The Socialists supported them. Meetings were held in Trafalgar Square, to protest against the treatment of the Irish political prisoners and to demand their release. These and the meetings of the unemployed kept things busy there. This state of things continued all through the winters of 1885, 1886, but the culmination was in 1887.

There had been upheavals in America too. At a Chicago workmen's meeting on the occasion of a strike and in favour of an eight-hour day, a bomb had been exploded in the midst of a body of armed police who were preparing to attack and disperse the meeting, and in consequence, though no proof had been produced that any of the accused had thrown the bomb, certain of the leading speakers (avowed anarchists) were arrested and condemned to death.

This evoked the strongest protest from English Socialists as well as from the Labour party generally. Petitions were signed, and at length a mass meeting was summoned in Trafalgar Square on Sunday, November 13, 1887. Large contingents of workmen with bands and banners marched from every quarter of London and made for the square, but Sir Charles Warren with an enormous force of police, which he used as an army, issued orders to stop every procession half a mile before it reached the square, and to break it up. Morris at the head of his Hammersmith League was thus stopped. The square, or rather the outsides of it, was already crowded with spectators, and the demonstrators, Trade Unionists, Socialists, political clubs of all sorts, only reached the place of meeting in groups, as their processions were



MR. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

THE RIGHT HONBLE. JOHN BURNS, M.P.

broken up, and there they found that the centre of the square where the meeting was to be held was surrounded by a solid blue hedge of policemen six deep (!).

Mrs. Annie Besant, at that time a most ardent and enthusiastic Socialist and a most eloquent and powerful speaker in the cause, is reported to have flung herself against the solid six-deep wall of police in her efforts to break through to the centre of the square (which was quite empty, except for police officers), stoutly asserting her right of entry.

At another point the cordon was broken by a determined rush headed by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, H. M. Hyndman, and John Burns, but all these were instantly taken into custody, the former being struck on the head by the truncheon of one of "our admirable police" (a phrase used by Mr. Gladstone). The next business of the police was to clear the sides of the square, which were full of people, the larger proportion of whom had come to look on. The state of things was not improved by the frequent charges of mounted police upon the inoffensive crowd. I narrowly escaped myself in crossing over to Parliament Street. There were broken heads. I saw one unfortunate man led by, bleeding; but, worse than this, one man was knocked down by the mounted police and so injured that he died in the hospital shortly afterwards. I never saw anything more like real warfare in my life—only the attack was all on *one* side. The police, in spite of their numbers, apparently thought they could not cope with the crowd. They had certainly exasperated them, and could not disperse them, as after every charge—and some of these drove people right against the shutters of the shops in the Strand—they returned again. So the Guards were called out, and I remember in the gloom of that November evening the glitter of the bayonets, and the red line in front of the National Gallery, and also the magistrate riding up Parliament Street in the midst of a company of Life Guards, having been hastily fetched to read the Riot Act.

The day has been known as "Bloody Sunday" ever since.

The time-honoured right of meeting in the square was suddenly and, as many considered, quite illegally taken away

—in fact, there was no pretence of legality, but it was done by simply brute force.

The three champions of public rights who had actually, at their own risk, broken in—Messrs. Cunninghame Graham, H. M. Hyndman, and John Burns—were put on their trial at the Old Bailey. Mr. Hyndman was acquitted, but Cunninghame Graham and John Burns were committed to Holloway for a term of some months. Mr. Asquith defended. All the prisoners of Liberty made notable speeches in their own defence.

On the day her husband was brought up at Bow Street Mrs. Cunninghame Graham very spiritedly issued invitation cards to her friends, on which the legend ran—

MRS. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

At Home

BOW STREET POLICE COURT

I find a note from her at this time as follows:—

"52 BROOK STREET, W.
November 29, 1887

"DEAR SIR,—My husband's trial is postponed until to-morrow, Wednesday.—Hoping very much that you will be able to come, and that we may have the pleasure of making your acquaintance, believe me, yours very truly,

"G. L. GRAHAM"

Here is a letter from Mr. Cunninghame Graham a few days later. I believe he was committed for trial, and released on bail.

"52 BROOK STREET, W.
December 1, 1887

"DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Graham has asked me to write to you, as she is very ill with excitement and worry, and a bad cold, to thank you for your very kind letter.

"Kind letters (except from the working classes) are all too few.

"You are right; in the future the most well defined public rights will have to be clearly asserted or lost.

"I am glad you think that liberty is worth preserving remarkably few men who have enough to eat and drink seem to care for it. If, as Molière says, 'Cinq ici six coups de bâtons entre ceux que s'aimerait ne fut que regardez avec l'amour,' certainly the public should be full of love, as many thousands were given to perfectly unoffending men and *women* on Sunday in Trafalgar Square.

"Again thanking you for Mrs. Graham and myself, and with hopes that I may soon have the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance, believe me, yours very faithfully,

"R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM"

The action of the police and the Government as to closing the square was considered a blow at the rights of free speech and public meeting, and had the effect of rallying all lovers of freedom in their defence.

As a protest a public funeral was arranged for poor Linnell, who had fallen a victim to the brutality of the police on "Bloody Sunday." After various official hindrances and objections had been removed, this funeral took place, starting from Bow Street. An enormous procession followed the hearse on foot along the Strand, Fleet Street, past St. Paul's, Cheapside, Cornhill, and on down Whitechapel Road to the cemetery at Burdett Road. Cunninghame Graham and Annie Besant, and most of the leading Socialists and their Societies were represented, as well as large workmen's contingents with their banners, and bands playing the Dead March. It was an impressive spectacle, and all London lined the streets, and frequently uncovered as the hearse passed.

A song for the occasion was written by Morris, which was set to music by Malcolm Lawson, and this, with a cover I designed, was sold in the streets at the time, and sung by those in the procession.

In connection with meetings of protest held in various places at the time there were arrests of some of our comrades who were too outspoken for the police, or on the plea of "obstruction"; and on one occasion there was a large muster of Socialists at Bow Street before Mr. Vaughan to be bail

for the prisoners. In reference to this, this postcard was received :—

"19 Avenue Road
December 3, 1887

"Please hold yourself ready on Monday, December 5th, to go, on receipt of telegram, to Police Court named in the telegram, to bail out persons arrested to-morrow.

"Annie Besant"

COVER OF LINNELL'S DEATH SONG

Mrs. Besant conducted a magazine of her own, with the title *Our Corner*, for which I made her a cover design. It

was in this magazine that Mr. G. B. Shaw's original novel, "Cashel Byron's Profession," appeared, if I mistake not, and also a second one, the title of which I do not recall. His first, "An Unsocial Socialist," appeared, I think, in *To-Day*, another magazine devoted to the Socialist cause though open to the expression of various opinions, and at one time edited by Mr. H. M. Hyndman.

Another small journal which bore a cover design of mine was *The Practical Socialist*. E. Belfort Bax, W. K. Burton, and Thomas Bolas (who also issued leaflets and pamphlets from a press of his own) were among the contributors.

Yet another was *Time*, edited by E. Belfort Bax, for which I designed the cover.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, then edited by Mr. W. T. Stead, played an important part at this time, and took a strong line in the defence of public liberty, which certainly was at that time in some danger, and the paper was our chief supporter in the press.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustafson from the United States, who had distinguished themselves by their ardour in the teetotal cause, we met about this time,—it was at the Holman Hunts,—and they both showed the keenest interest and sympathy with our struggles at the time. They were the joint authors of *The Foundation of Death*. Mrs. Gustafson was also the author of poems. We became very friendly before they returned to the States.

On the release of Mr. Cunninghame Graham and John Burns great demonstrations were held to welcome them. I remember a large meeting in a hall in Argyll Street, near Regent Street, full of enthusiastic supporters, at which a tea was given in their honour, and certainly the fervour of the welcome must have been gratifying to the champions of public rights. Representatives of all shades of Socialist opinion were there. Mr. Graham's health had suffered while in durance, and public speaking was trying for him, and he nearly broke down on one occasion.

This was at a very large and rather turbulent meeting (on February 20, 1888) in a riding-school in Seymour Place, near Edgware Road, not a favourable place for speaking, but the

best that could be got, and at that period, in this free country, halls were frequently refused for Socialist meetings. The platform was at one end of the long tan-strewn shed, filled with people, mostly standing, though there may have been a few rows of chairs in front.

That staunch and noble-minded true Irish patriot and devoted and self-sacrificing fighter for the freedom of his country who so recently left us, Michael Davitt, was in the chair, and delivered a notable speech, containing suggestions for the organisation of London, and several of the Irish members of Parliament were present. Mr. William O'Brien was one of the speakers, and he received a tremendous ovation as he worked his way through the crowd to the platform. H. M. Hyndman also spoke, and while he was rather fiercely demanding where the supposed "Liberal" bulwarks of Liberty were when the square was closed to the people, among the professional politicians and representatives of the people in Parliament,[1] a man, angered by what he said, sprang forward and jumped on the platform, apparently with intent to do the speaker bodily harm, but he was seized by many hands and persuaded to retire. Michael Davitt was a good chairman, and kept the meeting in hand. The Irish Home Rulers and Nationalists certainly helped the Socialists at that time, and the support was mutual. Both were engaged in a strife for freedom, and on both sides had seen the people's rights trampled upon, and free speech endangered, and had suffered persecution and imprisonment for the sake of their cause, which they made common.

Such experiences convinced me that freedom in any country is measured by the impunity with which unpopular opinions can be uttered—especially those advocating drastic political or social changes—or by the length of the tether of toleration, and that certain public rights may be won, but that they require constant vigilance to defend and maintain.

It was a stormy period, and the bourgeois were in a panic, and the wildest ideas of Socialism were about. We were misrepresented and abused in every direction, and confused with

[1] Professor Stuart and one or two other Liberal members of Parliament were, by the way, present.

the advocates of the use of dynamite. This, however, became a joke with us, and I remember being in Morris's room at Hammersmith, always full of papers and books, which covered the chairs as well as the table, when a friend (it was the Hon. Richard Grosvenor) entered, and Morris said, as his visitor was looking for a place to sit down, "Oh, you can sit there all right —there's no dynamite under the papers."

Morris did not waste time replying to attacks much, but he had letters in the papers in the interest of the movement, and I frequently wrote in support of him. A journal named *Life* was very venomous, and I called his attention to it in case he cared to reply, which drew from him this letter:—

"KELMSCOTT HOUSE, UPPER MALL, HAMMERSMITH
December 10

"MY DEAR CRANE,—Thanks: but I'm afraid it is not worth the wear and tear, as I am so busy, to answer. Ignorance of this very gross sort defeats itself; one would have to begin with protoplasms in order to argue with it, and also I suppose *Life* is not often read by convertible people. By the way, as to the funeral, you see that the coroner has reclaimed the body, so I suppose the funeral will be put off,[1]—*the Pall Mall* of last evening says, till next Sunday. I take this to be a dodge of the Government: clever, but oh, how shabby! I suppose you will have seen Judge Edlin's sentence on poor Coleman[2] yesterday. I confess I am beginning to lose patience, and feel inclined to throw the helve after the hatchet, and go in for mere attack; but I suppose it would not be wise —Yours very truly, WILLIAM MORRIS"

There could be no doubt of the strength of Morris's feeling at this time. He was certainly in the thick of the fight, which was, it must never be forgotten, for the maintenance of public freedom in speech and meeting, then certainly threatened, and on one occasion was actually arrested, temporarily. He was in one of the London Police Courts, over which Mr. Newton presided,—the Thames, I

[1] This was Linnell's funeral, the victim of the police, already spoken of.
[2] A member of the Socialist League.

think,—in defence of one of the comrades of the Hammersmith Branch of the League, who had been hauled up for "obstruction" in speaking in the open air. (This was a favourite method of stopping the Socialist speakers by the authorities at the time, although Salvationists, who also drew crowds, were unmolested.) He protested against the magistrate's sentence on his comrade, and called out "Shame!" in court, and being roughly hustled by the police, resisted them, and was instantly arrested and placed in the dock. The magistrate, in entire ignorance of the identity of the unusual-looking prisoner, asked Morris who he was, and he replied, "I am William Morris, artist and poet—pretty well known throughout Europe, I believe." This had the effect of bringing about his immediate release, but Morris said afterwards that it was the only time he had had to bounce about himself, and would never do it again.

These disturbed times gave, as such times are apt to do, opportunities for cadgers. Here is a postcard I received from Morris, who appears to have been victimised:—

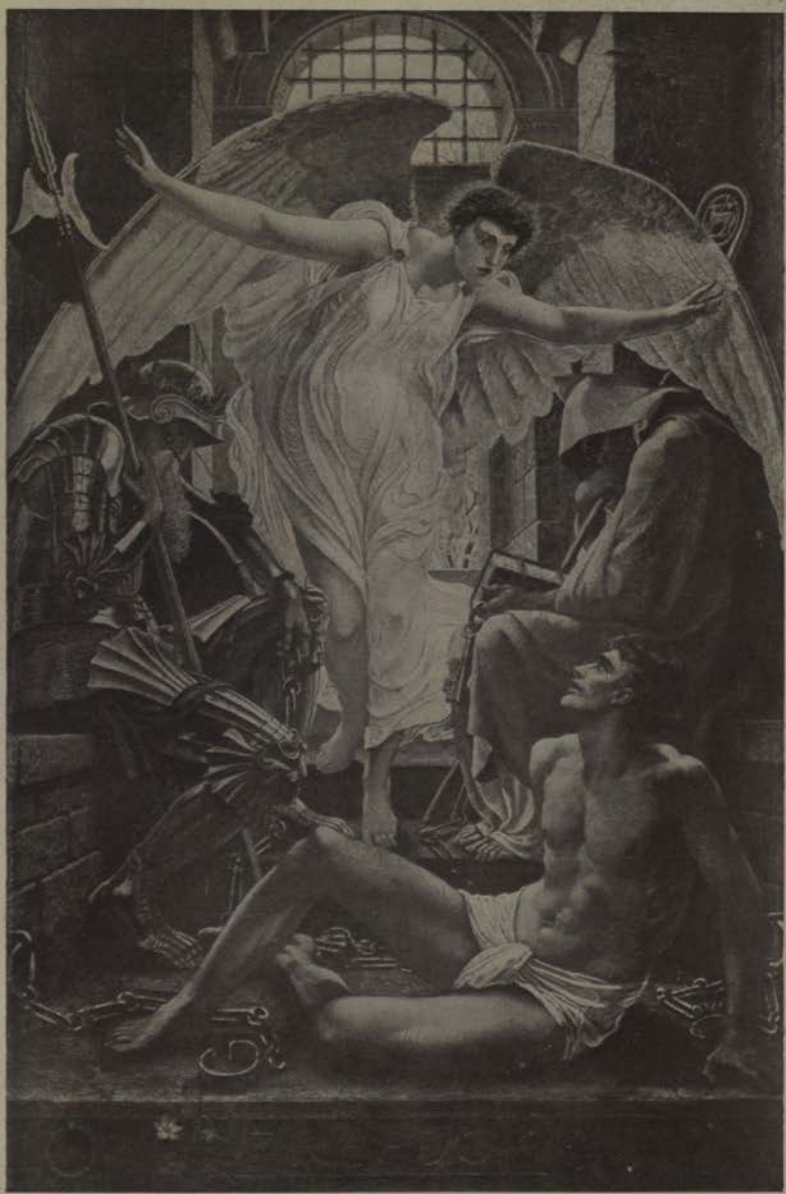
"KELMSCOTT HOUSE, UPPER MALL, HAMMERSMITH

"MY DEAR CRANE,—It is true that that chap did call on me yesterday and that I gave him materials for an article and 1s. 6d. towards expenses—but: I had no sooner done so than it flashed across my mind that he was a do; and since the same idea has got hold of you also, I have now but little doubt that it is so. Therefore a thousand pardons for sending him to you: and I will never do such a thing again. I was muddled and tired after a long day's work. Many thanks for your support in *D. N.*[1] W. M.'

The general principles of Socialism at that time were very imperfectly understood—indeed, it would be truer to say generally quite misunderstood, as well as misrepresented. The attitude of some of our old friends, of those at least who did not show the cold shoulder towards us, is indicated in the following letter from Mr. Harvey Orrin Smith, who, by the way, could never resist the opportunity of making a

[1] Letter in the *Daily News*.

MY STUDIO AT BEAUMONT LODGE, 1885



FREEDOM

WALTER CRANE, 1885

[illegible], and was often extremely amusing in a vein of whimsical Dickensian humour:—

"7 GIBSON PLACE, ST. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND
Saturday, July 30, 1887

"MY DEAR WALTER CRANE,—My wife answered Mrs. Crane's note—explaining why we, being here, would not be there. I desire to add a few words to express the pleasure I felt at the receipt of your 'At Home' card for July 1, 8, 22, 29, showing that I had not altogether dropped out of your memory.

"I have a very pleasant recollection of our meeting and talk at my dear partner's[1] house, and that conversation seemed a revival of some old Argyle Square memories, to me at least.

"I suppose you may know from William Morris that my wife's brother, Charles Faulkner of Univ. Coll. Oxon, is the arch priest of Socialism at Alma Mater. Arch! I may say he is a perfect viaduct—I cannot go with the party, as the programme seems so indefinite. So Faulkner and I meet but seldom. I say he inverts the old saying, and gives up to mankind what was meant for a party—that party being yours faithfully, HARVEY ORRIN SMITH

"*P.S.*—I should like a talk with you as to Socialism some day, if it might be.

"WALTER CRANE, Esq."

Orrin Smith's partner was Mr. James Burn (James Burn & Co., the well-known firm of bookbinders), and his allusion is to a meeting at his house in Phillimore Gardens, where a glee-singing club were wont to meet, the name of which was "The Phillimore Philomels." My brother Tom designed the card which summoned the meetings, which were very melodious and pleasant—the nightingales refreshing themselves with an oyster supper after they had discoursed sweet music. Mr. Burn possessed an early decorative picture of mine, "The Four Seasons."

[1] James Burn.

It might be wondered how one's ordinary work in art progressed during these stormy years, but work and ordinary went on as usual. In the quiet of one's studio the tempestuous world was, if not temporarily forgotten, at least unheard, and my favourite motto was always "Nulla dies sine linea."

The influence of a new spirit, however, made itself felt, and the melancholy of much of my earlier work gave way to a new hope, which found expression in various ways.

In 1885 my principal picture at the Grosvenor was founded on an early design of "Freedom," and represented a young man in a prison from whose limbs the chains have fallen as he looks upward to greet the radiant winged figure of Freedom, who announces his emancipation in spite of two guards, a king in armour and a priest with a book and crozier, who sit each side the portal—but asleep.

I had introduced this design in my book, *The Sirens Three*. To the same year and exhibition belongs a water colour, "Pandora," showing the mythical lady after the fatal box had been opened—which I had represented as a marriage coffer—she having cast herself upon the lid after the evils had escaped. Through the pillars of the porch is seen a stormy lurid sunset, and the gleaming curves of a river, barred by the dark forms of cypresses bent before the wind.

Sir Coutts Lindsay from this time onward began to show me the cold shoulder, and from giving me prominent places in his Gallery gradually shelved my works. So marked did this at length become that ultimately I felt in self-defence compelled to withdraw a picture sent in 1887, which was placed behind a pillar in a corner of the corridor. This was "The Riddle of the Sphinx," afterwards purchased in Germany, where, to compensate for their growing unpopularity in England, my pictures have received most sympathetic welcome and honour.

In 1886 I added another little book to the *Baby's Opera* Series. This was *Baby's own Æsop*.[1] For the text I was indebted to my old friend and master, W. J. Linton, who sent it me from America, where he had been living for many years.

[1] An amusing parody of one of the pages was sent to me by my cousin, Mrs. Houghton. It refers to the conduct of her pet dog, who was somewhat shy.

SKETCH FOR "THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX"

WALTER CRANE, 1887

he had treated the Fables in verse, compressing them into very succinct lines with still shorter morals, "for the use of

With Apologies to
BABY'S ÆSOP
and
WALTER CRANE
JILL · & · THE · LION.
The first time that Jill had a sight
Of the Lion: she most died of fright.
When he next met her eye
She felt just a bit shy;
But the next: quite at ease & polite.
GENTLENESS · CONQUERS · JILL.

CARICATURE OF A PAGE OF *BABY'S OWN ÆSOP*
By Mrs. Houghton

railway travellers and others," as he said. When the book was finished I sent him a copy, and he wrote from

"NEWHAVEN, CONN., U.S.A.
December 6, 1886
P. BOX 1139

"MY DEAR WALTER,—I have to thank you for your friendly letter and the copy of *Æsop* just to hand. I shall have to get another copy for a baby grandchild, for I own to being baby enough to wish to keep this one copy to myself. I am well pleased to see it, satisfied that my lines (even had you taken more 'liberties' with them) had been occasion for such an admirable series of designs. Beyond this, I shall not object to any royalty to come to me, if I may take it as an assurance that the work has been of fair profit to yourself.

"What you say of old times is very pleasant to me, and with what you say of times to come—yes! most certainly to come—I need hardly assure you I am in full agreement with you. I bate no jot of heart and hope once held by me.

The years since I began to hope have given sufficient vouchers for holding to it.

"The world moves—however slowly.

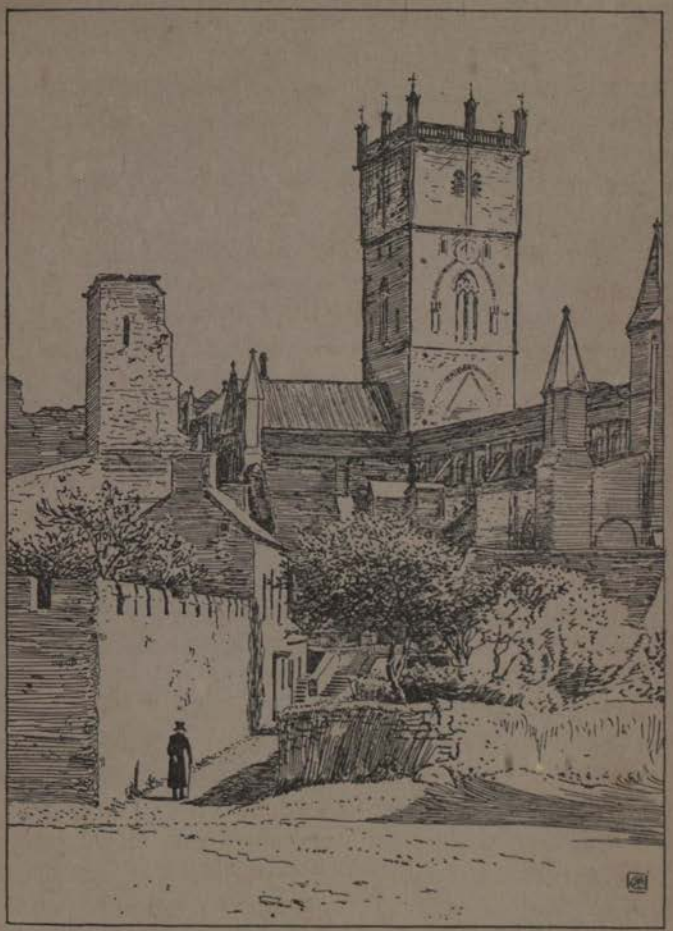
"With much regard, and heartily reciprocating all your good wishes, I am, very faithfully yours, W. J. LINTON"

To return to 1885. We passed some pleasant weeks at St. David's, in Wales, at the extreme point of the coast of Pembrokeshire, on St. Bride's Bay. It was owing to the attractive report of Mrs. Molesworth (for whose annual children's story for Macmillan I continued to supply illustrations). She and her daughters were staying there, and we saw a great deal of them at that time, and made the acquaintance of the Cathedral clergy, who had many a pleasant gathering in the evenings at their houses in the Close. We were shown over the fine Cathedral by the venerable Dean, who had its history at his fingers' ends. We were a considerable party, and I remember his asking me to draw aside the curtain from the entrance through the stone rood screen, so that the ladies could obtain a prospective view of the choir from the end of the nave, and his saying to the party as he did so, "I always like to make use of young men." I wondered if he realised my age was then forty! Still, I presume youth is comparative, and I suppose I was only about half his own age.

St. David's Cathedral was certainly full of interest, though Gilbert Scott had left his mark upon it, and works were still going on, doing useful engineering work in tying up the tower, which had threatened to fall, but also rebuilding the west front. One had a shudder, too, when one learned that the late rich carved timber roof with pendants would have been ruthlessly cleared away if any authority could have been discovered for a stone vault over the Norman piers of the nave! Part of the Cathedral was ruinous, and there were chapels of nearly every period of Gothic, with interesting carved tombs and fragments, and some fine late Gothic encaustic tiles.

It was a drive from Haverfordwest of about sixteen miles to St. David's—"sixteen miles and seventeen hills" they used

to call it. The villages all nestled in the valleys, the lands above looked bleak and bare, the fields divided by stone fences. St. David's was of the same type, and only a little larger



SKETCH OF ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL (1885)

than some of its neighbours. It might be described as a whitewashed Welsh village with a Cathedral thrown in. One did not see the Cathedral till one was right on the city, and then only the top of the tower, for it was built quite in the

valley. Near it were two interesting Gothic ruins, c
St. Mary's College, and the other the remains of a very
Bishop's Palace, a beautiful detail in which was a rose win
in the gable of the chapel.

I made many studies and drawings, and one of the interior the venerable Dean afterwards acquired. His old-fashioned figure appears in my pen sketch of the Cathedral given here.

The rocky coast was interesting, with Ramsey Island a little way from the mainland. To bathe, one had to descend a steep path to the shore, and there was a "porth" where boats were moored, left dry at low tide.

To return again to other events of the early "eighties." In 1884, to inaugurate the re-organisation of the Institute of Painters in Water Colour, now Royal, and its establishment in its new building in Piccadilly, a fancy dress ball had been projected by the President and Committee on a large scale. This was to have taken place on May 2, 1884, but was postponed, owing to the death of the Duke of Albany, until the following May.

This undertaking gave the members of the Committee a great deal of work. A scheme of a sort of masque to represent different epochs in art was adopted, and different artists on the Committee undertook to arrange different groups in this historic pageant, which began with Phidias and ended with Romney.

Mr. Edmund Gosse was asked to write the introductory verses descriptive of each group, and Mr. Forbes Robertson presenting Virgil, in a scarlet toga and laurel wreath, delivered them, before the curtain rose on each scene.

Mr. Caton Woodville had a fine group of Francis the First at Fontainebleau, with Jean Goujon, I think. The President, Sir James D. Linton, who was knighted that year, had a characteristic group of Maximilian the Great in Albert Dürer's studio at Nuremberg, rich with sixteenth-century costume and armour from Hans Burgmair's triumphs.

I designed a group to represent the art of Italy, arranging it as a triptych of round-arched Renascence arches. Through the centre one were seen the towers of Florence, with a group

THE ARTS OF ITALY

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY WALTER CRANE AFTER HIS ROYAL INSTITUTE TABLEAU, 1885

(Sir Henry Irving's Coll.)

in front, including Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura, Fiammetta and an early Italian angel, Niccolo Pisano, Cimabue and the Giotto as the shepherd boy. Under the right-hand arch was the dome of St. Peter's, and the group consisted of Pope Julius II. examining a plan presented by Michael Angelo, while in front the young Raphael and a cardinal completed the group. On the left Venetian art was suggested by a group in a balcony, in which the fair lady of Paris Bordone in her crimson gown as in the National Gallery picture was a central figure, supported by other ladies, while in front stood Titian with Paolo Veronese, and Giovanni Bellini played a lute, seated on the steps.

Of the sort of difficulties encountered in getting together suitable impersonations, and keeping them together when caught, further increased by the postponement, the following extracts from a letter from Mr. E. J. Gregory gives a glimpse (he was to have arranged a separate Venetian group, but eventually handed it over to me to be included in my triptych):—

"With regard to the lady of the Bordone dress, the dress is made, and I have written asking her to be one of your party.

"I never succeeded in getting a Doge I wanted—a clean-shaved one like the Bellini one in the National Gallery: a bearded one would be easier to get.

"Pilleau was to have been my Titian, but chucked me up on account of ill-health. He may be better now.

"Herkomer was to have been Giorgione, but *he* threw me over.

"Henry Moore promised to come in the group, and asked me again about it recently.

"My Bellini (clean-shaved) was Lewis Jarvis—I expect he is still game.

"C. W. Deschamps was to have been a 'companion of the Calza.'

"Another 'Calza' was A. Taylor, Hogarth Club. He still has the drawing I made for him, but I think he told me that he had mislaid it.

"I had a middle-aged 'fine woman' for Catharine Cornaro after Gentile Bellini. She may still be obtainable.

"Ernest Parton was also one of my lot.

"W. Harvey — I had almost persuaded to be an admiral.

"I will write to such of these as you may desire and try to get them for your group, but times are sadly altered since even last year, and I fear most of them will retreat."

This seems full of "might have beens," and I think there were very few survivors of Mr. Gregory's in my Venetian group finally. He did his best for me, however. One gentleman, he informs me later, in another letter, "will be a Senator to the amount of two guineas"! This seems cheap for a Venetian Senator.

Mr. John Archer, a well-known portrait painter whom I had invited to join my Roman group, writes that "it is a most unexpected honour this, that you should wish to raise me to *the Papal chair*, when I had expected to have ended my life as a cardinal!" (This was an allusion to his appearance in the latter character at the Boughtons' fancy ball, where I had met him.)

Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft wrote that "to *be* Ghiberti for an hour or two would be very pleasant, and it would not be unpleasant even to wear his dress; but just about the time of the ball I am going to be married, so I shall be busy."

I had several letters from Mr. Edmund Gosse while he was engaged on the verses, in one of which he is good enough to say he thinks my "triple scene will be most exquisite," and asks for the names of the personages in my groups.

I asked Leighton whether he could lend me a photograph of his famous picture of "Cimabue's Madonna carried through Florence," and he wrote—

"2 Holland Park Road, Kensington, W.

"Dear Crane,—I will try to find, and if I succeed will send you a photo I have somewhere (in two pieces) of

Cimabue. It is not now to be had, I believe.—In haste, yours very truly, FRED. LEIGHTON"

I was fortunate enough to have some beautiful ladies in my Florentine and Venetian groups. Miss Lisa Stillmann was Fiammetta. Miss Galloway of Manchester was the Paris Bordone lady. Miss Lisa Lehmann was my Beatrice. (Mr. Stock, R.I., the artist, was an admirable Dante.) Mr. W. A. S. Benson was Niccolo Pisano. My wife took the part of Laura. My little daughter was an early Italian angel. My eldest son personated the young Giotto, and I represented Cimabue myself, in the white costume in which Leighton painted him, taken from the fresco of Simone Memmi at Florence.

Sir James Linton was Veronese in my Venetian group, the late Mr. J. H. Mole, R.I., personating Titian. The late Mr. John O'Connor made an excellent Michael Angelo, and Mr. E. R. Hughes presented a lifelike and artistic portrait of the young Raphael.

Our anxieties and rehearsals (some of our rehearsals took place in the old "Vic" Theatre, on the Surrey side, by the way, then disused as a theatre, I think, but before it was transformed into "Salvation Army Barracks": it was full of queerest gangways and little boxes of dressing-rooms) were over at last, the night came, and the masque turned out very successfully. King Edward then was Prince of Wales, and he consented to be present with the Princess Alexandra, now the Queen, and their suite. They were seated, of course, immediately in front of the stage, which was the stage in the former Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, since altered into a restaurant. At the end of the masque, the whole of the groups reappeared and passed across the stage in procession, passing down before the Prince, and then proceeded upstairs to the supper-room.

Dancing afterwards began in the Prince's Hall. The spectacle was pronounced a great success, and we were asked to repeat the performance, and did indeed give it again at the Mansion House before the Lord Mayor, in the Egyptian Hall.

(Sir) Henry Irving became interested in it, and so much so that he commissioned Sir James Linton and myself each to paint for him our own group or tableau. This was done through the agency of Messrs. Dowdeswell, but I had the following letter from Irving respecting the picture:—

"15A GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, W.
July 31, 1886

"DEAR MR. WALTER CRANE,—I am much obliged to you for writing to me about the picture.

"I have told Dowdeswells to send it here.

"It is a lovely work, and I consider myself most fortunate to be its possessor.

"After our little holiday, I hope you will come and see *Faust*, and give me the privilege of making your acquaintance.—Most truly yours, H. IRVING."

This work, which was in water colour, was sold with the actor's other pictures at Christie's after his death.

I was occupied a good deal in the spring and early summer of 1886 with the design of a series of tableaux—a scheme of Professor Warr's of King's College to illustrate the text of his translations from Homer, *The Tale of Troy* and *The Wayfaring of Ulysses*, and also some scenes from the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus.

These were given in the season at Prince's Hall (the scene of the Institute ball and painters' masque of the year before). Lord Leighton, G. F. Watts, and Mr. Henry Holiday designed some of the scenes, which had been given at a private house previously. These were re-modelled, and new scenes and costumes, scenery and accessaries, were designed by me, at Professor Warr's request.

One of the scenes represented the return of Agamemnon with Cassandra. Miss Dorothy Dene took the part of Cassandra, and distinguished herself by the passion and feeling she threw into it.

The following letter from her with regard to a change in her attitude in the scene before the house of Agamemnon is interesting as showing the earnest thought she gave to

the subject, as well as her consideration for the designer of the scene:—

"The Chase, Clapham
May 12, 1886

"Dear Mr. Crane,—I write to ask your sanction for an alteration which I wish to make as far as my attitude is concerned in your beautiful tableau. If that tableau stood alone, I should not think of doing so; but it does not: it is a moment in a continuous dramatic action of the greatest difficulty, and which I have considered with the utmost care ever since the part has been in my hands—every step in the action has been considered, and one *must*, as I need hardly say to such an artist as you, flow out of the other. I propose to stand precisely where you place me, upright, and if possible *statuesquely*, my gaze riveted with intense prophetic emotion on Clytemnestra, but with my arms *down*, not *up*. This is to me of the utmost importance as a link in my performance—action comes later on, at the 'Woe, woe.' I feel sure that you will be willing for the performance as a whole to sacrifice this little detail, on which certainly your tableau does not depend.—Believe me, yours truly.

"Dorothy Dene"

Miss Dene's performance as Cassandra elicited general applause, and it was thought she had a fine career before her. *Punch* spoke of her as "delightful Dorothy," and printed her portrait (after a sketch by Leighton, I think) in a notice of the tableau. Unfortunately, her early death prevented her taking the position she might have done as an actress.

Professor Warr afterwards printed his translations, and I made a series of designs for the book, which was issued by Marcus Ward & Co. in a rather sumptuous form, under the title of *Echoes of Hellas*, which included the "Tale of Troy" and the "Story of the Odyssey," together with scenes from the Orestian Trilogy. These designs were printed in black and red by lithography, or rather, from zinc plates, on which I drew the designs myself, and the music, by Sir Walter Parratt and Mr. Malcolm Lawson,

accompanied the work as a supplementary volume. This was issued in 1889.

In the summer and autumn of 1886 I was considerably engaged in an agitation for a really representative National Exhibition of Art as distinct from the Royal Academy and its methods, and on much broader and more comprehensive lines, including a better representation of architecture and sculpture, as well as decorative design and handicraft.

There had been rather more than the usual crop of surprising rejections at the Royal Academy that year, and the group of artists who then formed the leading spirits of the New English Art Club felt that something ought to be done—if only to bring their own forms of art more prominently before the public.

There was a lively correspondence in the newspapers; the subject became a quite exciting topic—in fact, a burning question, as indeed it is apt to do when it happens to suit the convenience of editors as copy to fill their sheets with when the silly season comes on.

In 1886, however, things looked really more serious. Complaints were loud and deep from disappointed artists and their friends, and grew into something like a clamour.

Mr. George Clausen, who was then a leading member of the New English Art Club, wrote to me in May 1886, asking me if I would be "disposed to join in and give [my] influence to a movement which will help to place art matters—or rather the exhibition of pictures and sculpture—on a better footing than they now have here," and he goes on to describe the idea, which was that "instead of making another little society, to start if possible a national movement on a broad and fair basis," "an exhibition open to *all artists*," "every artist who has exhibited in the United Kingdom in the last three years" to be "invited to send." "Every artist will be eligible to serve on the hanging and selecting committees, and will have a vote for these committees, that is the principle—that artists have the right to elect their own committees (*i.e.* juries)—what could be more simple or more just?"

These principles at once claimed my sympathy, and after a lengthy correspondence, Clausen drafted a letter for publica-

tion, embodying these principles, which he sent me, asking me, if it had my approval, to sign it. I think I made some suggestions as to widening the scope of the proposed National Exhibition in the direction of including the Arts and Crafts design, and we then asked Mr. Holman Hunt (who was engaged in the newspaper warfare on the question at the time) to sign it also, which he agreed to do, and in the letter I received from him at the time he says :—

"I gladly sign, finding it to express in a manly and distinct manner the absurdity of the position of English artists in the present day, and to appeal not less distinctly for a redress of injustice which the Royal Academy does to the whole profession by its opportunity to assume authority over without acknowledging responsibility towards outsiders."

He adds :—

"My illness, although less serious every month, as my doctor says, still curtails me of so much time each day that I have but an insufficient amount for my work, or I should have enjoyed much coming to you with my wife yesterday. I wanted much to talk with you on this R.A. question, although I should not have been surprised had the decision been quietly submitted to—so fearful a folk have the outsiders always proved."

He further says that if he can get through certain work "now pressing, to write an article on the subject; for the public can never understand the question as a vital one, as they look on it now as one connected with the festivities of the London season."

The letter with our joint signatures duly appeared in all the principal papers, and attracted a considerable amount of attention and discussion.

The next step was to issue an appeal to artists for support to this proposal for a National and comprehensive Exhibition of Art, and another letter was drawn up and again signed by the three of us for issue to the artists generally. It was as follows :—

"DEAR SIR,—The proposals for a National Exhibition of Art lately put forth in the public press have raised the whole question of the adequacy of the present representation of the Arts in Exhibition.

"The principle put forth in these proposals, namely, that *artists should have the right to choose the committees entrusted with the selection and placing of their works*, the undersigned hold to be sound and just, and that it is the basis on which a representative Exhibition of the Arts should be conducted. Believing that it will, on fair consideration, meet with the agreement and cordial support of artists generally, they beg to ask you if you will consent to join with them in forming a Provisional Committee to consider the best means of carrying out this principle?

"A list of artists to whom this letter is being sent will be found below.—We are, etc.,

"(Signed) GEORGE CLAUSEN
WALTER CRANE
W. HOLMAN HUNT

"*N.B.*—Informal meetings are held each Saturday evening at the studio of J. H. Thomas (1 Wentworth Studios, Manresa Road, Chelsea) of the friends and supporters of the movement, and all artists interested are invited to attend and state their views freely."

It was in answer to my request for his signature to this, I think, that I received the following letter from Mr. Holman Hunt, who pleads for a little delay:—

"DRAYCOTT LODGE, FULHAM
August 18, 1886

"MY DEAR WALTER CRANE,—Influenced by the consideration that it was important for us to escape the just charge of destructiveness, I was busy yesterday in writing the letter which appears in to-day's *Times*. I scarcely hope to find the mad Academicians wise enough to listen to the appeal, but if so, they will know the terms, and if not we shall be so much more justified in the eyes of the world, so that it seems worth some little delay. It will be better that

the world should thoroughly see that we are not the aggressors.

"Thinking this very strongly, I hope you won't be annoyed at my wishing to wait a few days before signing the joint paper. If the Academy makes no capitulation, we shall not have lost valuable time.

"I perfectly agree about the Hon. Secretaryship: it could not be better held.

"I have been negligent in not sending reply yet to Mr. Clausen's letter, but I have had such very bad nights lately that my day-time has been terribly shrivelled up, and I have had a lot of business in connection with the winding up of the Bond Street Exhibition, but I will write soon.

"However, lest there should be need of knowledge of my powers of help, let me say that I am so poor now that I could not give a penny, and that I can't yet say what I could contribute in pictures, but I would have something.

"Sir Edwin Lee has perhaps seen you. He has a very good place for a Gallery, and the power of building one to offer, without money from us. *It is quite worth keeping in mind*, but I think it would be better if possible to get the reversion of some well-known one, like the 'Grosvenor,' which must be going a-begging soon. One desirability seems to me under existing circumstances is to avoid the appearance of enlarging the number of the profession.—Yours truly,

"W. HOLMAN HUNT

"If you want the letters immediately, I will send them."

Mr. Holman Hunt's letter to the *Times* appeared on the same day as the date of the above, and very fully expresses his views, and gives many interesting facts about the Royal Academy and its policy, concluding with his own proposals of reform.

"THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"*To the Editor of the Times*

"SIR,—I will not presume to inquire who is the gentleman signing himself 'R. A.' in the *Times* of Saturday. The

letter is, without doubt, sufficiently authoritative to be taken as representing the true sentiments of the majority of the Royal Academicians and Associates. I will beg you, therefore, kindly to allow me space to justify the trio who protest against the imperious position and course of the institution.

"I thank the writer heartily for having so fully revealed the spirit of the body; without such explanation the dispute could not be understood by the public, who are invited to judge the matter. The letter is one blast of infallibility from the first word to the last, varied only with regret that the sublime superiority of the genius of the body was ever allowed to shine outside the walls of Burlington House. The institution sprang perfect from the head of George III., perfect for all time (although then there were perhaps not 500 artists in the whole of England, and now there are 50 times this number who profess the art of design). It is still absolutely what it should be, and the interests of the whole world of art may be left safely in the hands of its members, without care for the unreasonable malcontents; the schools are everything that could be desired, although they are producing thousands of students, who, according to the showing of 'R. A.,' are undeserving of due opportunity to exhibit their works (with the exception of the infinitesimal number who are to be future members). Our difficulty might have been to account for the fact that because the Council rejected the petition of outsiders these last should forthwith invite combination for the establishment of a truly national institution. It might have needed much argument to account for the rebound to such an extreme measure, but the lofty tone of 'R. A.' will convince the world that no hope would be held out of reformation of the power which at present 'stops the way' of English art. The question as to the number of works for a member to contribute has disappeared. This is now only a past test case. We must look for a National School of Art to ourselves alone. The distortion of our views in 'R. A.'s' statement, that the money for such exhibition must come out of the pockets of the taxpayers, is a flight of genius, but it is too imaginative for the business-like world, and need not be answered.

"Now, with the general ground better understood, let us

proceed to details. 'R. A.' says that Burlington House was given in place of a lien on the benefactions of George III., but he does not say that it was given with conditions or recommendations which have never been observed.

"He studiously ignores the pent-up force of public opinion behind the Royal Commission, as did his predecessors, and, as he assures us, his successors will do. With the august honours he enjoys, he has forgotten the feelings of outsiders, and the power which they may exert if they will but be united. I will try to recall to his memory some of the facts of the date referred to. I can remember that in my evidence I had to prove my charge of injustice in the hanging of pictures of outsiders. I chose the case of F. Leighton, whose works had recently been placed most unworthily; and I added that one of the Royal Academicians had said in my hearing that if he had his will they should be put in still worse positions. Knowing that the gifted painter in question happily had means at his command to continue the struggle, and that he had openly declared his intention to avoid all opposition to authority, I added that in a short period the Academy would be obliged to elect him. At that time, the institution having elected Millais to the rank of A.R.A. while he was still very young, proved that it was from no appreciation of his genius, but only to break up the band of independent artists to which he belonged; for they kept him in the lower grade of honour while year after year they put very inferior men over his head; until it was known to others, if not to them, that the future pride of their Academy had come nigh to a decision to leave them in all their narrow glory. At that time Watts had received nothing but contempt at their hands, Rossetti had been deterred from exhibiting altogether, Armstead, Woolner, Brett, Stacey Marks, Hodgson, and many others now in the Academy, and some still outside its walls (in fact, every one with new blood), were struggling against the hindrances which the ennobling for life of some of the most incapable of artists had occasioned. The decision which many of my friends had come to was to rely nothing at all upon the Royal Commission; we recognised that the Academy would find a way of evading all such recom-

mendations as would detract from its power of usurping to itself all the influence, the glory, and the emoluments of the profession; and I was implored by certain of those whose names I give above to bind myself by honour to refuse all overtures from the institution. I had never made secret of my independence, but, on the contrary, only recently had obtained opportunity for exhibiting the rejected works of the victims of arbitrariness in the rooms of the Cosmopolitan Club, thus increasing my offence to the Academy. It was by this time convinced of the need of reducing the number of its opponents; and so, with knowledge of the feebleness of human nature to reject personal riches for the sake of public good, my fellows in revolt were invited separately to go over, and they all accepted without a moment's demur. The revolt, therefore, apparently did but little at the time, for with the new blood exactly the same traditions were kept up, and it was only when it was seen that Burne-Jones could not be ruined by persistent opposition that last year he was elected member of the body.

"There has been but one principle adopted by the Academy during the whole of my experience. Over respectable nonentities there is no fighting. Why should there be? These are assiduous admirers and are not dangerous. But towards young men with original force, of whatever form, everything is done by the Academy and its friends to make the struggle an impossible one. Painting and sculpture are very expensive professions. Without due recognition a man must give up the effort to do ambitious work. Some true men fall and disappear altogether; others take to very humble and private work, and the Academy says triumphantly, 'Look at the glorious roll of genius we can show,' implying that they have judiciously fostered all that the country has produced. Let me ask them, with all candid admiration for the great men they have had among them and still have, whether the infamous roll would not be appallingly long and hideous; whether the men comprising this last have not kept honest and noble artists from their best work and from a fair chance of gaining the wherewithal to live; whether the traditions of the Academy have not put their thoroughly

incompetent members into posts which none who had not done the State due service should hold; whether they have not been appointed teachers of drawing without being in the slightest degree qualified for the office, greatly to the injury of the next generation of artists; whether the 'benevolences' have not been given to these, to their widows and children, to the loss of more worthy claimants? I would ask also whether a truly strong man, who has been opposed and almost ruined until he is fifty years of age, has not often succumbed to the temptation to make the period of life that remains to him a means of enriching himself, rather than of doing what he might have done to raise public taste had his life been a calmer and more equal one, enabling him to work unhampered by daily cares and without temptation at the last to repeat himself *ad nauseam*, and thus to bring upon himself 'the bitter cruel words' which 'R. A.' very properly reprobates as vulgarly inflicted upon veterans of the institution.

"My conclusion is that as at present constituted the Royal Academy is a perpetual injury to art. It helps to dazzle the feeble judgments of the world as to what is true merit. As Hogarth said, when its establishment was contemplated, 'More will flock to the study of Art than what genius sends; the hope of profit or the thirst of distinction will induce parents to push their offspring into the lecture-room, and many will appear and few will be worthy.' Of late the influence of the institution has silently been extended far beyond the bounds its founders ever contemplated. On Continental great exhibitions it has its officers ready to enforce its judgment about the placing of the works of our country, and the prizes are given in exact order of Academy honour. In the Colonies it exercises its influence, having—at least till lately—one of its members to choose works for their permanent galleries. In the provincial towns at home it controls the hanging of pictures, sending down one of its members to ensure the placing of the Royal Academy works in posts of honour, and taking care to put the works of rebels in ignominious positions. Is it a wonder that few men dare to refuse its favours? or is it astonishing that with such

protection it should be found that these often paralyse their recipients?

"The remedy to be preferred (I speak here singly) would be to make the present institution thoroughly representative, with members elected from without by exhibitors of certain standing, each batch of members to remain in office for a fixed number of years, and on retiring to carry with them the title of honour of their service. The hanging I would have performed by a second representative body elected for the year only, to relieve the first for other duties. The schools should be conducted by teachers, permanent so long as they were considered satisfactory by the existing body of control, who would strive to perfect the system of instruction, and thus render needless the exodus of students to Paris—this a most desirable point, because with the good so often obtained in France much evil is done to English taste in the contemplation of the sanguinary and brutal pictures of Continental schools. There would be effort also made to honour those branches of English art which are now treated as though beneath national recognition. Effort also would be made to render every artist better acquainted with his materials, and better able to procure the soundest and best. Each party would strive to make its tenure of office compare nobly with that of other representatives, and so all would be living and healthy. The responsibility of refusing such a scheme will rest with the Royal Academy. I hereby make a last appeal to its members, so eager for reform before their election, to prove that their discontent was not only a selfish one. I will trust yet they may respond generously. But if the decision is made finally, as 'R. A.' would seem to say, we must turn to the realisation of the alternative opportunity declared in our joint letter—unless, indeed, Government will exercise its power to do what it can to save the existing institution from its internal foes, and to save English art itself; for both, indeed, are in imminent peril.—Yours obediently, W. HOLMAN HUNT

"*August* 17"

We had a large number of adherents among the artists, and the meetings at Chelsea were very numerously attended,

and there being so many of the Chelsea colony in the movement, and the meetings being held there, we were eventually nicknamed "The Chelsea Conspirators."

Mr. Frederick Brown, now Slade professor at University College, was elected Chairman of these meetings, which at least afforded full opportunities for discussion, and even for defenders of the Academy to speak.

Mr. Whistler gave us his benison, but did not attend. Mr. Oscar Wilde was present on one occasion and spoke, I think.

Mr. H. H. La Thangue (who acted as Hon. Secretary *pro tem.*) was keenly interested in the movement, though he lived in great seclusion at a remote spot on the coast of Norfolk, where, being with my family at Southwold for a few weeks in the summer of 1886, I went over to see him, cycling from Yarmouth.

Mr. James Stanley Little (at one time the active Secretary to the Shelley Society) also worked hard in the movement, using his pen vigorously, and really he remains one of the few men in it who have stuck to their guns. He and his brother, Mr. Leon Little, the painter, I remember drove over from Bungay to see me about the movement, while I was at Southwold. I think they were staying with Mr. Rider Haggard at the time. (I met the novelist afterwards on one occasion in London.)

Mr. S. J. Solomon and Mr. T. B. Kennington were also of our crew.

It is to be noted that Messrs. Solomon, Clausen, and La Thangue have all since those days been admitted into the Academic citadel. The walls of Jericho refused to fall at the sound of the Chelsea trumpets, so in the end certain of the trumpeters went in to reinforce (not reform) the garrison!

Mr. M. H. Spielmann wrote a series of letters in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the *nom de plume* of "Outsider," dealing with the subject of Academy reform, and the columns of the same paper were open to a very full correspondence on the subject from various points of view, in which many artists took part.

Much steam was let off, and I think much time and energy wasted, and although, ostensibly, the object was to

further the original scheme of a National Exhibition of Art, with a jury annually elected by the artists of the country, and make a wider appeal, so as to enrol a very large body of supporters, one became aware that behind a few earnest men there were others who were by no means anxious to see the scheme realised, and the result was that when at last the question was put to the test it was discovered that the majority were too timid or too politic to support the big national scheme, but fell back on the pretence and the forlorn hope of reforming the Royal Academy, the real secret being that certain prominent artists in the movement having had, I suppose, second thoughts, when it came to the point were not willing to forego their own chances of election to the privileged body they had made a show of opposing. So, as far as the painters and sculptors were concerned, the agitation, which had attracted so many adherents and had become more important than any outsiders' demonstration previously, fizzled out in a mild manifesto of pious opinion, which yet obtained, I believe, some three hundred signatures. With Hans Breitmann one might ask, "Vere is dat party now?"

From the ashes, however, of this painters' movement may be said to have sprung the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society.

Many members of the Art Workers' Guild had been attracted to the meetings in view of the prospect of a better representation of the arts of design and decorative art in the proposed National Exhibition, and had supported me in my claims. Perceiving the temporising policy in the ascendant, and that there was no chance of making any headway among the half-hearted ones, we withdrew in a body, and took counsel together as to the steps to be taken to, at least, give practical shape to our own aspirations for the recognition of the Arts and Crafts among the Fine Arts.

Sir Edwin Lee, whom Holman Hunt mentioned in his letter, called on me with a proposal to at once form a Limited Liability Company with a Board of Directors, to run the idea of a big National Exhibition, which should comprehend all the Arts, according to my original idea. He had then in view the site in Regent Street afterwards taken up by the New Gallery, which had been a failure as a Metropolitan meat market.

One was not quite prepared to start the enterprise in this sort of way, and without the support of a vast body of distinguished artists, and experience had shown that the painters, generally at all events, were not prepared to take up an independent attitude. While in the principal cities on the Continent "Secessionist" bodies were being formed, or have since been formed, entirely independent of the older Academic schools and institutions, and devoted to the exposition of the newer ideas and aims in art, with their own buildings and funds, it seemed impossible in England, owing perhaps to the intensified individualism of the artists, or to the inveterate English habit of compromise, to unite the younger men in the same way and with a similar purpose.

Personally, I may say, I had little interest in the reform of the Royal Academy, and less belief in its possibility. Threatened men live long, and threatened institutions still longer, apparently, and one that had so successfully steered itself through the rocks and shoals of opposition, and had borne the brunt of many a Royal Commission, and—since our fathers fell asleep — had continued just the same, secure in its comfortable position and the strength of its attraction as a benefit society to artists apprehensive of the uncertainties of a proverbially uncertain profession—and moreover attracting the great British public, who continued to pour its shillings into its coffers. Was it likely that such an institution, rooted in its prestige and emoluments, would consent to change its constitution on the demand of a group of outsiders—especially while able effectively to silence that demand by electing into its own body the most prominent or able of its would-be reformers?

Yet the Royal Academy is dependent for the continuance and renewal of its artistic vitality entirely on outsiders and the younger men, and if there had been any coherence or power of collective fidelity to a higher ideal among these, an institution might have been founded on broader lines and on democratic principles more in accordance with the needs of our time.

This remains, however, a "might have been." Cliques and small groups of artists of similar leanings are the order of the day. Painting becomes more and more a matter of individual expression or impression, and modern economic and commercial

conditions favour this individualism. Only the growth of a *new social ideal* could really lead to any fundamental change in our view of the functions of art and the best conditions for its development, and though the influence of such an ideal is already at work we must wait for its consummation.

The competitive and wasteful struggle for existence under capitalism is illustrated in the lives of artists, and in our art exhibition system, just as it is illustrated everywhere else. Human life becomes a vast handicapped race, and so it must be until *economic necessity* again changes the system under which now we live and move and have our being, or—perish in the attempt.

Most of the members of the small group of artists who joined with me on our secession from "The Chelsea Conspirators" were conscious of being stirred more or less by a new ideal in founding the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society. The first meeting called with the view of establishing such a Society was held in a small room in the Charing Cross Hotel, I remember, and it was quite a small gathering, at which I was elected to the chair.

Mr. W. A. S. Benson, Mr. Heywood Sumner, Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, Mr. Emery Walker, Mr. Henry Longden, J. D. Sedding, and Mr. Lewis F. Day were the most earnest workers in the movement, which really represented a further step in the same direction in which most of us had been working for some years in our endeavours to assert the claims of decorative design and the artistic handicrafts to their true position in relation to architecture and the arts commonly called "Fine."

The title "The Combined Arts" headed our first circular, and it was not until later that our title "Arts and Crafts" was adopted, I think on the suggestion of Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, who acted as Hon. Secretary.

After prolonged incubation the Society was hatched, and we held our first exhibition in the autumn of 1888 at the New Gallery. William Morris had joined us by this time, and Burne-Jones became a member not long afterwards, and their work was an important feature of our earlier exhibitions.

I may mention, as indicating the awakening of interest,

that an "Applied Arts" section had been formed about this time by the Society of Arts, and for a lecture I gave there, "On the Importance of Applied Arts and their Relation to Common Life," I was awarded the Silver Medal of the Society.

The Society had been in the habit of offering prizes for works of handicraft, and offered to select works for this purpose from our first exhibition, and the Committee did so, though not without some difficulty, owing to the incompleteness of the catalogue. Our Committee, however, were never very keen about the prize system, and I do not think the experiment was continued.

The Applied Art section of the Society of Arts was under the chairmanship of Sir George Birdwood, who had written an admirable work on *The Industrial Arts of India*, in which he showed how the beautiful native handicrafts were being extinguished by the importation of British manufactured goods. It was a work which won him the high appreciation of both lovers of art and of India.

I remember Mr. George Clausen at the private view greeting me with the remark, "Well, Crane, you have got *your* show, at all events," but I could not return the compliment.

We were supported in our expensive venture by a list of guarantors, and so guarded against actual loss. The circular drafted by me and sent out to invite guarantees may not be without interest here, as it gives the names of the Committee (some, alas! no longer with us) at the time, as well as the general aims and principles of the Society.

"ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION SOCIETY

"Something very like a revival of the arts and handicrafts has been taking place amongst us of late years; but while the awakening of interest is undeniable and widespread, there has hitherto been no means—except such chance opportunities as have been from time to time afforded by various trade exhibitions—of enabling those concerned with the more purely artistic side of the applied arts, or crafts of design, to gauge our general progress. It has not been possible for a craftsman to test his work by the side of others, or, by a careful selection

of examples, to prove that there are artists in other ways than oil or water colour, and other art than that enclosed in gilt frames or supported on pedestals. In short, there is no existing exhibition of art which gives an opportunity to the designer and the craftsman as such to show their work under their own names, and give them at least a chance of the attention and applause which is now generally monopolised by the pictorial artist.

"It is believed that such opportunities of public recognition and distinction would supply a stimulus not hitherto felt by workers in the handicrafts, and would tend to draw artistic invention and skill again to the arts in their endless forms of application to daily life and its associations and surroundings, to the charm of which their beauty may contribute so much, and so, perhaps, we should go far to nourish the tree at the root instead of, as now, too often attempting to grow it downwards.

"Art exhibitions have hitherto tended to foster the prevalent notion that the term 'Art' is limited to the more expensive kinds of portable picture-painting, unmindful of the truth that the test of the condition of the arts in any age must be sought in the state of the crafts of design.

"It is little good nourishing the tree at the head if it is dying at the root; but, living or dying, the desirability of an accurate diagnosis while there is any doubt of our artistic health will at once be admitted.

"The Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society has been formed with these convictions, and with the aim (1) of taking measures for organising an exhibition of the decorative arts, which shall show (2) as far as possible the inventive and executive powers of the designers and makers of the various works that may be exhibited, such as textiles, tapestry, and needle-work, carvings, metal-work, including goldsmith's work, bookbinding, painted glass, painted furniture, etc. etc., to illustrate the relation of the arts in application to different materials and uses, without, however, excluding paintings or sculptures less directly of a decorative kind when space is available for showing them in proper relation. (3) It is not proposed to undertake the sale of works, but to refer intending purchasers directly to the exhibitors. (4) All work will be exhibited under the name of

the designer and responsible executant. (If a joint work, the names of the various workers to be given.) The name of an employer or firm of employers may be given in addition.

"It is obvious from such a programme that the projected exhibition will occupy entirely new ground, with distinct aims, and objects differing from any existing exhibition.

"The Society have the refusal of the New Gallery in Regent Street for their exhibition in the ensuing autumn, and a sum of £260 has been already guaranteed by the members, but while there is reasonable prospect of the exhibition being self-supporting, since it is not desirable to conclude final arrangements until the whole of the estimated costs are at command further guarantees are invited to make up a further sum of £500. The profits of the exhibition, after exonerating the guarantors, would be devoted to future exhibitions of the Society.

"As one interested in the welfare of the arts, we venture to put our objects before you, and invite you to become a guarantor.

"In order to make the necessary arrangements, we should be obliged if you would kindly favour us with your reply by the 26th of March.

WALTER CRANE, *President*

HARRY BATES	WILLIAM DE MORGAN
W. A. S. BENSON	WILLIAM MORRIS
(*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer*)	J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN
SOMERS CLARKE	G. T. ROBINSON
LEWIS F. DAY	T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON
ONSLOW FORD	J. D. SEDDING
F. GERRARD	HEYWOOD SUMNER
C. GUILIANO	EMERY WALKER
THOMAS GODFREY	THOMAS WARDLE
W. R. LETHABY	METFORD WARNER
HENRY LONGDEN	STEPHEN WEBB
W. H. LONSDALE	N. H. J. WESTLAKE
MERVYN MACARTNEY	

"Guarantees may be sent to W. A. S. BENSON, *Hon. Treasurer*, 2 Gordon Place, Kensington, W."

The exhibition was, however, most successful, and the novelty of its aims attracted much attention. A feature of our catalogue was a series of papers on different arts and crafts, by various members of our Society, and a series of lectures were arranged which were given on certain evenings in the Gallery. These again were quite successful, and so crowded that the lecturer of the evening sometimes had considerable difficulty in getting to the platform.

Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson acted as Hon. Lecture Secretary, and was particularly keen and zealous in arranging the courses.

Our first list included the following:—

"Tapestry and Carpet Weaving," by William Morris,

"Modelling and Sculpture," by George Simonds,

"Letterpress Printing," by Emery Walker,

"Bookbinding," by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson,

and on "Design," with a presidential address, from me.

My old friend W. J. Linton was in England at the time. He had been engaged upon a very important book on wood-engraving, and had come to London to finish it and to arrange for the publication. I had put my name down as a subscriber, and he wrote to me as follows:—

"9 Brackley Terrace
October 26

"Dear Mr. Crane,—Thanks for your order, for the names you give me, and last, not least, for your pleasant letter. I shall be glad to see you again, but you will easily understand that my time is fully occupied during every day. But I hope I shall see you before (months hence) I go back to America.

"I had well-nigh forgotten the *Æsop*, until I saw it the other day again. I am content, if no other return came from it, to have had it so admirably made use of.

"You will, I am sure, help me toward subscribers for my big work,[1] whenever that may be in your power. Not being in a publisher's hands, I have to depend on private influence, so making slower, though in the end it may be the surer way.

"I must thank you also for the Arts and Crafts: I shall try

[1] *A History of Wood-Engraving.*

(though seldom out at night) to get at least to your lecture. You are doing good work there, and I heartily wish you success.—Very faithfully yours, W. J. LINTON"

I had also a letter from Mr. Frederic Harrison:—

"38 WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W.
November 30, 1888

"MY DEAR CRANE,—I was much disappointed that I could not hear your lecture last night. I had booked the day in order to attend, but my wife accidentally made another engagement for me which I could not avoid. If it is printed, I should much like to know. I have just got your *Flora*, which contains some of the prettiest fancies which, I think, you ever drew—or indeed anyone else.—Yours truly,

"FREDERIC HARRISON"

Mr. Ernest Radford was appointed Secretary to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. I had become acquainted with him at William Morris's, where he frequently took part in the Socialist debates.

He published a book of poems through Elkin Mathews, entitled *Chambers Twain*, for which I designed a frontispiece. He was well read in the literature of art, and was a University Extension Lecturer, having been a Trinity Hall man, and possessed a literary gift and a vein of quiet humour of his own. He threw himself with great enthusiasm into his arduous work—indeed with such an expenditure of nervous energy as to endanger his health, and he had to give up work for a while.

J. D. Sedding, of whom I have spoken as one of our "Fifteen," and second Master of the Art Workers' Guild, was an enthusiastic member of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society in its early days. He had a very attractive, sympathetic personality, and his charming way of harmonising many different elements in the same company, while acknowledging individualist characteristics and paying deference to different opinions, made him extremely popular among his confrères. A favourite idea of his, to which in one of his papers he gave expression, was to unite artists of very

different tastes and lines of work in a great scheme of decoration in a public building—a cathedral was his idea, and he cherished the hope that harmonious co-operation between architects, sculptors, painters, and craftsmen of all kinds might again become practicable and, indeed, a matter of course. In his church in Sloane Street he certainly called in the aid of many of his brethren in different arts. His real solvent was no doubt the Christian faith—despite the fact that outside Roman Catholicism it has proved a fruitful source of differences, divergences, and dissent.

The mention of "Hans Breitmann" a page or two back reminds me that I must have made the acquaintance of Charles G. Leland about this time. He was introduced by his son-in-law, Mr. Joseph Pennell. Some years before he had made a hit with his "Ballads" under the *nom de plume* of "Hans Breitmann," but he was now deeply interested in what he called "the Minor Arts."[1] He certainly came to our house on one occasion, and probably seeing me engaged in plaster and gesso work was much interested, and shared my enthusiasm for the revival of handicraft. He was keen about all sorts of processes in different crafts, and had all the ingenuity of the American character about him.

He wrote me several letters inquiring about my methods in gesso work and asking for recipes, and all sorts of information, which he was indefatigable in seeking, but at the same time, also like his countrymen, always ready to impart his own experiences in exchange.

The following long but interesting and curious letter written by him from Venice is very characteristic:—

"HOTEL DI ROMA, VENICE
November 29, 1886

"DEAR MR. CRANE,—*Eccomi qua, in Venezia!* you have been and ever are more in my memory than you suppose, because I am ever at the Minor Arts, and you are one of the few who also *understand* them. There is a wonderful poetry —a language even in decorative design, but I do not think

[1] I never used this title myself, and do not think it is adequate for what it is intended to cover, although it might apply to the processes in which he was interested.

it has ever in truth gone beyond a ballad or a Chaucer stage, and that all efforts to make *too much* of it (as seen in Rococo work) are frivolous and false. In fact, I rather distrust Cellini. I am always after that philosopher's stone, a new *motive*. Savages have found them—why cannot I? The Passamaquoddy Indians have a decoration founded on a wigwam, with branches at the top which they have developed into a style.

"My object in writing to you is to ask you to kindly let me have as soon as you can conveniently do so, the directions for working in gesso, on cement or plaster and clay, or whatever it is in which you are at home. I wish to try it here in Venice and then *iron* it, a process which I learned in Vienna. It consists of applying varnish—smooth this when it is dry with the finest polishing powder and by hand, repeating the process if you want very fine work, then a coat of white and Naples yellow mixed. When dry, go over the lines with a point and *mat* or dot the ground. Rub in Van Brown, leaving the pattern *salient in white*. Polish by *hand* carefully, and apply a coat of thin varnish.

"In Vienna they use a thin size which dries like varnish. The effect of this is quite perfect, and it can be applied to leather or wood or paper. I have several specimens of wall-paper thus *ivoried*. It is very pretty. I am going to make a papier-maché horn—I always longed to have one, but as I can't afford to buy I shall manufacture it—like the poor French author who whenever he wanted a book *wrote* one.[1]

"Venice is a poor place in which to find tools, colours, etc., but wood for carving is excellent and not dear—Italian walnut is almost devoid of grain. I have been three weeks in Buda Pest. I went there without a note of introduction, and within four days I had made the acquaintance of everybody from the Arch-Duke, who presented me with a magnificent book (I never had such a superb affair), down to a very large selection of gipsies—including all the principal scholars—Vambery, Pulsky, etc. Then the newspapers got hold of me, and with

[1] I always understood that this was said by Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield), who, when asked if he had read such and such a book, replied, "Oh no! when I want a book I write one."

the vivid imagination peculiar to the Huns and Tartars published wonderful accounts of the American whose life had been passed in search of gipsies in every corner of the earth —a-gipsying after gipsies—how I had been the guest of the Arch-Duke at his country place (which I wasn't), and how he had shown me the MS. of his great work (which he didn't), and how I went into ecstasies over its excellence (which I couldn't), and how I had visited the ruins of the Roman city near Pest by moonlight and there found a camp of wild gipsies who confided to me the secret story of their lives! truly they danced, sang, and begged like so many demons, and the scene would have been a grand one for an artist—but I heard no story from them. It is quite a sensation to see such an article about yourself in a language which you cannot read—for though I have studied Hungarian for some weeks, I can't read it yet, save as one goes through a swamp jumping from *hussock* to *hussock* — I don't know the English for 'hussock,'[1] it means clumps of grass or reeds, which boys call 'Indians' heads.'"

(The term is a good one, for the hussocks do look like the top-knots of submerged savages. I meant to say that when you only know one word in five of a language, reading it is very much like swamp walking.)

"I was three weeks at Heidelberg, including the grand Jubilee festival. Then I went to read a paper at the Congress of Oriental Scholars in Vienna—and the round of festivities, receptions, excursions, and dinners. There I stayed two months, and finally held my little campaign in Pest 'on my own hook.' The gipsies—poor souls!—knew nothing about my reception by their betters; but they seem to agree by common consent that the Romany Rye was a great find—and one who had only seen me twice, wept bitterly and kissed my hand when I took adieu. A gipsy musician who had been in America asked me if I knew a young lady there who spoke Romany, and truly it was of my niece Mrs. Pennell that he spoke.

[1] It must be allied to "hassock"—a cushion for the feet, or kneeling cushion in church, and was probably English before it was American, like many other so-called Americanisms.

"There are in Pest old Turkish baths, where people can lie steaming all day for twopence, and where both sexes do lie about 'promiscuous-like' and quite naked. But of three women among twenty men whom I saw, two were middle-aged and ugly, and the third was a girl who had a face of quite exceptional plainness, albeit 'twas in a fair delicate body. I thought she ought to go through life like Panurge's old woman, with her head in a bag. I am told that very respectable families in Pest, père, mère, filles et garçons, including friends, go to these baths—in which there are private as well as public rooms—and there steam for hours—*tout en scramble*—'use maketh proper, it is said.' Anyhow, the Pest people seem to be very clean in their persons. It is said there was no real cholera there—in their innocence they called everything the cholera. But there was a riot of smallpox—fifty cases dying per diem.

"Now I am writing on the Grand Canal, opposite old S. M. della Salute—everything exactly as it was forty years ago when I dwelt in the same place or next door—I forget which. Venice is the only place which never changes. Truly, I have no warrant for gossiping at you in this way, but I am writing in warm sunshine by a wood fire—we have had sunshine ever since we came here, eight days ago, and it seems to thaw me out into idly chattering.

"*Scussate mi!* I pray you send me the directions for the gesso-work. If there is any manual teaching the subject, the Trübner firm will obtain and send it to me if you will kindly send them a card directing it.—Yours very truly,

"CHARLES G. LELAND"

"*P.S.*—Kind regards to Mrs. Crane."

Mr. Leland wrote a book called *The Minor Arts*, and on *Practical Education*, and projected a series of manuals on the crafts, to which he invited me to contribute.

At this period, at the suggestion of Mr. Thomas Armstrong, who had succeeded Sir E. J. Poynter as Art Director at South Kensington, I undertook a series of lectures on demonstrations in various crafts allied to decorative design in which I had had personal experience, such as gesso and

plaster relief-work, sgraffito, tempera painting, stencilling, designing for embroidery, repoussé metal work. I gave a short introduction, and having the tools and materials at hand proceeded to give practical demonstrations of the methods of working. These lectures were mostly given in the Lecture Theatre, but the one on modelling in plaster was given in the lecture-room in the school. Osmund Weeks was my assistant with the materials, mixing the gesso, etc. I believe they were the first lectures of the kind at South Kensington—forerunners of the time when craft classes became part of the ordinary college course in design.[1]

I had about this time an extensive piece of modelling work to design and execute, which was offered me by Mr. (Sir) Aston Webb, who was enlarging the house of Sir F. Wigan at Clare Lawn, East Sheen. This consisted of a repeating frieze produced in plaster, for the picture gallery, as well as a frieze, also in plaster, for the drawing-room and another for the library. In these I used for the modelling clay for some and gesso for others, and these were moulded in fibrous plaster panels by my assistant Mr. Weeks, the work taking a considerable time altogether. I also for the same house designed a pair of stained glass panels, which were executed by Morris' people at the Merton Abbey works.

In the drawing-room frieze I attempted the introduction of modern figures of ladies and gentlemen in evening-dress, dancers, and musicians.

Some of the panels were shown at the Arts and Crafts Exhibitions of 1889 and 1890.

The early history of the Arts and Crafts movement has carried me a little forward; but returning to 1886, I find that my resignation of membership of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours and Oil dates from the spring of this year, and this is shown by a note from Sir J. D. Linton (who had previously tried to induce me to withdraw it), containing a reference to the drawing I had done for Sir Henry

[1] To Mr. Armstrong's initiation, also, was due the first classes in enamelling, at the school, as he secured the services of M. Dalpeyrat to give a series of demonstrations in the art to selected students, one of whom was Mr. Alexander Fisher, who revived enamelling so successfully.

Irving of my group at the Ball, which has already been described—

"ETTRICK HOUSE, STEELE'S ROAD, HAVERSTOCK HILL, N.W.
March 5, 1886

"MY DEAR CRANE,—I am sorry there was no alternative but resignation.

"If Dowdeswell does not think he ought to exhibit the drawing, of course we shall be very glad to have it.—With kind regards, I am yours, JAMES D. LINTON"

A formal letter from another president—that of the Royal Academy—seems to indicate the commencement of that appreciation with which British art has been received in Germany in recent years—

"2 HOLLAND PARK ROAD, KENSINGTON, W.
January 1886

"DEAR SIR,—Allow me to introduce to you the bearer of this note, Herr F. Gurlitt,[1] who is here as Commissioner, with full powers, for the great International Exhibition of Art about to be held in Berlin in honour of the centenary of the Royal Academy of that city. In this exhibition H.I.H. the Crown Princess of Germany[2] is deeply interested, and H.I.H. has communicated to me her warm desire that English Art should be done full justice to on this occasion. May I hope that you will be willing to contribute to that result?—I am, yours faithfully, FRED LEIGHTON"

The completion of fifty years of Queen Victoria's reign was commemorated in 1887. There was a great pageant of the usual State official and military sort—a procession through London headed by a galaxy of princes, representatives of foreign courts, and Indian maharajahs.

Among the former rode the Crown Prince of Germany ("The Red Prince" of the Franco-German War), afterwards Emperor, but who died from a disease of the throat not long afterwards.

[1] Dr. Gurlitt later wrote about my work in Germany.
[2] The late Princess Royal of England.

Everything was "Jubilee," of course. The commercial instinct of the British, ever on the alert, labelled all things useful, ornamental, or neither, with the popular brand, and the event was commemorated certainly with remarkable unanimity throughout the land in all sorts of local ways, appropriate or inappropriate. It must have been a good time for sculptors from the number of images of Queen Victoria which were ordered and placed throughout the cities of the land.

It was some time in 1887 that I first made the acquaintance of "The Sette of Odd Volumes"—a dining club, with a literary and artistic flavour, which used to meet about once a month. Like many societies, it began, as I remember Mr. Quaritch saying, in a very small way; but when I was a guest, the company was a large one, and the dinner long and elaborate. The *pièce de résistance*, however (outside the menu), was a paper by one of the members, followed by a discussion. The chairman or president for the year was called "His Oddship," and before calling on the paper reader, it was the odd custom for each "brother" to introduce his guests—describing them and their achievements, hitting off their peculiarities over their heads, in a brief speech. I was at one time the guest of Dr. Todhunter, and at another of Mr. G. C. Haité, the versatile artist, who was afterwards a president of the Odd Volumes. I remember Oscar Wilde was present on one of these occasions, and pronounced a eulogy of "Buffalo Bill," who was rather a "lion" of the season when he and his cowboys first appeared on the wild prairies of Earl's Court. I believe it was Oscar Wilde who took us to visit the Colonel in his tent after one of the performances, greatly to the delight of our two boys, who examined his rifles and trophies with keen interest, and afterwards endeavoured to improvise a sort of "Wild West" of their own in the garden at Shepherd's Bush.

Our summer holidays this year with our children were spent at Harlech under the towers of the romantically situated Edwardian Castle, with the Snowdon range and the mountainous coast of Caernarvonshire for background, and the waste of sand-dunes at our feet. Here I found abundance of attractive material for sketches and studies among the sand solitudes on the shore, or inland as far as the beautiful lake of Cwm Bycham.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE HOURS

WALTER CRANE, 1887

Characteristic Welsh weather in compensation for wetness showing magnificent sky effects, as cloud and sunshine and rain chased one another over the mountainous distance, or melted into the glow of sunset.

Amid such scenes I was moved to write this sonnet—

Lo! torn and grey this weary day outworn,
Wind-driven, chill, and lashed with rains untold,
Hath climbed at last to reach the bars of gold,
Bright at the sunset's gate like hopes of morn:
There doth she cast herself in weeds forlorn
Of clinging clouds that close her shape enfold
To snatch through gleaming rifts the vision rolled
Of her lost glory, as of day still born.

Ultimate hope of man upon this earth
So wrapped in vaporous cloud, and storm distressed,
When shall the new day's light thy fond eyes fill?
Yet comfort ye, and to your heart take mirth,
For lo! the sky is red from East to West,
And Freedom's beacons blaze on every hill!

I also endeavoured to embody a similar motive in pictorial form, but making it "Sunrise" (the title of my drawing) instead of "Sunset." This drawing was afterwads exhibited at the Old Water Colour Society, and is now in the collection of Dr. Willie Mark of Frankfort.

My principal work this year, however, was "The Chariots of the Hours." There is a fine passage in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" describing the flight of the hours like charioteers driving at full speed in a race. This had dwelt in my mind vaguely for some time, but what helped to give it definite form in design was my seeing the chariot races which the Paris Hippodrome brought over to the Kensington Olympia.

A design I made originally for the souvenir book of the performance in black and white, showing a chariot race at ancient Olympia with a Greek audience looking on, was afterwards enlarged for a poster, and this design contained the germs of the design of the picture afterwards painted, now in Herr Seeger's collection, and which gained me a gold medal (of the second order) at Munich in 1895.

In the spring of 1888 I had an invitation to join a party

of Devonians on an excursion to Greece,[1] and I had my first sight of that classic land. We went by steamer from Tilbury to Naples, touching at Plymouth and Gibraltar. Our vessel belonged to the Orient Line and was the *Garonne*, more like a steam-yacht than an ocean liner, and she was afterwards used for North Sea excursions. At Plymouth most of the Devonshire party came on board, and it included the late editor of the *Western Morning News*, Mr. Groser, who, with Mr. James Baker, the novelist, were the chief engineers of the travelling arrangements, and did so well for us, that one gentleman of the party said he "should not think of going to Greece without a Baker and a Groser."

We had had a tranquil voyage down Channel, and did not encounter anything distressing until the Bay of Biscay, which we found fully sustained its reputation, as we were "rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard," in a very thorough way. Recovering, by degrees, one began to take a keen interest in the features of the coast and the unfamiliar craft we passed, such as the little Portuguese fishing-boats. We made our salute at

[1] In connection with this I had an interesting letter from Mr. Philip Webb, the architect, whom I had proposed to join our party. He writes—

"*April* 10, 1888

"Your idea was not 'preposterous'; my sliding down the road of forgetfulness would be; for, since I came back from Italy three years ago, I knew that journey should be my last out of reasonable bounds.

"Well, I am hardly out of the swathing bands of sickness, and have not more than enough strength to move out of the way of a six-year old reckless driver of a perambulator. In addition to these impediments, I have work in hand which *must* be attended to when the key has been turned on the winds from the North Pole.

"To pile it up, I may say that I have more knowledge of the ways and manners of the ancients than I can boil down in the rest of my natural 'jerry-building' life!

"Sometimes I regret the gradual fading away of the reasonable myths of the ancient and Middle Age worlds as to perdition, when I think of the justly-to-be-damned financiers, who have nearly got their holding grasp on Greece.

"I had a book of tables and other matter on the resources of that country sent to me a little while ago, which wound up with the happy and comfortable state of all the people there, and closed with the herring-scented suggestion that the country only wanted opening up.

"There are certain bellies which cry aloud to be opened up, in the 'happy despatch' way. I will go on no more, remembering the kindly thought of the prisoner, with his 'Cheer up, Jeremiah, old boy!'

"I hope the hole in your party will be filled up with a pair of clear eyes.—Yours sincerely, PHILIP WEBB"

Cape St. Vincent, and admired the distant Spanish coast as we steamed along by "Trafalgar's Bay," and close to the African coast, where I recall a charming little view of Tangier framed by the port-hole—the gem-like white town set between the purple hills and the deep blue enamel of the sea, and so through the Straits to Gibraltar. There was a case of fever on board, and so the yellow flag had to be hoisted, but after an official visit from the doctor we were allowed to come into port and to land. Most of the passengers went ashore, but I preferred to utilise the short time there by making a sketch from the deck. The light and colour were very brilliant, and one seemed after the greyness of England to have come into a new world.

A sad incident occurred as we were leaving Gibraltar. We had made Europa Point and were steaming across the bay beyond at full speed. I was with Mr. Baker in the saloon looking at a map when we heard a loud rattling sound down the ship's side and a splash, and then the cry, "Man overboard!" We rushed on deck and found that our quarter-deck able-bodied seaman while adjusting the ropes connected with the gangway, which had been let down to enable the passengers to embark in the boats in Gibraltar harbour, on the starboard quarter, the gangway had suddenly given way under his weight and the unfortunate sailor was thrown into the sea. The steamer at once slowed down, and was steered so as to describe a wide curve backwards, and boats were lowered, but all to no purpose. The poor man was never seen again, but only his floating cap was picked up. It was supposed that he must have been struck by the screw and gone down at once.

A concert was afterwards held on board for the benefit of his relatives.

In the Gulf of Lyons we encountered as heavy seas almost as in the Bay of Biscay—enough to knock people over in their deck-chairs and keep others in their berths, but afterwards the Mediterranean was in gentler mood, and under the brilliant sun, in a gentle breeze, its blueness was wonderful—a light cobalt blue, flecked with white foam crests and shot with dancing rainbows. Steaming on steadily day and night, out of sight of land, except for a very faint and far view of Sardinia,

the vastness of the sea impressed one; the only vessel we passed between Gibraltar and Naples, after we got clear of Gibraltar, was on the horizon, and was made out to be the *Australasia*, another vessel of the Orient Line.

Among the passengers was a young married couple going out to join the Religious Colony at Mount Carmel, of which one heard about at that time.

We entered the Bay of Naples at sunrise, and saw Vesuvius looming up large and dark against the dawn, a long pennon of smoke streaming from its summit. Soon the sun rolled over the dark shoulder of the mountain and flooded everything with intense light, and disclosing the little white towns along the beautiful coast I had known before. The steamer anchored, and we were landed in boats at the quay in the midst of the usual excited crowd of touts, drivers, facchini, and guides competing with each other for the custom of the "forestieri."

Our party bound for Greece here bade farewell to the *Garonne* and her captain and the other passengers, mostly bound for Australia. We, however, met some of them wandering about Pompeii, as the Australian liners allowed four days at Naples. After revisiting the Museum and San Martino, Posilipo, Baiæ, Virgil's tomb, and, of course, Pompeii, we took the railway to Brindisi over the mountains, an interesting line, giving glimpses of out-of-the-way mountain villages and figures (such as shepherd boys, who might have been models for the young Giotto), and then down the coast from Foggia.

Our next steamer was a Greek one, and as to comfort, cleanliness, and food rather suffered in comparison with the *Garonne*. We passed some beautiful coast scenery, particularly off Albania and Corfu, finally reaching Patras, from where, without stopping, we went on by the railway to Corinth, along the beautiful shores of the gulf, where the currant is extensively cultivated.

An enthusiastic guard of the train came along to our window, and pointed out to us with great pride Mount Olympus among the mountains across the gulf. Characteristic figures were seen at the little stations, and the Albanian dress with the ample white fustanella, embroidered jacket and

leggings, pointed red shoes with black tufts at the ends, and the large tasselled Greek fez as headgear, was the usual costume of the men, though modern influences seemed to be creeping in here and there, as occasionally a modern straight-brimmed sailor straw hat and a tailor-made overcoat surmounted the fustanella and leggings with rather quaint effect. The shepherds looked antique enough in their large white-and-black goat-skin cloaks, with the hair outside. Here and there one saw a Greek priest with the curious inverted black tall hat; and ancient life was again strangely suggested by the appearance of a mule with a pigskin full of wine slung on each side of its pack saddle.

At Corinth we climbed the Acro-Corinthos, passing the Doric Temple on the way. It was rather a stiff ascent in the blazing sun; some of our party walked, and others rode up on donkeys or mules. There was, of course, a commanding view from the top, and the ruined walls of the old citadel were interesting. One of our party turned faint under the effects of the climb and the heat, and had to be left at Corinth in charge of another, but he soon recovered and joined us again at Athens. On the way thither from the railway we saw the moon rising over Salamis.

It was superb weather at Athens, and I shall not easily forget my impressions.

Ascending to the Acropolis on the morning after our arrival, the first people I met in front of the Parthenon were Miss Jane E. Harrison (the Greek vase specialist) and Mr. D. S. Maccoll (the art critic, now director of the Tate Gallery).

I had met Miss Harrison first at our friends the Turnbulls, in the Isle of Mull. She and Mr. Maccoll were engaged upon the important work on Greek vases which afterwards appeared, and it seemed an appropriate spot on which to meet Greek scholars and students of Greek art.

The pentelic marble of the ruined temples remained singularly white, except where it was much exposed to the weather, which had brought out the iron and caused stains of rich yellow and orange, which, illuminated by the strong reflected light from the pavements, had almost the effect of

gilding on the fluted columns and cornices, and this was enhanced by the contrast with the deep blue sky overheard.

At night the moon was full, and we visited the Acropolis again, when it was so light that I found I could even sketch. The moonlight, too, seemed warmer and more full of colour than in our clime.

The winds played around the rock as of old, as if asserting their right to their tower at its foot, which we duly visited. Indeed, the winds frequently asserted themselves so emphatically as to raise huge white clouds of fine dust (mostly marble, I suppose), which suddenly blotted out the view.

I remember sitting at a little café near the noble columns of the Roman temple of Jupiter Olympus (through which the swallows flitted in and out), sketching the Acropolis, when it became suddenly, though temporarily, obliterated in this way.

We made an interesting excursion, under the guidance of our dragoman, to Mount Pentelicus, passing Kalandri, the birthplace of Pericles. We ascended the mountain with mules by a rough road of loose sand and stones, but the slopes were covered with wild flowers, among which a little dwarf thornless rose (cistus) was abundant, also the wild pink, a convolvulus, a small ragged robin, camomile, deep red poppies, and daisies both yellow and white, a kind of blue orchid, and the blue gentian. We halted for luncheon at a monastery in a delightful spot amidst trees, chiefly oaks, olives, and cypresses. I noted a very fine group of whitebeams, the largest I had ever seen. We found the summit of Pentelicus covered with white heather, and from it beheld the plain of Marathon, with its crescent-like curving bay, as well as a splendid mountain panoramic landscape in which were visible Eubœa, Hymettus, Athens, and the Piræus, Salamis, Helicon, and Mount Parnassus, and the Greek islands, seawards—the whole under the changing lights and shadows of a showery day.

We duly "stood on Mars Hill"; and among the many things of interest visited the tombs in the Dipylon, the Theatre of Dionysos, the prison of Socrates, and the beautiful choragic monument of Lysicrates.

It was Easter time, and we saw the midnight ceremony

OUR PARTY IN GREECE

of the Greek Church. Crowds thronged the cathedral at the service, and at the stroke of midnight, tapers in everybody's hands were lighted, the priests left the altar and moved in procession towards the open doors and out into the square, where a stage with an altar had been erected. They ascended this and went through some further ceremony, while on every side fireworks were let off, and rockets tore the sky and showered their jewelled rain over the crowd. Then a procession was formed, headed by the priests with their crosses and icons and sacred emblems, with candle-bearers, and with incense swinging, and this was joined in by everybody—citizens, soldiers, peasants, cabinet ministers—and led by a band, and all carrying torches they paraded the town.

On Easter day there were plenty of understudies for the Primitive Theseus with the lamb across his shoulders, holding the feet in front, and groups at street corners or on vacant ground could be seen squatting by charcoal fires roasting lamb on spits made of freshly peeled stakes—about the size of clothes-props—which were brought into the town for the purpose. Trellis arbours of canes, decked with green boughs, were put up here and there for the people to feast in; and I saw a group of soldiers executing a curious slow and measured dance, quite in an antique manner.

We did not see the famed peasants' dance at Megara, which is said strongly to resemble the antique Greek dances as figured on the vases.

I remember buying some mementoes in Athens, and the bargaining was conducted before a crowd of interested witnesses without speech (at least, on my part), each party chalking the sum he proposed to give or take on the steps of the shop until an agreement was arrived at.

We visited the temples at Eleusis—a mass of broken marble, with fragments of steps and shattered columns. It was on Good Friday, and the sky was, for a wonder, overcast and wan, under which the marble fragments had an unnatural pallor. On a hill above there was a little Turkish minaret, and a gaunt youth in a Turkish fez continually tolled a bell. Its ceaseless clang had a monotonous, weary, hopeless sound, and altogether the scene was melancholy in the extreme.

We had a pleasant excursion to Sunium, and a beautiful day. The only suggestion of modern industry I saw in Greece was at Laurium, where there were iron mines, and their usual accompaniments. The temple at Sunium stood on the highest point of a bold headland, and between its snowy marble columns sparkled the blue Ægean.

Another day we took a coasting steamer from the Piræus to Nauplia, passing Ægina, and touching at Hydra and Poros. The steamer was crowded with country and fisher folk of the district, who were extremely interesting in variety of character and costume, including a shepherd and a flock of horned sheep. A school of dolphins played in our wake as the steamer left the Piræus. When we touched at the islands, little lateen-sailed boats would come flying up to land passengers, and brown-limbed, dark-eyed natives clambered on board to secure them, bag and baggage.

The sculpturesque forms of the mountainous coast were very fine, and the delicate lines of the ranges relieved in silhouette as the sun passed behind them.

We reached Nauplia at nightfall, and found the best hotel rather primitive in some of its arrangements, but it was situated in an interesting square in the centre of the town, shaded by pepper trees, and containing an ancient Byzantine-looking church, the dome and tiled roof of which were thickly overgrown. From Nauplia the next morning we departed by carriage for Argos and Mycenæ, stopping at Tiryns to see Dr. Schlieman's excavations of the ancient city.

(With Mr. James Baker, who had an introduction to him, I paid a visit to the famous archæologist at his villa at Athens, and found him in the midst of work, with a secretary, in a long gallery-like room with a range of windows, and long tables covered with books and papers. He was a grave, studious-looking man, with a rather preoccupied air, yet with an occasional keen glance when anything specially interested him that happened to be said.)

Mycenæ was most striking, lying away from any signs of modern habitation, on a rising ground in the midst of wild and bare country; the great gate built of cyclopean blocks of stone, superimposed without mortar, with its massive lintel

and tympanum carved with the colossal lions supporting the column—the totem of the kings—impressed one with a sense of primitive strength and barbarous dignity, as we passed on through it to the Treasure House of Atreus, and of Clytemnestra.

With James Baker I visited the traditional spot of the Académe of Plato, which my friend, by dint of persistent and careful inquiry, discovered at Colonnos. We passed through a private garden, through a gate which led into a field, bordered by a row of magnificent plane trees, from under the shade of which one could get a good view of the Acropolis.

Before leaving Athens I presented an introduction I had from our friend Madame Coronio to Madame Tricoupis, the sister of the Prime Minister Tricoupis at that time. She held afternoon receptions, and was very hospitable and amiable. Her rooms were full, I remember, of lovely roses.

Another of our excursions was to see the works of the canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, commenced in Hadrian's time, and which—as the schoolboy said of the conquest of Ireland—were "still going on," having been taken up again under the Greek Government. It was a curious sight to look on the edge of the deep wide cutting and see, far down, the gangs of men at work like busy ants, and appearing almost as diminutive.

We saw a large group of the workmen in a shed listening to one of their number in a fez and Turkish trousers playing on a Cretan lyre, a single-stringed instrument shaped like a lute and played with a bow, as an accompaniment to a song or chant, the refrain of which was taken up by the rest.

From Athens we voyaged by steamer, on our way homewards, round the Peloponnessus, passing Ithaca with its Odyssean associations, and touching at Corfu. It was a *fête* day, and crowds of peasants were attending Mass in the churches and wandering about the town. The women, singularly handsome for the most part, gorgeously arrayed in their native costume. I found time to make a sketch from the fortress, from which commanded a lovely view of the Albanian coast, before the time came to re-embark.

We steamed on to Trieste, passing Lissa, noted as the scene of a naval battle in the Franco-Italian War.

From Trieste we took another steamer leaving in the middle of the night for Venice. We had a rather stormy passage, and it was raining as we worked up the lagoons, so that we had no beautiful Turneresque effects of sunrise; but by the time we had anchored off the custom-house, the sun had come out brightly, and Venice smiled upon us as we landed at the Piazza, to make our bow to the Lion of St. Mark.

From Venice we made our way by easy stages homewards, steaming up Lago Maggiore and resting at Locarno, before taking the St. Gothard route to Lucerne, where we made another stop, and so in due course reaching England again about the middle of May.

I should have mentioned that in the spring of 1888 (Sir) Edward Poynter proposed me for the Old Water Colour Society. As I have stated previously, I had resigned in 1886 my membership of the Royal Institute, but with no thought of being a candidate for any other body. When Poynter suggested it to me, and expressed his willingness to propose me if I agreed to the idea, I thought it very friendly of him but quite unexpected, and I consented to let him put me up. In the kind letter he wrote me at the time he says—

"I have been intending to go and see you for a long time, but I am so frightfully behindhand with my pictures that I have not been able to find a morning to spare. Now I find that the election at the Water Colour is close at hand, and I am told that it would be better if I could have a work of yours at the Gallery for members to see, as I intend to propose you. I will go on Monday morning and look you up. I do not know whether you have anything at the studio, but perhaps you could get some important specimen of water colour for me to show,—I do not mean before Monday, but some time before the end of next week, the election being on the 19th" (*i.e.* of March).

"Do not answer unless you will be away from the studio on Monday."

In this connection a letter from the late Mr. John Ward—sometime a member of the firm of Marcus Ward & Co. and a friend and immense admirer of Poynter's—may be not without interest—

"LENOXVALE, BELFAST, *March* 27, 1888

"DEAR MR. CRANE,—It was peculiarly pleasing to me to hear that Mr. Poynter was your proposer at the R.W.S. I well know how *he* esteems *your* art, and who so fit to judge? I possess five beautiful works of Mr. Poynter's, and I was so convinced that nobody living could do such, but E. J. P. I therefore showed them to various members of the council of the R.W.S., with the result that Mr. Poynter was elected.

"He had often said to me that he believed he painted in water colour better than in oil, and that was why I brought it about—for at that time his water-colour drawings were little known. Those I have are exquisite works.—Yours sincerely, JOHN WARD"

"W. CRANE, Esq."

Being duly elected as Associate I exhibited that year "Flora" and "Pegasus," both of which ultimately found homes out of this country—one in Germany, and one in Belgium.

Mr. Ward, backed by Mr. Poynter, had wished me to do some examples in design—treatment of plant form—for his series of "South Kensington Drawing-books," and I intended to have done so, though I did not feel quite happy about it, and, as it turned out, the scheme never came off, as I never succeeded in satisfying myself in the matter, though I made a number of drawings for the work.

Sir Coutts Lindsay's assistant directors, Messrs. Carr and Hallé, for reasons that were never made publicly clear, left him and the Grosvenor Gallery, which I suppose was not in a flourishing condition, to start the New Gallery in Regent Street. A company was formed to take over the same abandoned meat market which I remember Mr. Heywood Sumner and myself inspecting when we were searching for suitable quarters for our Arts and Crafts Exhibition, and which Sir Edward Lee a year or two before had proposed to

me for a National Exhibition of Art, to be worked by means of a joint stock company.

Some correspondence appeared in the papers, including letters from (Sir) Edward Burne-Jones and (Sir) Alma Tadema in support of Messrs. Carr and Hallé in the step they were taking, and approving their resignation from the management of the Grosvenor Gallery. One heard that the frequent suppers and other entertainments at the Grosvenor were distasteful to (Sir) E. Burne-Jones, and it was even whispered that labels announcing "soups" and "ices" were hung in front of some of his pictures.

Whatever were the true reasons, however, the New Gallery was established, and held its first exhibition in the summer of 1888, with Messrs. Carr and Hallé as directors, who secured the support of most of the principal artists of the Grosvenor, and started with a "Consulting Committee" containing the names of (Sir) L. Alma Tadema, (Sir) E. Burne-Jones (A.R.A.), A. Gilbert (A.R.A.), H. Herkomer (A.R.A.), W. Holman Hunt, E. Onslow Ford (A.R.A.), J. W. North (R.W.S.), Alfred Parsons (R.I.), E. R. Robson (F.S.A.), (Sir) W. B. Richmond (A.R.A.), and even the former secretary of the Grosvenor Gallery, Mr. J. W. Beck.

The meat market was transformed by the skill of Mr. E. R. Robson, the architect, into the handsome galleries we know, and he did wonders with marble linings and gilding. The traditional heavy red was clung to, however, in the walls of the picture-galleries, although it is a colour really very rarely suited to set off pictures successfully, cool and neutral tones, or white, being much better.

Burne-Jones was a large exhibitor, and he continued to show his work at this gallery to his death. Practically all the old exhibitors at the Grosvenor went over to the New, and, being no longer in favour with Sir Coutts, I joined them, sending this year "A Water-Lily" and several small landscape studies, from Southwold and Harlech, and have continued to exhibit my most important pictorial work there each year since.

The Grosvenor soon afterwards came to an end as a picture-gallery. A circulating library was started there, and a club was formed and occupied the spacious premises for a

time, which have been since transformed (by Mr. Walter Cave) into the Æolian Hall, and dedicated to the music of sweet sounds and the strains of the pianola.

Many of Sir Coutts Lindsay's artist friends, however, gathered round him and gave him a dinner, in recognition of his services to art, which he certainly deserved, for his spirit and enterprise. It is to be regretted that he did not, when he had secured the adherence of so many distinguished artists outside the Academy, maintain a more distinctly independent attitude, and was not able to place the Gallery on a sound and permanent footing.

The Grosvenor had a brilliant career for ten years. Society thronged the evening receptions and the Sunday afternoons given by Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay, before their separation, and the most notable artists both within and without the Academy supported the Gallery by their works; and, albeit tempered somewhat by amateur efforts, the Gallery won a very distinguished position. Many causes no doubt combined to destroy it, and the establishment of the New Gallery out of its own materials, as it were, deprived it of the artistic reason for its existence.

The name of E. Burne-Jones, with the letters A.R.A. attached, looked strange upon the New Gallery catalogue when both the genesis and development of his art, and his known personal views, were considered. He only exhibited at the Academy once, however, and one picture only. Curiously enough, too, it was "The Depths of the Sea," in which it was difficult to avoid reading an allegory in the siren triumphantly securing her prey.

The artist, however, soon resigned, feeling, no doubt, that what might be an apparent distinction might in course of time become a brand.

Among other work upon which I was engaged about this time was a series of panels I painted for the *Ophir*, a new Australian liner for the Orient Company, for which Mr. J. J. Stevenson had designed the interior woodwork and arrangement of the saloon, and who offered me the work. Mr. C. Napier Hemy also painted some panels, and came to confer with me about them.

My subjects were single female figures symbolical of the seasons and of the times of day.

In the autumn of 1888, probably in some way as the outcome of the recent movements in the art world, and with the idea of offering a public platform for the discussion of many questions agitating artists and art lovers, a scheme was started for a National Association for the Advancement of Art in Relation to Industry—a rather portentous title. Professor (now Sir) Martin Conway, of Liverpool University, was one of the active spirits in its initiation, and his idea was that as there was a British Association for the advancement of science, why should there not be a British Ass. for British art (as some expressed it)?

There was an inauguratory meeting at Grosvenor House, I remember, and I think the Duke of Westminster was in the chair. Mr. Cuthbert Quilter, Martin Conway, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Oscar Wilde were among the speakers. Mr. Gosse brought in statistics of trade and the cotton industry—"Things," as Oscar Wilde said, who followed him, "which we do not want to hear about at all." The meeting was considered a great success, however, and the resolutions convening the Congress were all duly proposed, seconded, and carried.

It was at this meeting that I remarked that we "must turn our artists into craftsmen and our craftsmen into artists."

The Congress was duly organised, and met at Liverpool. There were many sections—architecture, painting, sculpture, decorative art, and arts and crafts, and each had its section and special chairman—and papers were duly read by different artists and others.

A train full of artists of all ranks carried most of the active spirits down by the London and North-Western to Liverpool, including the President of the Royal Academy and the most extreme opponents of that body. The artists were hospitably entertained in the houses of prominent Liverpool citizens, and at the Congress we went at it—hammer and tongs. It was indeed an artists' tournament, and many a lance was broken, the Academy being rather severely handled.

The Arts and Crafts banner was well to the fore, and the

movement made way all along the line as the most practical effort to unite Art and Industry.

William Morris and I had something to say for the relation of Art to Socialism, and there were many interesting discussions in the various sections; and as a platform for the expression of opinion—and perhaps, in some cases, a convenient eminence for the grinding of axes—the Congress was certainly a great success.

There were agreeable interludes in the way of dinners and other functions, one of the most interesting being a visit to the famous shipbuilding yard of Messrs. Laird on the occasion of the launch of a big steamer. It was a striking sight to see as the stays were gradually removed until it almost seemed as if the huge vessel was really only held in check by the tiny silken cord which the lady who performed the christening had to sever with a toy hatchet, after the champagne bottle, dressed in a bunch of ribbons, had been broken against the ship's side. Then she began to glide down the slope, and finally gracefully took the water like a swan. A luncheon and speeches followed.

The Congress was repeated the following year at Edinburgh under the presidency of the Marquis of Lorne (the present Duke of Argyll), who in his inaugural address spoke of "a member for the Discobulus" as a possible necessity of the future in the direct representation of the interests of art and art schools in the Legislature.

As before at Liverpool, many members of the Art Workers' Guild took a prominent part as presidents of various sections, as paper readers, or in the discussions.

William Morris again attended, and the truths of Socialism were not neglected—so little, indeed, that our opponents said we had "spoiled the Congress" (!).

We incurred the wrath of Mr. W. E. Henley, who conducted the *Scots Observer* at that time, in which many bitter attacks upon Morris and myself appeared. A copy was sent to me from the office of the paper containing something offensive, which I might have been in happy ignorance of but for this delicate attention. I returned the paper with my compliments, adding that I "feared the cover may have got a little soiled, but perhaps there was not more mud outside

than was to be found within its pages." Henley—who was surrounded by a clique of writers who seemed almost to worship him—was no doubt an able writer, but entirely out of sympathy with and perhaps incapable of understanding our movement. He afterwards came to London and edited the *National Observer*. I once saw him at the Pennells' afterwards—but no blood was shed! Indeed, one could only feel pity for his want of health and other misfortunes.

I think it was on the same evening at the same host's that I met for the first time Mr. Frederick Sandys the artist, for whose work I had always had the highest admiration. His draughtsmanship was marvellous, and the power and imagination he showed in such works as his painting of "Medea," and in his black-and-white designs, must always give him a very high place in English art. He had a strange penetrating gaze, and a somewhat sarcastic way of speaking.

Lectures were given, too, outside the Congress both by Morris and myself; sometimes he took the chair for me, and at others I presided for him. "We hunt in couples," he said at the time. My host was a leading banker of Edinburgh, and he put me up at his house at Murrayfield. Among the interesting and sympathetic people one met at Edinburgh must be mentioned Professor Patrick Geddes, whom I visited in his tower and who showed me his schemes for saving the fine old palaces, turning them into residential flats; and we exchanged ideas about the beautification of modern towns, schools, gardens, flowers, and other things.

I was also introduced to Mrs. Traquair, the distinguished artist and craftswoman. I found her at work in a small chapel on the walls of which she was carrying out a complete scheme of mural decoration delightful in colour and invention. This lady has since become a valued member of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, where her beautiful needlework, illumination, and enamels are well known.

I was much struck with the city of Edinburgh, which I had never before visited, especially with the old part of the town on the rock. The length and width of Princes Street was imposing, and the Scott Monument not without its dramatic effect.

After the Congress we—the Socialist group, consisting of

William Morris, T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, Emery Walker, and myself—had arranged to visit Glasgow, where I was to give a lecture on "The Educational Value of Art." We all travelled together and put up at the Station Hotel. The lecture was to be given in a large hall near by. Morris took the chair. I made illustrations to my lecture on the black-board. Questions were invited and a discussion afterwards. In the course of this there was some allusion to the treatment of its employees by a local firm, and Morris got somewhat impatient with a speaker who took the firm's view of the matter, but we all urged that he should be heard.

Mr. Bruce Glasier, the present editor of the *Labour Leader* and a prominent Socialist, came to see us at the hotel, and we met the local Socialists at their quarters on a Sunday, when Morris and I spoke.

It was about this time that, in concert with Mr. Emery Walker, Morris's scheme of the Kelmscott Press was first projected, and I remember it was discussed among us while at the hotel in Glasgow together.

The subject of the form of spacing of lettering and the harmony of text and ornament on decorative illustration had occupied both Morris and myself much of late, and Mr. Emery Walker, who, as has been mentioned, lectured on the subject at our first Arts and Crafts Exhibition, brought his technical knowledge of printing to bear on the question.

I had recently delivered the Cantor lectures at the Society of Arts on the Decorative Illustration of Books, illustrated with lantern slides from many beautiful examples of illuminated MSS. from the British Museum and early printed books, and to enrich these I had also been able to draw upon Morris's own magnificent library of early printed books.

Morris himself had lectured upon the printing of books at the Society of Arts also, and he now took up the subject practically and, with his usual ardour in the arts, concentrated himself upon it.

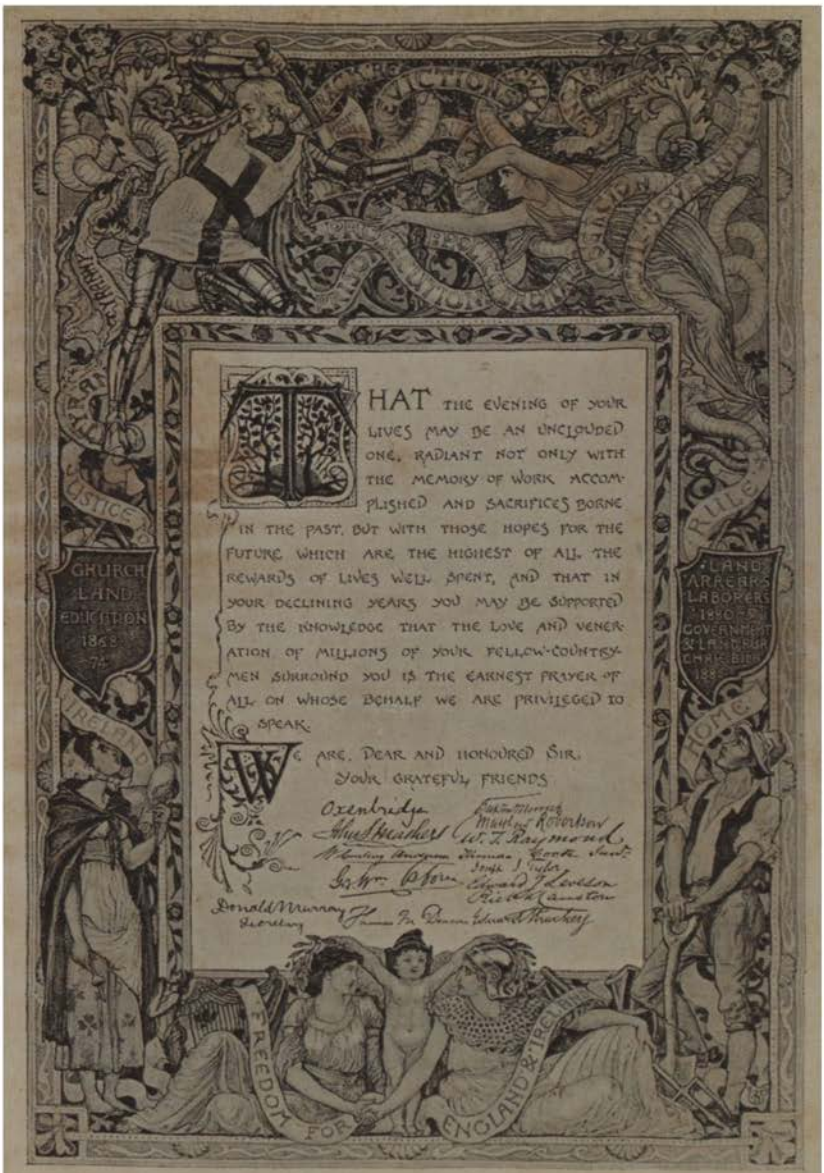
He got Mr. Walker to make him large photographs of certain early printers' types, chiefly Venetian of the fifteenth century. These he studied, and on these he modelled his own types.

The first book from the press was Morris's own *Story of the Glittering Plain*, which he wanted me to illustrate, but he was so eager to get his first book out that he could not wait for the pictures, and so the *Glittering Plain* first appeared simply with his own initials and ornaments, the larger illustrated edition following later, with the woodcuts from my designs (engraved by my cousins, A. & E. Leverett) and a special title and borders designed by Morris.

I remember Morris and his friend, Mr. F. S. Ellis, who edited several of the Kelmscott Press books, coming to my studio to see the drawings for the *Glittering Plain* when they were finished. Mr. Ellis seemed so delighted with them that he asked me to do a set to an edition of *Reynard the Fox* he had in preparation, and this duly appeared from the house of David Nutt in 1894.

I remember returning from the Glasgow visit to London with Morris alone. We had a coupé to ourselves. Near the English border the London and North-Western line runs close to a very beautiful old grey stone manor-house—Yanworth —partly embattled. A place I had often heard Morris speak of with admiration. We had been chatting away freely, but after catching sight of this ancient house Morris became abstracted, and presently taking out paper from the wonderful satchel, without which he was seldom seen in his later days, he began to write, and he wrote furiously all the way back, only stopping at York to eat and drink. The result was "The Hall and the Wood," a poem which appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine* shortly afterwards. The magazine had changed editors, and was then conducted by our friend Emery Walker, who was always Morris's right hand in regard to the Kelmscott Press.

In June 1889 I remember being one of a large deputation of architects and artists to the London County Council to plead for the preservation of St. Mary le Strand, which was actually in danger of being pulled down to widen the thoroughfare. Fortunately, our efforts were successful, and this beautiful bit of English Renascence work was saved, and the aspect of the Strand also. Mr. Norman Shaw, the Earl of Carlisle, and Mr. F. J. Shields were on the deputation.



PAGE FROM THE GLADSTONE GOLDEN WEDDING ALBUM

DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE, 1889

It was in the summer of 1889 that I met Mr. Gladstone. I had previously heard him speak, but had not made his personal acquaintance. His friends and supporters desired to mark their appreciation of his political services by a presentation on the occasion of his golden wedding. A great meeting was arranged at the National Liberal Club on July 26, and as a special feature and a souvenir an address was prepared to form the text of an illuminated album to be presented on the day. A group of artists were invited to contribute, and Messrs. Marcus Stone, John MacWhirter, Alfred Parsons, Lewis F. Day, Henry Holiday, Arthur Severn, and myself each designed a page in this album, Mr. Day designing the text throughout. My subject was an allegorical treatment of the movement for Home Rule for Ireland and the measures Gladstone had advocated for that country.

When the book was given to Mr. Gladstone each artist in turn was presented to him and to Mrs. Gladstone, who accompanied him, and indeed took such charge of him that she seemed a little afraid of his getting too interested in the album and in our explanations of our designs in it, and was rather by way of hurrying him on to, or reserving him perhaps for, the speech function which followed.

I received later a postcard from Mr. Gladstone, bearing the date August 12, 1889, and the postmark Chester, of which the following is a copy:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you very much for the description, and I think that by it you have added to the value of the beautiful memorial itself.—Yours very faithfully,

"W. E. GLADSTONE

"*August* 12, 1889"

The description of my design here mentioned was as follows:—

"The design, under the form of allegory, deals generally with Mr. Gladstone's policy in regard to Ireland, and his advocacy of Home Rule in particular.

"At the top of the page he is represented as a good knight

fighting the many-coiled dragon of tyranny. The red cross of St. George upon his surcoat indicates that it is England's will and power that must free the suffering Erin from the injustice and oppression for which English Governments have been answerable, and what these are are shown by the legends upon the coils of the dragon twisted about the figure of Erin. She stretches forth her hands to the deliverer, who has taken one of them while he strikes at the head of the dragon with the axe of Home Rule.

"Below on each side are two shields inscribed with the names of the parliamentary measures referring to Ireland associated with Mr. Gladstone's administrations. A scroll on the left bears the words, 'Justice to Ireland,' and that on the right, 'Home Rule.' Below these again, on either side are the figures of Irish peasants, the man with a spade, the woman with a spindle, to indicate those fundamental and useful labours upon the maintenance of which the welfare of peoples and the wealth of nations alike depends. The upward gaze of the peasants is fixed upon the issue of the struggle above, with which their hopes and prospects are involved.

"In the border at the foot of the page is a group personifying Ireland and England taking hands, and being crowned with olive wreaths by the winged child Freedom, to indicate the true and only union possible, which the scroll further emphasises in the words: 'Freedom for England and Ireland.'

"The initial letter T is intended, by the golden setting sun, the fruited trees, and the plough at rest in the furrow, to illustrate the wish embodied in the text—'Datur hora quieti.'

"WALTER CRANE"

Lord Oxenbridge was the chairman on the occasion of the presentation, and a crowd of Mr. Gladstone's political adherents received their hero with great enthusiasm.

Though showing signs of advanced age, Mr. Gladstone seemed full of life, and quite keen and interested in the proceedings, and was evidently pleased with the album, and he spoke without apparent effort, with his wonderful flow of words, when he rose to address the meeting.

Another political event in this year was the very large and

important Home Rule demonstration in St. James's Hall, at which Mr. Parnell received a tremendously enthusiastic reception when he rose to speak, the crowded audience rising and waving handkerchiefs and cheering for some minutes. He had a dignified presence, and spoke with power and effect, but with more parliamentary manner than other Irish orators.

Mr. Henry Holiday, who had keenly interested himself in the cause, had asked me to assist him in the decoration of the hall for the occasion, and we multiplied harps upon green banners and Home Rule mottoes and shamrocks at a great rate, assisted by a volunteer staff of ladies, at his studio at Hampstead.

I designed two maps, which we enlarged and hung at the end of the hall. In these I drew a contrast between England and Ireland before and after Home Rule. Preserving in the drawing in the main contours the actual geographical shapes of the two countries, I introduced in one a repressive and coercive frowning Britannia, with her Lion, holding a revolting Hibernian by a chain; while in the companion picture the same general outlines appeared, but in detail the map showed a fair and friendly Britannia on one side of St. George's Channel and a comely and contented colleen, wearing the Cap of Liberty, on the other, and, of course, no chain between them. The Lion was thought to bear a resemblance to "The Grand Old Man."

About this time, too, I was at a garden party given by Mr. and Mrs. Holiday at their charming house at Hampstead, when Mr. Gladstone was present and made a speech on Home Rule.

In this connection, also, I had designed a Nationalist banner, which was beautifully worked in silk by Miss Una Taylor, as a labour of love, and presented by her to the Nationalist party in Ireland, in order that it might hang in the first Home Rule Parliament. The design displayed heraldically the arms of the four provinces, quarterly, with the Harp a sun-burst in the centre, suggesting in their arrangement a Celtic cross. This banner was shown in our Arts and Crafts Exhibition the same year.

Mr. Thomas P. Gill, one of the Nationalist members in the

House, to whom I was introduced by Miss Una Taylor, interested himself in the matter, and procured for me drawings of the Heraldry of the four provinces; and in a letter in which he speaks of our work, and the pleasure with which the design had been received by his colleagues, he concludes: "I would bring the drawing in person to you myself, only there is a warrant out for my arrest these days, and it is not safe to undertake a journey of any length through the streets."

The summer of 1889 was also remarkable for the great dock strike, which brought Mr. John Burns so prominently to the front, when he advocated the claims of the dockers, who under his leadership won their "tanner," or sixpence an hour, and established their Union.

He was elected to the London County Council on its formation in this the first year.

Mr. Frederic Harrison was also one of London's first Councillors, and he wrote to me with reference to designing the Seal of the Council.

Mr. John Burns had proposed that I should be asked to design the Seal, and he writes about it as follows (on Amalgamated Engineers' Society paper):—

"56 WICKERSLEY ROAD, BATTERSEA

"DEAR CRANE,—Will you send in a design for a Common Seal for County Council?

"I spoke to Morris about it, and he seemed to think it was just your line.

"I informed the Council of my intention to ask you, and we all agreed that you were the best man for it. The design can be adapted to our views, as you generally manage to do these things.

"Drop me a note in reply.—Yours truly,

"JOHN BURNS"

He writes again, later—

"The Council was highly pleased at your design. Rosebery recommended it to the Council strongly——"

"The cap of Freedom and the labourer is good propaganda——"

and he adds—

"We had a good day's work: abolished local dues, suggested removal of bars and gates (150), and carried 'sweating' resolution."

I had besides many letters from Mr. Frederic Harrison, who took the greatest interest and trouble in the matter. He writes (March 1, 1889)—

"The design is certainly very beautiful and poetic. Nothing that we have, in my opinion, approaches it."

Lord Rosebery, too, seemed pleased with both the seal and the letter stamp, as he writes (May 26, 1889), from Durdans, Epsom—

"I am quite fascinated by your design for the paper stamp. I have no doubt it will be adopted by acclamation."

And of the seal design he writes (June 8, 1889)—

"I think the seal looks even better in the small size than it did in the original drawing."

I sent in a design which was accepted, and the steel die was cut by Mr. W. H. Hooper, a member of the Art Workers' Guild and a most accomplished engraver (the same who engraved on wood Morris's designs for the Kelmscott Press). We collaborated again in a letter stamp for the L.C.C., and I remember we went to Spring Gardens to have an interview about it with Lord Rosebery, the then Chairman, and Mr. Firth, his deputy, and the engraving of the die for the Common Seal was also discussed. I had put the inscription in Latin, but it was desired to have it in English. "The Common Seal of the London County Council"—"not that we want to find fault with Mr. Crane's Latin," as Lord Rosebery remarked. He did not, however, care for a suggestion I first made for the letter stamp embodying figures of Justice and Liberty, remarking he did not see what they had to do with the County Council, and one I made of a single figure with a mural crown holding the shields of London and Westminster was finally adopted.

Mr. Frederic Harrison again writes (March 10, 1890)—

"MY DEAR CRANE,—I have at last got an impression of the L.C.C. Seal, which certainly seems to me a very fine work, worthy of you and of the Council. I am taking it to show the principal librarian at the British Museum, who advised the Chairman last spring, and they will have an impression for their collection. I tell him there is nothing at all equal to it in the modern series."

His only regret seems to have been the omission of the sword of St. Paul from the shield. This, however, seemed to belong to the City of London, whereas the cross of St. George is national. The sword, however, appears on the London shield of the letter stamp.

At the Paris Universal Exhibition of this year I was awarded a silver medal for my water-colour drawing, "A Diver," previously shown at the Royal Institute—a gratifying recognition from a foreign country.

In 1889, too, my term of office as Master of the Art Workers' Guild came to an end. I had been elected to the chair at the annual meeting in December 1887, and had served for two years, like my predecessors, Mr. George Simonds and Mr. J. D. Sedding. Since that time the Master has served for one year only. Our meetings were then held in the fine old hall of Barnard's Inn, with its open timber roof dating back to the fifteenth or even fourteenth century, as some supposed. Barnard's Inn and its hall were, however, required by the Mercers' Company for their school, which, according to their laws, had to be within the precincts of the City of London; so, very reluctantly, we had to find fresh quarters, which we happily succeeded in doing at Clifford's Inn Hall, which has been the home of the Guild ever since. This hall dates from the fourteenth century, though the interior has been transmogrified and plastered, probably in the seventeenth century, and the only obvious relic of its foundation now visible is the Gothic arch in stone which forms one of the entrances to the hall.

What with the Guild meetings, and the work of a second

Arts and Crafts Exhibition[1] in the autumn at the New Gallery, attending the Edinburgh Congress, lecturing, and carrying on one's ordinary work, the year 1889 was certainly a busy one.

One of the last functions in Barnard's Inn Hall, I remember, was a supper very kindly given in my honour by some of my brother artists and craftsmen, members mostly of the Guild or of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, which was very pleasant; though it is sad, in recalling such occasions, to think of those of the company who are gone.

The year 1889 marked an epoch in the history of the stage in this country by the production of certain plays of Henrik Ibsen for the first time in London. Those who had the good fortune to witness the first performances of *A Doll's House*, in which Miss Janet Achurch took the part of Nora Helmer, are not likely to forget it. All the characters were ably presented: Mr. Herbert Waring was Torvald Helmer; Mr. Charles Charrington, Dr. Rank; and the whole performance was singularly complete, though the charm and spontaneity with which Miss Achurch acted her part were most remarkable and delightful. The translation was by Mr. William Archer, who has done so much to familiarise English readers with Ibsen's work.

The simple but searching domestic drama, with no aids of stage effects or conventions, was extraordinarily direct and powerful, like all Ibsen's, but perhaps more concentrated and complete and less problematical than most, although it presented a problem which exercised the ingenuity or the sympathies of those who saw it, according to their predilections and prejudices, for a long time after. A souvenir book of the play with portraits of Ibsen and of the performers in the *Doll's House* was afterwards published by subscription by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

[1] At the private view I recall meeting for the first and only time Mr. Grant Allen, whose *Physiological Æsthetics* I had read long before, on the recommendation of my old friend Wise. Mr. Grant Allen was more known, however, for his brilliant Darwinian essays and expositions of natural history, and latterly for his novels, more especially for *The Woman who Did*, which made a considerable sensation and had many imitators. He struck me as a quiet, observant man, of distinctly Scottish aspect. Mr. John Burns was also present on the same occasion,

Mr. Grein did excellent work, too, by means of his Independent Theatre, by giving other plays of Ibsen at different places, and under, it must be confessed, often disadvantageous circumstances. *Ghosts* was one, in which Mrs. Theodore Wright gave a wonderful performance as the mother, and I remember Miss Elizabeth Robin's fine rendering of Hedda Gabler.

The Stage Society, founded later, also gave several of Ibsen's plays, though its principal work has been the introduction of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw as a dramatist to the English public. The performances both of Mr Grein's Independent Theatre and those of the Stage Society attracted not only members of the dramatic profession but also Socialists and people of advanced views, and the audiences were generally quite as remarkable as the plays.

The unflinching way in which Ibsen deals with modern life and tears the masque from the shams and conventionalities of middle-class existence and bourgeois morality in so many of his dramas, over and above his power as a dramatist, no doubt interested all kinds of social reformers, and especially Socialists of all schools, as bearing upon the very questions with which they themselves were concerned. Both from this point of view and in relation to the ordinary stage conventions a drama by Ibsen had something the effect of moral dynamite.

The dramatist shatters and destroys, too, without any definite hints as to reconstruction. People are left to draw their own conclusions. Ibsen's dramas belong to a revolutionary epoch—an epoch of social upheaval and change. With social reconstruction under new social ideals, people will not be satisfied with destructiveness alone, or the exposure of social degradation. They will want other sides of life and humanity—the search for a new harmony, a higher sense of beauty must be satisfied, and there must be room for humour —even beneath the tragic compulsion of inexorable destiny.

I remember being greatly impressed by the power of Salvini. I do not remember what year it was when he visited London and gave, I think, a series of performances at the Lyceum. I saw him in *Othello*, and he seemed to fill the

part so completely that it is difficult to think of Othello as of any other type than that which he presented, and so completely realised that one really did not want to see the play again.

The Elizabethan Stage Society, under the able and sympathetic direction of Mr. William Poel, too, must be noted as having done very remarkable work in presenting the plays under their original condition. To my mind this treatment seemed to throw quite a new light upon them. The simplicity of the stage arrangements, and the absence of scene-shifting and the distractions of realistic landscape backgrounds, threw into stronger relief the individual characters, and concentrated the attention upon the real drama.

The spectacular interest is a distinct interest, but the more elaborate the scenery and mounting of a play the more the attention is divided; and if the dramatic interest is strong, the less it seems necessary. It is like the difference of artistic interest between a landscape and a figure picture. The scenes in a Shakespeare play mounted in the modern way and on a large stage have the effect of landscapes or interiors with figures, but as presented by Mr. Poel with an inner and an outer scene simply draped with tapestry, with two entrances or exits and a gallery above, as it might have been performed in an Elizabethan or mediæval hall, the figures loom large, and one can study their action and speech.

I remember one of the first performances was given in the hall of Gray's Inn — *The Comedy of Errors* — in the very place where the play was first performed in Shakespeare's time, and very interesting it was.

I recall a little incident which happened afterwards. The audience lingered, talking together, and people made their way over the chairs to join different groups of their friends. The chairs, I think, were held together in rows by strips of wood. I was talking to some friends when Mr. George Moore passed; he tripped, and had fallen but that I caught him by the arm, not seeing who it was till he looked up. I had no acquaintance with him, and I remember the peculiar expression on his strange white face as he recognised me.

We had recently been carrying on a war in the papers about a picture by Degas, in which Richmond and I had been

among the attacking party, Mr. Moore stoutly defending in rather a personal way, and I had no reason to suppose there was much sympathy between us, so it seemed curious I should have been the means of saving him from a fall.

Mr. Poel and his company afterwards gave many other interesting performances at several of the old city halls and elsewhere, presenting different plays. One being Marlowe's *Faustus*, which, perhaps, was more remarkable and interesting than any, showing a combination of drama and masque.

With the old morality play of *Everyman*, Mr. Poel, however, achieved a really popular and universal success. It was remarkable how the simple pathos of the allegory appealed to all kinds of different minds.

We saw it first of all under most favourable and appropriate conditions, though those conditions were a severe test of the quality of the play and the manner of its presentation. It was on a summer afternoon in the old court or quad of the Charter House, and was a most impressive and moving performance.

Everyman has since appealed to every man all over the kingdom, and in every sort of theatre, but always seems to have won its audience. Its success is evidence that the symbolic poetic drama concerned with real human interest has not lost its power of appeal among our people.

CHAPTER IX

BOHEMIA—ITALY—VISIT TO AMERICA, 1890–92

IN the spring of 1890 we were at the delightful old town of Winchelsea, with our children. The old church with its Edwardian monument, its venerable historic associations of the place, with Rye, its neighbouring cinque port, and the pleasant country, were all full of attraction for us.

Later, I joined Mr. James Baker and another friend on a trip to Bohemia. Mr. Baker had been in that country before, and was an excellent guide and indefatigable in seeking information and discovering fresh routes, and as he spoke German with ease there was no difficulty on that score.

We went by the Hook of Holland, and stopping a night at Hanover, went to see the old palace and famous stud from which our royal cream-coloured horses are derived, which delight the London people on State occasions with a piece of antique pageantry.

I remember being struck by the ingenious and effective way in which the German colours, black, white, and red, were displayed in their proper order in the flower-beds in front of the station at Hanover—very dark pansies doing duty for black.

We made for Dresden (where the chimney-sweeps look quaint in tall black hats), and after enjoying the Rembrandts and the Raphaels at the gallery, took steamer up the Elbe to the Austrian frontier at Tietschen, after stopping a night at Pirne, and noting the curious eye-shaped dormer windows in the steep tiled roofs, and the long rafts of timber with little huts upon them, which are very cleverly steered down the swift river by the men with long oars, three at each end of the raft.

The banks often rise to steep and fantastic black crags of a basaltic character, taking all manner of shapes; sometimes we passed walled towns cresting the hills, such as Königstein, looking inaccessible enough. On the road along the bank could be seen the long narrow boat-shaped wicker waggon of the peasantry, drawn by a horse with a high peaked collar; and here and there and everywhere women bearing deep baskets on their backs.

Deep draughts of iced lager on board the steamer acted as an appropriate solvent to the varied and fantastic scenery, especially in the hot sunshine of a May morning on deck. We saw, too, an actual Maypole hung with garlands and surmounted by the German flag, on a little green knoll, by a quaint, half-timbered cottage, and near the same spot one of the queerest little head-dresses or sunbonnets imaginable, worn by a little girl.

At Tietschen there is a big schloss with a slender minaret of the type often seen in the village churches on the Elbe; and a big iron suspension bridge takes one across the river into Bohemia. We took train to Niemes, our first Bohemian village, and at the hostelry found the public room crowded with the village worthies drinking lager and playing dominoes, cards, etc. We were taken for Frenchmen, as I suppose either Englishmen were comparatively rare in these parts, or that we lacked the typical John Bull characteristics.

Niemes was a pretty village of neat comfortable-looking cottages of timber, and a stream flowing through. The women wore bright-coloured kerchiefs on their heads of all sorts of colours, and these were often set off by a black velvet bodice. A gay-coloured print skirt and white apron completed the costume.

At Niemes we hired a carriage and pair, and started through a part of the country unknown to railways, a delightful undulating country varied by woods and mountain distances. Our first stop was Wastenburg. Then we got to Dewin; on a height stood the ruins of an ancient castle commanding a fine prospect. Below was the village of Hammer, the birthplace of Gabriel Max, the distinguished painter, whose house—a characteristic Bohemian timber country dwelling, with

wooden shingle roof and overhanging balcony—was shown to us. From Hammer we drove on through the pleasant country, reaching Bohemisch Aicha in the evening—a small town with a central place and a monument (to the Virgin and saints). The ceremony of blessing the fields took place the next morning—a picturesque procession of the townsfolk, chiefly women and children, following a priest, in full canonicals, out from a church decked with garlands and candles, to the open country.

Continuing our drive, we visited a rather important hunting seat—royal or ducal, if I remember aright—but modern, and plentifully adorned with hunting trophies and antlers, but not architecturally interesting; and so on we went over undulating plains and rye fields and woods, resting by the way at a characteristic Bohemian peasant's cottage, with its large tiled stove, racks for clothes overhead, and quaint tables and chairs. At one of the villages, too, we saw a waggon from Saxony, in which a band of students travelled through the country, drawn by oxen. It was very long and narrow, and for seating had a plank suspended down the middle, extending the whole length of the waggon, and hung from the rail which closed each side, from which hung charmingly made garlands of flowers. In the evening we reached Turnov, a more important town, where the principal industry seemed to be the cutting of precious stones—a curious process, the stones being enclosed in a sort of thick pencil of wood fixed in a circular horizontal wheel and guided by the hand of the worker round and round upon a grindstone, the pencil being slanted from time to time at different angles to obtain the different facets. There were other small industries, such as button-making and tape-weaving. Water-power was a good deal used in the factories. Where there are factories there is always a labour question, and there had been strikes at different places, and we saw a body of soldiers marching into the town from their *un*civil warfare with their own countrymen struggling for their rights.

One was glad to see, however, the young townsfolk and maidens attending a dancing class in a large upper room at the hotel. An energetic middle-aged and rather portly dancing master put them through various evolutions, including some

pretty figures, such as the formation of a spiral string of dancers hand in hand, which gradually wound themselves around the dancing master (stationary in the centre) and again unwound themselves. The master called out his instructions, of course, in the Czech tongue. The young people, I thought, looked a little anæmic. They were no doubt indoor workers, and they went through their dances conscientiously enough, but without any indication of animal spirits. One would rather have seen them round a Maypole on a village green. My friends' chief object on this tour was to see some of the principal famous ancient castles of Bohemia, and most of these were accessible from Turnov (pronounced as if it ended with a w); so we continued our carriage travel, exploring first the Kleiner Skal, a ruined castle approached through wooded slopes perched on very precipitous black rocks, above a peaceful agricultural country of blossoming orchards and hayfields in the flush of May-time, and afterwards we went to the Grosse Skal, a robber-fortress concealed amidst the recesses of inaccessible rocks, themselves like towers of strange and fantastic form. The entrance to this fortress was appropriately named the Mouse-hole (German—Mause-loch; Czech—Myší dira). It consisted of an extremely narrow defile between the rocks, which only admitted of the passage of one person at a time, and barely that. From the summit of Grosse Skal we had a good view of another famous castle —Trosky, which has a striking silhouette against the sky. Waldstein was the next castle we visited, much more complete as a structure.

Returning to Turnov for the night, we started again by carriage—this time in the pouring rain—in another direction, making a halt to see Kost Castle, most strikingly placed, and complete within its lofty ramparts enclosing a turreted keep, rising above the clustering roofs of a timber-built village. This castle had more the appearance of a mediæval French chateau, its turrets and towers, although angular, being crowned with pointed spires. On the wall of the keep was carved in a panel the arms of the family—a boar's head on a shield. The chapel was very complete and interesting, apparently of fourteenth-century date, its door was covered with a beautiful

simple trellis of wrought-iron, and there was a charming two-light window in stained glass of a knight with the red cross of St. George on shield and surcoat, facing a figure of the Virgin and Child in a circular aureole. Beneath the knight was a Latin inscription on the glass as follows:—

· REGI · AVTEM · SECVLORVM ·
· MORTALI · INVISIBILI · SOLI · SA ·
· PIENTI · DEO · LAVS · HONOR · Æ ·
· GLORIA · IN · SECVLORVM · SECVLA.

In the course of our journey on this wet day we passed through the site of the battlefield of Gravelotte, peaceful enough then, the soft rain falling steadily over acres of growing crops—among which were to be discerned no dragon's teeth—and on the long road, lined each side with fruit trees, which we learned were the collective property of each village commune.

We made a halt at midday at Sabotka, a small town full of characteristic Bohemian timber houses, the construction of which are very distinct in style and interesting. Many of the houses were arcaded on the street level with round arches, and plastered vaults, beneath which were small shops.

At the end of the day we reached a larger town, the name of which has, however, escaped me, but where I remember the cemetery was full of reminiscences of the Franco-Austrian War, in the shape of crosses and memorials to soldiers who fell during the fighting in that neighbourhood. Here we took the train to Prague.

We found Prague very full and lively, with a very modern heart in a very ancient frame. The contrasts of old and new were very striking. Through the plate-glass windows of a modern café one could see figures of peasants which might have come out of the fifteenth century. It was the time of the celebration of the feast of St. John of Nepomuk, the great Bohemian saint and martyr. Processions of peasants in their quaint costume, carrying banners, marched through the town, and thronged the old bridge, whereon a shrine and altar to St. John was erected to mark the scene of his martyrdom. A continuous

stream of people, peasants, citizens, and spectators, passed over this bridge to the big church on the hill on the other side of the river, where homage was done to the silver head of the saint, and innumerable candles burned in his honour. The press was so great that a wooden partition was erected to divide the stream of folk going to and those coming from the church. It was an extraordinary scene.

The mediæval Jewish synagogue at Prague is one of the most remarkable buildings, and here one might see the nineteenth-century Hebrew in his tall hat, with the white shoulder cloth (Tallissim) over his frock-coat, praying after the ancient custom of his race.

The cathedral (Tien Kirche) is also very mediæval and German in the character of its Gothic, having two western towers with the elongated gable spires and corner turrets which seem to flourish in Prague. It is approached from the square through a narrow alley of ancient houses and shops. I have a note of the font, which is an unusual one in bronze, circular in plan and resting on a tripod, and in design is a curious blend of late Gothic and Renascence feeling.

We made the acquaintance at Prague of M. Borowsky, the curator of the Museum (Rudolphinum). The gallery there had a collection of modern pictures of Bohemian artists. The most interesting things, however, to us were Bohemian peasant costumes, of which there was a fine collection. Many of the peasant women's head-dresses were wonderful, embroidered with gold and silver, and the dresses also embroidered. The peasant women still embroider their own dresses, and the national costume is kept up, and the peasants come out in their bravery, though it is true one heard that they did not like being stared at by the townsfolk. They certainly seemed to belong to another race, and made a striking contrast in the streets to the ordinary citizens in the unromantic garb of modern business and town life.

Through the kindness of M. Borowsky, who induced a group of country folks in their costume to submit to the process, I was enabled to get a sketch of a typical group who happened to be wandering through the Museum.

The lady was remarkable for her daring arrangement of

colour. A red kerchief, curiously folded, covered her head, showing a long plait of hair, to which was attached a big bow of pink ribbon edged with lace. Her jacket was bright purple, elaborately embroidered and braided, and her skirt was a vivid print, in vertical stripes of red and yellow, bearing floral patterns. Striped stockings (red and white) and (alas!) modern kid boots completed the costume. She held a little rosary in her hands as she stood for me.

The men were quieter in their colours, and more or less à la postillion and Hungarian in style with riding-boots, and embroidered breeches, and full and ample shirts, on which in some cases their names were prettily embroidered in red—a decorative mode of marking linen which our housewives might adopt with advantage.

One man had a black velvet waistcoat worn open, with many small buttons, and relieved with huge orange tassels at the neck.

Some of the women wore high riding-boots like the men, but of red leather.

A bazaar was going on, on the island in the river, and modern young ladies as stall-holders had got themselves up in national costume, boots and all, and very bewitching they looked.

From Prague we went to Tabor—a most interesting mediæval town enclosed in walls, which, however, had been extensively restored. The central square was very interesting with its strange and varied gables, a fine old Gothic Rathaus, and a striking fountain in bronze, Gothic in spirit, but Renascence in detail.

From Tabor we visited the ruins of the mediæval town and Castle of Prebenic, beautifully situated on a hill at the bend of a river, but a thick wood had grown up, and almost concealed the scattered and fragmentary ruins; only bits of old walls and pieces of Gothic mouldings peeping out here and there among the trees.

Malisic was another village we visited. It was Sunday, and there was a festa at the little white church with the copper bulbous minaret. A stream of gay colour poured out of the main door in the form of a procession with banners,

which wound its way to an image of St. John of Nippelmück, in the midst of a grove of chestnut trees. Here a service was conducted. The worshippers were all women and girls, and every woman wore a gay-coloured kerchief over her head. They all knelt on the grass around the image, and the scene was a wonderful feast of gay colour, framed in green.

I never had such a crowd around me as on this occasion when I sat down to make a little sketch of the church. It was like sketching in the midst of a public meeting. When

SKETCH AT MALISIC, BOHEMIA (1890)

finished, I had to hold up the sketch to show I had done in order to get through.

We next made our way to Budweiss, a town with shops under white arched arcades. A market going on and many country folk in the square.

From Budweiss we took carriage to Pracatic, a remarkable mediæval town with a fine embattled gate, over which was painted in fresco a knight of the House of Rosenburg, on horseback in full charge, with his sword drawn. The fronts of the houses were largely decorated with black and white

sgraffito, and the Rathaus had a whole Bible history upon its façade. The church had the steepest roof we had yet seen. We were now in the district known as Saxon Switzerland. From Pracatic we drove to Winterburg, passing on the way Husinec, a village famous as the birthplace of John Huss, the religious reformer of the fourteenth century—a sort of Wyclif of Bohemia—which in the Middle Ages appears to have been celebrated for its struggles for liberty of conscience in these matters, and nourished many different sects of a more or less protesting order, anticipating Western forms of dissent by a century or two. This independence and non-conformity in religious thought and life has probably given rise to the expression "Bohemian" as applied to unconventional life and habits generally. The Adamites seem to have been the most original of the Bohemian sects, as they returned to the costume of the Garden of Eden—for which, if one could only be more certain of the temperature (and exclude Mrs. Grundy), there might be much to be said. Even in chilly England, William Blake and his wife were known to have followed the fashion of "Adam and Eve, you know"—at least in private.

The house of John Huss, facing the village street, bears a medallion of the reformer with the following inscription beneath:—

"V tomto domë
spatrël svëilo sveta
MISTR
JAN HUS
due 6 Javne 1360."

At Winterburg we encountered a heavy thunderstorm, and the stream which flowed through the town from the mountains soon became a raging torrent and spread into a sudden flood over the meadows below. There was the usual protective schloss on a height above the town, a cluster of huddled roofs, dominated by two church towers below.

Our tour in Bohemia came to an end at Eger, a most interesting town which still retained to a large extent its mediæval walls and turrets, and even the wooden roofed gallery inside where the warders walked. An interesting

relic, too, was the Black Tower, said to date from Roman times; and memories of Frederigo Barbarossa (1180) were associated with the ruins of his castle on the rock overlooking the town. The chapel of the castle (1295) was complete, and a very good example of Romanesque work, on a small scale, with much variety in mouldings and carved detail in caps and bases of shafts.

We made our way homeward towards the end of May, stopping at Nuremberg, which I saw for the first time, and greatly delighted in. Its own beauty and treasures of art, its marvellous churches, its variety and mediæval character and interest were enough to enchant one, apart from its close association with the life and work of the great German master Albert Dürer, whose work, I may fairly say, had been a potent influence with me from my earliest sight of "The Great Horse," and other reproductions from his famous engravings in the early art journals in my father's studio. One of my first purchases as a student in London, too, were photographic reproductions from his "Ritter Tod und Teufel," "Melencolia," and "St. Hubert" (which I bought, by the way, from Mr. C. W. Dowdeswell, who then (1865) kept a little frame-maker's and print shop in Chancery Lane, long before his name became known so well in the picture-dealing connection and Bond Street galleries).

This year I heard, though quite indirectly through a newspaper cutting, of the death of my old friend John R. Wise, the author of *The New Forest.* I last heard from him in 1882, when we left our home and went to Italy. I wrote from Rome, but never heard again from him. He seems to have gone back to his old haunts in the New Forest, and found there his last resting-place, being buried at Lyndhurst.

Our Society opened its third consecutive exhibition in the autumn of this year, again at the New Gallery. I still remained president, and Mr. Ernest Radford secretary. Our supporters among the public remained remarkably steady, if they did not rapidly increase; but our expenses were very heavy, and one year we had reluctantly to call on our guarantors, but were ultimately enabled to return them their

money again. Our exhibition was never run for profit, and our only object was to pay our expenses while enabling designers and craftsmen to show their work, and at the same time to endeavour to maintain a high standard of taste and accomplishment in all the arts of design. The organisation of an exhibition of this varied character is always a work of great difficulty, and our committee were all busy men in their different ways. The preparation of the show, including selection arrangement and hanging, meant at least the giving up a fortnight's time, and this naturally put a considerable strain on the active members. We considered that hanging a picture show was child's play compared with the complexity of an arts and crafts exhibition. When the arrangements were practically complete, I was glad of the opportunity of a rest and change afforded one by an invitation we had from our early Roman friend Mr. J. W. Swynnerton, the sculptor, and Mrs. Swynnerton, the distinguished painter, to spend a few weeks with them at a villa near Carrara and see the vintage.

So about the end of September my wife and I found ourselves once more in Italy. We went *viâ* Paris and the Mont Cenis route, but at Culoz, by some curious misadventure, we got into the wrong train and were carried "way down" to Grenoble, and only managed to get on to the main line again and to reach Turin after great industry and long waits. This delayed us some hours, but in due course we were landed at some small wayside station near Carrara, extricating ourselves and our baggage from the crowded express with some difficulty; but our host met us, and conducted us to the villa among the vine-clad hills.

It was an extremely interesting sight to watch the whole process of wine-making, from the plucking of the grapes to the treading of the wine-press.

The vines were trained on trellises upon the tops of low banks, terraced one above the other on the hillsides, each bank having a path between, and the grapes were gathered from both sides, mostly by girls and women, one on one side the trellis, and one on the other. The grasep were piled in round baskets and borne on the girls' heads

down to the villa, and there, at the cellar door, an expert selected the grapes, putting the best together for the first quality of wine, and so on.

The grapes were then put into great vats, which had spouts to them, and the man would get in and tread them down with bare feet (I had a turn at this work myself to see how it felt), when the result would be seen in a red stream gushing from the spout into a deep oval-shaped tub called a "Bergunza." When this was full two men would lift it up and pour it into a hogshead, standing on end and open at the other.

Any grapes that had escaped the treading floated to the surface, and were squeezed by the fingers of a contadina or contadino, who sat on the edge of the open vat. There were various minor processes of the kind, and the scene in the cellar—not, by the way, an underground one—was always interesting, especially at night with the quiet little flickering lamp used. Other implements were curious, too, such as a ladle made out of a gourd.

The wine was left to ferment, rising in a tremendous dark froth during the process, and was finally drawn off into huge demi-johns of green glass enclosed in wicker. An experienced, aged peasant superintended the operations throughout. We had another glimpse of wine-making on the hills near Fiesole, where an Englishman (Mr. Morgan) had a vineyard, and was introducing French methods, the grapes being crushed by mechanical means, and as the wine ran down a shallow shoot of new wood the skins and stalks were taken out. The process was doubtless cleaner, but not so picturesque. The most beautiful accessory was the ox-waggon which brought in the grapes from the vineyard.

Mr. Morgan's wine was a red wine resembling a very light French claret, not nearly so strong as the wine they were making at Carrara, the best there being a white wine of a Falerno-like colour and quality. One sometimes tastes wines at an Italian villa which are never heard of in the market, rich and strong as Spanish wines and soft as liqueur.

While with our friends the Swynnertons we made an expedition to the summit of Monte Sagra, the highest peak of

the Carrara range. Starting before dawn we passed through silent villages, and up through the snow-like slopes of the marble quarries. The peak was not in the snow region, of course, but was very slippery, owing to the sun-burnt short grass which covered its sides. We had a fine mountainous view from the top. Descending, we saw more of the marble quarries, and the methods of raising blocks, and of lowering them down the slopes when quarried. Splendid teams of the dark-eyed, stone-coloured Italian oxen brought the blocks of marble down to the town and the railway, but the railway now has climbed the mountains, and takes the marble down instead, very largely, so that their yoke is lightened.

The trade in marble at Carrara seemed very flourishing, and anything in marble could be had ready made there from a table-top to a tombstone. There was a handsome church in a kind of mixed and florid Gothic, and at a neighbouring town, Massa, there was an interesting bit of Della Robbia work, an Annunciation decorating the front of the church.

While at Carrara I had news that my early patron, Mr. Brown of Selkirk, had died, and his brother wrote to ask one's advice as to disposing of the early pictures of mine which he had left. I offered to buy them back at the original prices, but I never had a reply. Some years afterwards one of them turned up at a dealer's at Llandudno, but I never heard what became of the others.

Mrs. Swynnerton at Carrara commenced an important picture of St. Catharine, and her model was a fine-looking peasant woman, whom she posed in a white monastic habit upon the top of one of the pedestals of a pergola, so that the figure was relieved against the luminous sky. The effect of the warm white robe and deep-toned flesh against the blue in the full Italian sunlight was very striking and beautiful, and I made a study at the same time, which I afterwards exhibited at the R.W.S. under the title of "Madonna of the Vineyards."

From Carrara we went to Florence, having had an invitation from Mrs. Ross of Poggio Gherardo to stay in her fine old castle below Fiesole. Very delightful we found it, with tempting subjects for studies in every direction.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross were very hospitable, and among their

guests one day at luncheon Lord Leighton appeared. Curiously enough, he came over by the same boat as ourselves to Calais, where I met him on the platform, and now we met again. It was his custom, however, to visit Italy every autumn, and he generally touched at Florence.

We paid a visit to the Spencer Stanhopes at their delightful Villa Nuti, at Bellosguardo. In the country around Florence one seems to live in the landscape backgrounds of Benozzo Gozzoli, so full of local colour and character. The terraced hills, the trellised vines, the blue mountains, barred here and there by the tall, thin, spire-like cypress trees.

One would hardly be surprised to have met on the winding hillroads the hunting party of Lorenzo the Magnificent, in all their bravery and golden array out of the Riccardi chapel. Indeed, from the first I had been greatly struck with the truth of the landscape backgrounds of the early Italian painters, both Venetian and Florentine, always introduced so lovingly, as it seemed, behind the Virgin and Child, or other sacred or saintly personages, which I had known and loved in our National Gallery, to find their prototypes afterwards in the country of their birth.

After Florence we went to Venice, staying with our old Roman friends, Mr. and Mrs. Benson, and their daughter, Miss Fletcher (George Fleming, the novelist). We found them in a beautiful apartment in a fine old palazzo (Capello) on the Rio Marin, not a long distance from the station. There was a charming garden, too,—an unusual luxury in Venice,—and our friends had gathered around them many beautiful things during their long residence in Italy, and it was a joy to renew one's acquaintance with the old glories of art in that enchanting city, and to glide along its water highways once more. During our stay we paid visits to the house of Sir Henry Layard, who showed us his fine collection of Italian Masters; also the palace inhabited by the son of Robert Browning, himself a painter and sculptor. Here there was a fine ceiling by Tiepolo.

It was the beginning of November before we turned homewards, and the cold had descended. Snow had appeared on the mountains at Florence before we left, and snow now

covered the Friuli mountains, and the air over the canals had a peculiar penetrating chill, which one had never experienced there before.

The time had come for our return, and we travelled straight back by the Basel route without any incident of note that I recall; but I remember that, arriving at Victoria at a very early hour in the morning, we tried a cup of coffee at a stall, which we did not find a very potent or cheering beverage on which to begin the day—but it was Hobson's choice, as it probably is with the early workers of London.

We were glad to get back to our children, and had only to regret the loss of a little pet dog which had disappeared in our absence.

Shortly after we returned, hearing of the death of Mrs. Ford Madox Brown, my wife wrote to convey our sympathy to the artist, whom Mr. Charles Rowley of Manchester first brought to our house, and we had visited the artist and his wife at St. Edmund's Terrace, from which he wrote the following:—

1 ST. EDMUND'S TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK, N.W.
November 7, 1890

"DEAR MRS. WALTER CRANE,—I am exceedingly grateful to you for your kind letter on the great loss I have so recently sustained.

"Your name in any cause or object will always bear great weight with me, having, as I have, so great an esteem for your husband's genius and character.—Ever sincerely yours,

"FORD MADOX BROWN"

In 1891 I published, through Mr. Elkin Mathews, a little book of verse entitled *Renascence*, which I decorated with headings, a frontispiece, and other devices. The edition was limited to 350 copies, and a few large paper copies on Japanese paper in addition, which were soon sold out.

Mr. Elkin Mathews also published Dr. Todhunter's *Sicilian Idyll*, for which I had designed a frontispiece. The Idyll was very prettily performed by an amateur company at Bedford Park. Other frontispieces for Mr. Mathews' publications were, one for a little book of verse of Mrs. De

Gruchy's; for *In the Fire*, by Miss Effie Johnson; and for Mr. Radford's *Chambers Twain*, elsewhere mentioned.

I was also busy with a new floral book in colours on the same scale as *Flora's Feast*, which had been published in 1889 by Messrs. Cassell, and had been, as it still is, in considerable demand. This was *Queen Summer*, which appeared in the autumn. The verses, as in the case of *Flora's Feast*, being written by myself.

Besides this I had in the press a collection of papers and essays, written or delivered as addresses on various occasions, which I entitled *The Claims of Decorative Art*. These mostly dealt with the revival of and the importance in their bearing on life of the arts of design and handicraft, and was an endeavour to restore them to their true place in relation to pictorial art and architecture, in opposition to artificial classification and academic and arbitrary divisions. This book was published by a newly formed firm of publishers, Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, who took much pains with their publishing, but who have since given up business. The book was printed by Messrs. R. & R. Clark of Edinburgh, and a set of headings originally designed for use in books printed by that firm were used as decorations throughout.

The book was translated into German and Dutch, and had a considerable circulation.

This year, too, was issued the large wood-engraving I designed for *Labour's May Day*. It was suggested by Mr. Henry Scheu, who undertook the engraving, and who at that time was doing work for the *Graphic*. The design was named "The Triumph of Labour," and represented a procession of workers of all kinds, both manual and mental, marching out to celebrate the International May Holiday, and bearing banners and emblems declaring their ideals, such as "The Land for the People," "Freedom, Fraternity, Equality," "Wage Workers of all Countries unite," "The International Solidarity of Labour," "Labour the Source of Wealth." As the print was to be issued simultaneously in different countries, I re-wrote the mottoes in French and German, and I think Italian also. William Morris told me he thought it "the best thing I had done."

THE TRIUMPH OF LABOUR
THE LAND FOR THE
DESIGNED TO COMMEMORATE THE INTERNATIONAL LABOUR DAY MAY 1 MDCCCXC
AND DEDICATED TO THE WAGE WORKERS OF ALL COUNTRIES

THE TRIUMPH OF LABOUR

At the suggestion of the Fine Art Society of Bond Street, I had a "one-man show" at their Galleries in the course of the season, which included work in black, white, and colour, mostly original drawings for my illustrated books, decorative designs, and pictorial work in oil, water colour, and tempera. I undertook to write the "prefatory and explanatory notes" to the Catalogue. There were 139 frames of designs altogether, including works of each class.

Among the pictures was "The Bridge of Life."

A curious mistake happened in regard to the authorship of this picture some few years later, which it will be convenient to mention here.

The journal *Black and White* published an illustrated article upon the work of G. F. Watts, and among the illustrations appeared a reproduction of "The Bridge of Life," which was ascribed to Mr. Watts. I received the following kind letter from Mr. Watts in regard to this:—

"LIMNERSLEASE, GUILDFORD
November 22, 1896

"MY DEAR MR. CRANE,—In a number of *Black and White* sent to me I find a design of yours, 'The Bridge of Life,' attributed to me. I only wish I could claim it, for I think it very beautiful indeed, and if it is photographed on a good scale, as it ought to be, I should like to have it. Tell me, please, if I can get it?

"I am sorry for the extravagance of the *Black and White* article; but no one who knows me will believe me to be in any way responsible or gratified. I regard extravagant contemporary estimation as a very bad omen for the future. I hope you are all well.—Very sincerely yours,

"G. F. WATTS"

The art editor of *Black and White* also wrote expressing his regret for the error, and saying that—

"A letter received from Mr. Watts has advised us of the error in the following terms, namely, 'In a number of *Black and White* which has been sent to me I find ascribed to me

a very fine composition ("The Bridge of Life") by Mr. Walter Crane, a beautiful and comprehensive design far more complete in illustration than the intention of my work. Of course you will set the matter right,' and I hasten to inform you of our unintentional blunder.

"I should like to mention that the reproduction of Mr. Watts's pictures, as that of yours, was prepared quite in the early days of *Black and White*, and that the proofs of the same have been kept together ever since; unfortunately, the proof of your picture appears to have been put with those of Mr. Watts's, and doubtless led to the mistake.

"It is also perhaps only fair to add that the *personnel* of the Editorial has been entirely changed since the arrangement with regard to these pictures was made and the proofs put together.

"We are publishing an explanation and apology in our issue of this week, and I can only again express our deep regret for having made such a mistake."

Could an editor do or say more?—and I could certainly not regard such an erroneous attribution as other than complimentary, however unlike our respective work might be, and the generous expression of appreciation from so great an artist was of course gratifying.

This picture, "The Bridge of Life," was afterwards purchased by Herr Ernst Seeger of Berlin, in whose collection I believe it still remains.

A story connected with this picture was recently related in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, where, however, the title is erroneously given as "The Golden Bridge." It is said that Mr. John Burns, in one of his speeches in the Dock Strike days, spoke of a stevedore of his acquaintance who visited the Whitechapel loan collection at Toynbee Hall, where the picture then was, and said, "I wish I hadn't come here; my house 'll seem a deal more squalid and dreary now that I have seen a picture like this."

It was at one of the meetings of the Council of Management of the South London Fine Art Gallery, held at Lord Leighton's studio, that Mr. Watts first asked me to give him sittings for

a portrait which he painted of me this year (1891), saying he "had so few artists in his collection."

The members of this Council included himself and Mrs. Watts, Lord Leighton (President), Sir James Linton, Sir Edward and Lady Burne-Jones, Sir Wyke Bayliss, and myself and several others, but those named were the active members.

The South London Art Gallery had been founded by Mr. W. Rossiter, commencing in a small shop in the Camberwell Road, which he threw open free on Sunday evenings, inviting the passers-by to inspect a collection of curiosities and a few pictures he had induced various artists to lend. He gradually extended his operations, and obtaining both personal and monetary help from others he had interested in his scheme, a house was taken in Peckham Road, and a Gallery for the loaned pictures built. The Committee or Council of Management was appointed as named above. There was a formal opening of the Gallery, for which I had given a design for an inlaid floor for the centre. Shortly afterwards Mr. Passmore Edwards gave the money for a Library to be attached to the Gallery, and Mr. Watts laid the foundation-stone. Afterwards the buildings were extended to include the Arts and Crafts School of Camberwell, and finally the whole institution was handed over to the Mayor and Corporation for the benefit of the people of the district, so that it is now public property. The institution was the first of its kind in South London, and has doubtless been a great influence for good.

Another scheme in which Mr. Watts was interested was one for commemorating the everyday heroic deeds of the people, the rescues from fire or water, and all the dangers of daily life by land or sea—deeds which we read of in newspaper paragraphs and forget with the names of the heroes and heroines who so constantly risk or even sacrifice their lives for the rescue of others. Mr. Watts's idea was to erect a kind of Campo Santo in the centre of which might be a sculptured group symbolical of heroism, and upon the walls tablets were to be placed from time to time commemorating the deeds and names of those who distinguished themselves in such everyday heroism—which is a proof of the strength of the social bond

and feeling of the solidarity of the community when it is a question of life and death. Mr. Watts's idea has since been realised in the City, where a site has been found and tablets placed.

Miss Octavia Hill, when she established her Settlement in Red Cross Street, Southwark, and raised the money to build the Hall there, was anxious to have it decorated, and it was suggested that such decoration might take the commemorative form in treating the heroic deeds of the common people as mural paintings. Mrs. Russell Barrington took up the idea with great enthusiasm, and being a painter of considerable skill and feeling herself, offered her help in carrying out such a scheme, if the designs were made.

I drew up a scheme of decoration to scale for the Red Cross Hall, consisting of a series of mural designs in colour, treated as large panels along each side of the Hall, embodying various deeds of heroism, particulars of which were supplied to me, and including rescues from fire, water, shipwreck, mad dogs, and furious bulls. The first panel, showing the rescue of children from a fire at an oil-shop in the Borough by a nursemaid named Alice Ayres, who lost her life in consequence, though she saved three children, was duly designed and painted. I made a quarter-size cartoon in pastel of the subject from my small scale sketch, and this Mrs. Barrington enlarged on to the full-sized fibrous plaster panel, which was sent to her studio. I made some studies from a fireman who was a conspicuous figure in the composition, and the painting was started by Mrs. Barrington (in oil on the plaster ground), and I added finishing touches. A second panel (they were 11 feet 6 inches by 6 feet in size) I painted in my own studio afterwards—an incident on the railway near Paisley, when two platelayers sacrificed themselves to save the train.

These two panels were placed in the Hall, and duly inaugurated at a meeting there. A third panel—a rescue of a child from a well—I also painted, after an interval, and there are now three panels in the Hall. The work had to be largely a labour of love, as very little money was available for such a purpose, and as other work had to be attended to, and the busy years roll on, the scheme is still incomplete. The Hall,

however, is not all one could wish for such a work, and I fear the use of gas has injured the paintings.

We had a sad sorrow during this year (1891) in the death of our little daughter from diphtheria (on March 18). She was born in the summer of 1888, and had been a great joy to us. (Here is a little sketch of her sitting in a swing holding a hunting-crop, which suggested the name "Baby Bunting.") This cast a shadow over our home, and we decided to leave it for a time at least. We had already been rather unsettled by the prospect of the Central London Railway scheme swallowing up our house and garden. Our thoughts turned towards America, which my wife had a great wish to see. Other things, too, tended in that direction.

Mr. Henry Blackburn—the pioneer of illustrated exhibition catalogues and the terror of artists, from whom he demanded black-and-white sketches of their own works—at the time of my exhibition in Bond Street strongly advised me to send it to the States afterwards, assuring me that it would be welcomed at the Boston Art Museum, the Director (General Loring) of which he knew, and to whom he gave me an introduction.

Although many works found purchasers at the Fine Art Society's, I had a considerable collection left, and I decided to take Mr. Blackburn's advice. He very kindly gave me every information in regard to Boston, having been on a lecturing tour in the States himself. I wrote to General Loring, and received a cordial invitation in reply to send the collection, the cost of insurance and transport being defrayed by the Museum, and for exhibition there the works would pass the customs duty free.

This removed all difficulties, and so the collection on leaving Bond Street was packed and duly forwarded across the Atlantic.

We arranged to go ourselves early in October.

In August—it was on Wednesday the 19th, to be precise—I commenced to sit to Mr. Watts for my portrait, as he had requested. He used to begin at eleven o'clock in the morning, and I sat till one o'clock. I gave him eight sittings altogether, the first two on consecutive days, then on the 22nd and the 24th, and not again till the 30th of August, and after

BABY. BUNTING.
JULY 7 1889.

that not till the 6th September. Then there was another interval, during which he went into the country, and I did not sit again until Sunday, September 27. Then he asked for "five minutes" more, and I gave him a final short sitting on Tuesday, October 6, just before leaving for America.

At the first sitting, just as he was about to commence, he said, "Now I am going to show what a fool I can be!" but at the first laying in he got the likeness and the general effect. He gradually worked into it, getting solidity and modelling, and towards the last moved up his easel nearer, until he was quite close.

I remember he asked me which was my ideal of a portrait in the National Gallery, and when I mentioned one of Holbein's, he said his favourite was Vandyke's "Gevartius," which he thought a marvel.

Watts's portrait of me was exhibited at the New Gallery the following year, and has been generally pronounced one of his finest portraits—the critics being apparently agreed *for once.*

Thursday, October 8, found us at Liverpool, where we took passage by the ss. *Cephalonia* of the Cunard Line to Boston. My collection, as it happened, was shipped by the same steamer. Our party consisted of my wife and myself, and our daughter Beatrice, and second son, Lancelot. Our elder boy had previously gone to Florida, where he had been with friends for some months. We none of us had much confidence in our powers as sailors, and did not contemplate the Atlantic altogether without apprehension; but St. George's Channel treated us gently, and the stop off Queenstown was an interesting break. It was amusing to see the Irish vendors of bog-oak souvenirs who came aboard to find a market among the passengers.

But we were soon away again, and making for the open Atlantic, were met by head winds and lifted on waves of such power, that the decks and dining-saloon were rather rapidly cleared. In fact, we encountered a good deal of weather, so much so that one night life-belts were put ready outside the state-rooms. It was not until the 15th that the weather began to improve. Our Captain (Seccombe) was very kind and made us welcome in his room on deck, where he had quite a choice

little library. He was an admirer of Carlyle and Browning, I discovered.

Among our fellow-passengers was Professor Edward Robinson, the head of the Ancient and Classical Antiquities Department of the Boston Museum, who, with his wife, proved valuable friends in Boston when we arrived. Miss Chase, also, a sister of Colonel Chase of Boston, was most kind and friendly. We encountered much fog off "the Banks" (of Newfoundland), which set the "buzzer" sounding, as there was always danger of running down fishing-boats in these waters. We hardly saw any vessels, however; we might almost have been voyaging with Columbus in the *Santa Maria* for all the company we met on the Atlantic, and except for an occasional school of porpoises, and (*once*) the spouting of a whale at a respectful distance, the voyage passed without exciting incidents, apart from the equinoctial gales. Sable Island was sighted on the 17th, the pilot came aboard on the 18th, and the mainland was sighted on the morning of the 19th, all the passengers clustering on deck to catch sight of the gilded dome of the Boston State House, which looked like a golden bubble floating above the harbour. To a young American lady, who had suffered rather from the weather on the voyage, the sight seemed particularly welcome, and she said, while it was dimly discerned in the distance, "Now, do let me see it again!" and having done so, added, "There, that's all right; now I feel that the world goes round again,"—a delicate tribute to the city which has been termed, in the moderate language of enthusiasts, "The Hub of the Universe." We landed at Boston on Monday the 19th October—the eleventh day from Liverpool.

The ordeal of landing and passing the customs is a severe one for the stranger to U.S. ports. To begin with, there was a sort of religious ceremony or solemn parade of all the passengers before certain officials on board, when a kind of oath was taken that nothing excisable of any consequence was concealed in their baggage; but this did not prevent the wild scene on the custom-house wharf which followed, when the heavy baggage began slowly to slide down the planks, and the passengers gradually collected their belongings, and after a long wait, their treasured worldly

goods were ruthlessly exposed to the eagle eyes of the U.S. custom-house officers. I saw a handsome new bicycle lying comfortably on the top of a clothes' trunk, and one lady was discovered to have an outfit of no less than twenty-five waterproofs, a supply which perhaps might not have been considered excessive if she had been landing in England—although, as it happened, it was a wet day in Boston.

Our case was rather complicated, as the patent lock of the biggest trunk had got hampered, and a locksmith had to be sent for before the officials could be satisfied, as unless the voyager can prove he carries only clothes that have been worn, he is liable to pay duty. A water-colour sketch I happened to have in a roll was promptly seized, but was eventually passed with the rest of my collection duty free for exhibition.

Restoration at the Brunswick

Kind friends assisted in our rescue from the customs wharf, and we were presently landed in the comfortable "Brunswick," where we made the acquaintance of the negro—the hotel being manned by black servants. The negro is of course "free" in the States, but he seems to do all the waiting. The "Brunswick" was at the west end of Boston, close to the Art Museum and to Richardson's famous church, and the new Library, then in course of building.

Our first impressions were a little damp and dismal, as we arrived in a heavy downpour of rain, which kept us in the hotel the rest of the day. The aspect of the streets and the character of the buildings struck one at first as very un-English. There was just a faint suggestion of Piccadilly

and the Green Park (on a quiet Sunday) about Mount Vernon Street and the Common, with a touch of Bloomsbury here and there about the older houses, but it was soon lost among the electric trams—"the broomstick train" of Oliver Wendell Holmes—and the "sky-scrapers" of the business end of the town. Fanueil Hall, an eighteenth-century building with a little cupola, rather like a Wesleyan chapel, now an interesting historical Museum of the town (where all sorts of relics and records may be seen of the old days of the Tea Tax and the Georgian war, as well as Benjamin Franklin's printing press), looks like an antique toy-model among its modern neighbours, the tall elevator buildings and many-storeyed fortresses of business.

MY FIRST COCKTAIL

General Loring and his family were most hospitable and courteous, and through them and the Robinsons we made our bow to Boston society, whose members extended their friendly hands in large numbers at different receptions held in our honour.

I was made free of the leading Clubs, and duly plied with "cocktails"—which certainly deserved their name. Some sections of Boston society, however, took offence at my having expressed sympathy with the Chicago anarchists, whom Socialists and friends of Labour generally considered to have been wrongfully put to death. I have already mentioned the feeling in England at the time (mainly with the English Socialist and Labour parties, that is to say, for I do not think other sections of society could be said to have shown more sympathy with their case than in America). The affair at Chicago was part of the industrial warfare always going on under the capitalistic system. My views as a Socialist were well known, and I was earnestly invited to attend and speak at a memorial meeting on the anniversary

of the death of the Chicago men, who certainly had fought hard for the cause of the workers generally, and were regarded as martyrs. The meeting took place at Paine Hall. A prominent speaker was Mr. Tucker, the well-known publisher of advanced literature at Boston. I was asked to say a few words by the chairman, and shortly explained my views to the meeting, expressly stating that I sympathised with the struggle of the workers for improved conditions at Chicago as everywhere else, but not with the use of explosives, and that, in common with English Socialists and other lovers of freedom and justice in England, I considered the men had been done to death wrongfully, and others imprisoned for their opinions, which was a sad thing to think of in "free" America, and I concluded by reading this sonnet, which had appeared in my recently published book of verse, *Renascence* :—

FREEDOM IN AMERICA

Where is thy home, O Freedom? Have they set
  Thine image up upon a rock to greet
  All comers, shaking from their wandering feet
The dust of old world bondage, to forget
The tyrannies of fraud and force, nor fret,
  When men are equal, slavish chain unmeet,
  Nor bitter bread of discontent to eat,
Here, where all races of the earth are met?

America! beneath thy banded flag
  Of old it was thy boast that men were free
    To think, to speak, to meet, to come and go.
What meaneth then the gibbet and the gag,
  Held up to Labour's sons who would not see
    Fair Freedom but a mask—a hollow show?

October 7, 1887

The meeting was a crowded one—earnest, but perfectly quiet and orderly. It was termed a memorial "service" on the bills.

Henry D. Lloyd, the able editor of the *Chicago Tribune* and author of *Wealth against Commonwealth*, an exposure of the "Trusts," espoused the cause of the Chicago men at the time with one or two other citizens, and ultimately a change of feeling took place as the facts of the case became known,

and not long afterwards the sentences of the three men who had been imprisoned were remitted by the Governor of Illinois, and they were released.

Since those days considerable light has been thrown upon the conditions of labour in Chicago—the terrible disclosures, for instance, made by Mr. Upton Sinclair in *The Jungle*. The revolting facts about the meat-canning business and the stock-yards, which the author has really under-stated, have, however, rather diverted public attention from the frightful conditions of labour, to draw attention to which was, however, the main purpose of the book.

On returning to my hotel I found a letter from a very kind Bostonian lady, intended to be a warning, conveying to me that if I attended that meeting I should hopelessly ruin my social and artistic prospects in America. This seemed strange in what I had supposed was a free country.

One of the Clubs had previously invited me to dinner, and the announcement of this was posted in the Club, to which members who wished to be present added their names. So many now removed their names that the dinner was "post-poned." This led to the remark among the more friendly that they supposed "Mr. Crane was not hungry."

The Boston press had reported the meeting, and made rather a sensation about it. I had visits from various inter-viewers—misstatements were made and contradicted; and my conduct was so freely commented upon, and so often misunderstood, that I felt obliged to write a letter to the press, in which I explained that I really intended no affront to the American people or the Bostonians, from whom I had received a friendly welcome, but that I could hardly be expected to change my views when I, temporarily, changed my abode.

If I lost one dinner, however, I gained others. If I offended one section of Bostonians (the "gold-topped"), I gratified and received the friendly support of another—the old guard of Freedom of the anti-slavery agitation days, as well as the young "Nationalists," or followers of Edward Bellamy, rallied in a most friendly way to my support.

Mr. L. Prang, one of the veterans of '48 in Germany,

who had emigrated to America in consequence of the troubles at that period, and who now was a most prosperous citizen of Boston, being the head of a very large printing establishment at Roxbury, was most kind and friendly, and promptly called upon me and invited me to a dinner, at which I met Mr. Edwin T. Mead and other sympathisers.

Colonel Chase, the brother of one of our fellow-passengers on the *Cephalonia*, and one of the first to welcome us to Boston,—as a counterblast, I suppose, to the abortive Club dinner,—gave me the entrée to all the leading Clubs of Boston, and the Nationalist party, led by Edward Bellamy, as I have said, invited me to a dinner, where I met a large number of supporters and sympathisers.

Edward Bellamy's well-known book, *Looking Backward*, had had an immense circulation both in the States and in England. Under the form of a romance it gave a detailed picture of a sort of socialist Utopia, worked by the modern machinery of business in production and distribution, but on a greatly extended scale, and under collective control. An extremely complete but rather mechanical system, under which every citizen passed through certain stages of education and service to the community in different industrial corps, retiring about the age of forty-five to live happily ever after. The rigidly systematic machine-like and ordered character of this vision of regenerated society, on Socialistic principles, had been a good deal criticised, even by Socialists. The book, however, made a great impression, and Mr. Bellamy knew the American public, and was fully aware that unless, when you are introducing a new idea, you could show them something like a practical working model, it would be difficult to interest them, and so he had worked out a system of Socialism rather upon the framework of the modern American manner of life, only more so, carried a good deal farther, and gilt and decorated.

I had an interesting conversation with him in his office, where he conducted his journal, *The Nationalist*, at that time, and I found that he himself was not at all wedded to the particular form of Socialism he had described. He put it forward experimentally, and as a working illustration of what a

Socialistic system might be, and as a demonstration of the principle of collective ownership, of which it seems so difficult to grasp the meaning in some minds.

The most striking part of the book was the introduction, in which the author has a fine passage, picturing, under the image of a coach and horses, the present system of society and the fierce inhuman struggle for existence caused by monopoly and private and absolute ownership of the means of subsistence.

Whatever the effect from the society point of view of the incident I have related, there was no doubt about the effect on the attendance at the Art Museum, when my exhibition opened, as regards the general public. The stir made by the newspapers over the Chicago affair, at all events, filled people with curiosity as to my work, and crowds flocked to the Galleries, and I had no reason to be disappointed at the reception given to my collection. The sales, too, were good, though mainly of the smaller works and book designs, the favourites being the fanciful designs made for "Flora's Feast," but "Pandora" also found a home in Boston.

The historical collection at the Art Museum was small but well arranged, and good use was made of large photographs to fill gaps or to explain the relation of Egyptian or Greek sculpture to architecture, the classical section being well looked after by Professor Robinson.

There was an interesting collection from the Philippine Islands, including native warriors' armour, which might very well have served for Trojan heroes, being remarkably similar in form and construction to the Greek cuirass with its shoulder-pieces, though the plates were of horn.

The Museum was richest, however, in its Japanese collection, which was quite remarkable. This was due largely to the zeal of Professor Morse and Professor Fenelloza. The latter had spent twelve years in Japan, and had formed a very choice collection of Kakimonos.

In the permanent Picture Gallery there was a collection of Copley's works, and modern American painters, including Sargent, in other rooms.

During our stay at Boston there was a Congress of architects,

who came from all parts of the States, and I was invited to a banquet to celebrate the occasion. A point of much interest was the new Library in course of erection from the designs of Messrs. Mackim, Meade, & White,[1] of New York.

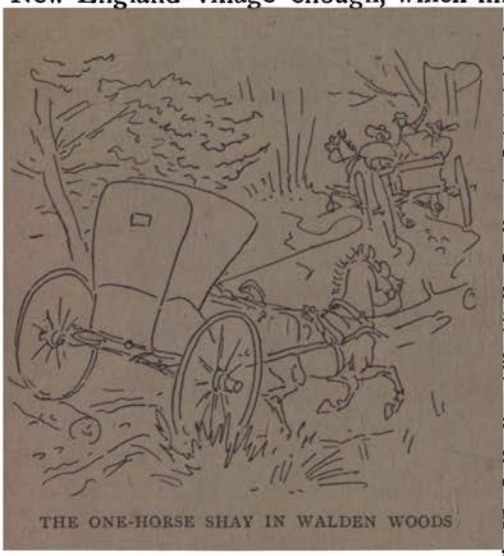
It was Lombardic in style, long and low in proportion to its height, with a low-pitched roof. The building was of white stone, very simple and broad in treatment. Almost the only external ornament appeared to be the series of printers' marks inlaid in black, in circles, above the range of round-headed windows; among these one discerned the device of William Caxton. Unfinished as the building was, however, an exhibition of architectural designs was held in the great reading-room on the first floor.

Richardson's church, near by, too, was a striking building, very massive, on the plan of a Greek cross, with a central tower. There were windows designed by Burne-Jones and executed in Morris's glass inside, and others by La Farge. The English glass looked a little flat and thin in colour beside the deep tone and more pictorial effects, thick glass and heavy plating of the American, and the light being so much stronger than we are accustomed to, seemed to penetrate the colour and dilute it.

While at Boston we received a cordial invitation to pay a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Edward Emerson at Concord, and a very pleasant one we had. It was most interesting to see the home and neighbourhood where Ralph Waldo Emerson lived and worked. The house was modest but comfortable, close to a charming wooded reach of the Charles River. Our hosts drove us (in two-wheeled hooded buggies, which bounded over logs, young trees, or any obstacle on the rough woodland tracks, in apparently the most reckless way) to the scene of Henry D. Thoreau's self-imposed exile in the Walden woods, where he wrote his delightful book *Walden*, in which he proved, among other things, that a man, for his own support, needed not to do more manual labour than would occupy about six weeks in the year. These were the woods, golden now in the autumn, and in

[1] It was Mr. White of this firm who was shot in a New York restaurant by Mr. Thaw—a case which has excited such extraordinary interest on both sides of the water.

a hollow covered with leaves was pointed out the spot where his hut once stood, but which, bit by bit, had been taken away as the planks were found useful by the neighbouring farmers (who had more practical than historic sense), and not a vestige remained. Walden pond, however, was there still, though the railway skirted it on one side. Altogether, the spot gave one the impression of something less wild and remote than that described in Thoreau's book. Probably the neighbourhood had progressed since, although Concord itself looked a simple New England village enough, which might have come out of one of Longfellow's poems. But it had a war-memorial in Mr. French's statue of "The Minute Man." We visited the primary school, and saw a clever, alert young schoolmistress instructing her class, making good use of the blackboard, upon which I afterwards left as a souvenir a picture of "The House that Jack built" and its inhabitants.



THE ONE-HORSE SHAY IN WALDEN WOODS

Some years ago in England I had had a correspondence with a Mrs. Emerson, the wife of a cousin of the great essayist, a Boston architect of taste and distinction. They had visited us in London once, when over on a European trip. They were friends and admirers of William Hunt, a Bostonian painter of some renown, who is known for a book of studio aphorisms which contain much pith and point. This Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, however, were not in Boston at the time of our arrival, though we saw them later; but Mr. Emerson sent his pupil, Mr. Nichols, to meet us at the wharf, who placed himself very kindly at our service.

Eminent Bostonians I had met in London were James

Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes, distinguished members of the brilliant group of New England writers now, alas! no more.

Among the literary people at Boston I met Mr. Horace Scudder, who edited the *Atlantic Monthly*, and he promptly, *apropos* of recent incidents, asked me for an article to throw some light on the relation of Art to Socialism, which I afterwards sent him under the title "Why Socialism appeals to Artists."

We also met Mrs. Julia Ward Howe—a well-known name in connection with the anti-slavery cause and the claims of women to higher education and to political rights, and her charming daughter, Mrs. John Elliott, herself an accomplished lecturer; Mr. Bayley-Aldrich the poet, Edmund Clarence Steadman the novelist, and Mrs. Margaret Deland, the novel-writer and poetess; others, too, of the old days of the anti-slavery agitation—the Garrison family, and Mrs. Fairchild, who presented me with a portrait of Dr. John Brown of Harper's Ferry, framed, with a printed copy of his last speech; Mrs. James T. Fields, with her wonderful library, and interesting literary records, portraits, and relics.

There was a cultivated group of young men I met, also, who had been inspired by the recent English revival of printing and book decoration and the higher forms of art generally. They worked on similar lines to those of the Century Guild and the Hobby Horse, and issued a nicely printed quarterly, named *The Knight Errant*, with a tasteful cover design by Mr. Goodhue. Mr. Francis Watts Lee, of the Elzevir Press, Boston, was the printer.

Mr. Winthrop Scudder was a member of the well-known publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., and he, I remember, took us to the State House and introduced us to the Governor of Massachusetts. Shortly after, Captain Seccombe invited us to meet him at a luncheon on board the *Cephalonia*, before she departed on her return voyage to England, and about the same time I made him a little drawing of his room on deck with his books and instruments about.

We visited Cambridge (Mass.) and Harvard College, and were duly impressed by its extensive buildings and educational

arrangements, though it lacked the historic charm and green seclusion of the Cambridge on this side the water.

Mr. Scudder introduced me to the Riverside Press, the home of his firm near Cambridge, and commissioned me to illustrate Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Wonder Book*, which I completed the following spring.

We had heard much of the wonderful autumn tints of the foliage in New England, and found that they were fully up to their reputation. In Franklin Park and the neighbourhood of Boston there was some gorgeous colouring in October and November. The sugar-maple seemed to be the source of most of colour, ranging in different stages from golden yellow to deep crimson. The sumach added a deeper red, but in New England woodland landscape there is generally visible some dark green of pines as a contrast; there is an absence of mystery in the thin dry air, and the autumn pageantry seems a gayer and brighter affair, and without much of the pensiveness and melancholy haunting the time in the Old Country.

Winter, too, is apt to come in unannounced. We had experience of this in a sudden frost of great severity before we left Boston. We found, however, the high temperature generally maintained in the hotels very trying—75 degrees Fahrenheit being the usual thing, and the steam heat seemed peculiarly baking. This could in one's own rooms be regulated, of course.

Before leaving Boston we paid a visit to the comparatively old-fashioned and rather Quakerish eighteenth-century-looking town of Salem, with its quiet streets of timbered houses, trim gardens, chapels, and queer tombstones.

Here lived Mr. Ross Turner and his family. He was the Bostonian water-colour artist of much repute who had asked us to spend the day. He worked in a broad and effective way in transparent colour.

Early in December I was invited over to New York by a Mrs. Young to give a lecture in her house, and I agreed, so that I had a first and flying visit to that city. She had invited a large number of guests to hear me, and the lecture was given in a sort of drawing-room studio. I gave one of

my Arts and Crafts addresses with illustrations—"Design in Relation to Use and Material."

I did not, however, come to America with any serious intention of lecturing. It is true that Mr. John Lane, the publisher (who, proposing a re-issue of my picture-books, had a sort of speculative interest in me), had urged me to see Major Pond, the late chief organiser of lecturing tours, and had introduced me, but I doubted whether the subjects I usually dealt with were of sufficiently wide or popular interest to suit a regular lecturing campaign, even if I had felt I could stand such an experience—and I am sure Major Pond had his doubts. I had no golden offers to tempt me, and so, beyond an occasional lecture here and there, I did not go.[1]

I had a very rapid impression of New York, but was not charmed by the effect of the interminable perspectives of the streets crossing the avenues at right angles, with no suggestion of any historic past among the buildings, which seemed for the most part to belong to either the mean or the pretentious class of nineteenth-century architecture, and to vary from frowsy respectability in some of the residential quarters to the most pushful commercialism in the business streets, while the overhead railway cast a squalid gloom and ruined the architectural effect (if any) of every street it ran over.

I had arranged to repeat the lecture at a private house (Mrs. Williams's) at Hartford, Conn., and stopped on my way back to Boston for this purpose, and found a very friendly and sympathetic audience.

We also had a glimpse of Newport, R.I., during our stay at Boston. I have already mentioned the frieze I painted a few years previously for Miss Catharine Wolfe's house at

[1] With regard to Mr. John Lane, he was very keen on the re-issue of my picture-books, and starting with *This Little Pig*, quite a large proportion of the old sixpenny series were re-issued three at a time, from Vigo Street.

It was gratifying to think that these books, published by Routledge a quarter of a century ago, should still appeal to a newer generation. I cannot say, however, that it has been a profitable undertaking, as far as I am concerned.

I first met Mr. Lane at the "Odd Volumes." He used to have little gatherings of artists and authors at his rooms and afterwards at Vigo Street. On one of these occasions I remember meeting Richard Le Gallienne before he was known to fame—a remarkably poetic-looking, handsome young man, with a fine head of hair and reflective eyes.

Newport. The lady, who visited my studio when the frieze was completed in London, had since died, and the house, "Vinland," had been left to a relative, a Mr. Lorillard. The architect, Mr. Peabody of Boston, kindly proposed to show me the house and the frieze *in situ*. Accordingly, the visit was arranged, my wife and I being invited to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Peabody on the excursion, which only involved a moderate railway journey and a day's outing.

We received no typical American hospitality at "Vinland," however, as we were requested *not* to come at the luncheon hour (!), and I do not remember seeing the owner at all. I merely record this as a most extraordinary exception in so hospitable a country.

Mr. Peabody, however, entertained us at a restaurant in the town. Newport seemed to be a sort of American Brighton or Scarborough, where millionaires were quite thick on the ground, and were then very busy spending some of their surplus value upon costly villas or would-be palaces, which were rising up along the coast in all sorts of weird architectural fashions, and almost with the rapidity of mushrooms. Some of them had baronial halls with carved oak staircases leading to galleries above, upon which the bedrooms opened. Louis Seize drawing-rooms and boudoirs in white and gold were discovered through Gothic doorways. Mr. Peabody told me that a house of this kind was expected to be finished in nine months.

I had a glimpse of the way much of the wood-carving was turned out, as I saw a machine at work which automatically carved out an arabesque panel in relief from a model —"while you waited," so to speak.

"Vinland" had, intentionally, a Scandinavian character, with its steep high-pitched brown-shingled roof and spired turrets. It was very cleverly designed, and bold in line and mass, and inside was extremely comfortable, and had the look of an English interior very much, owing to the fact that the decorations were due to William Morris, whose hangings and wallpapers were everywhere. A Burne-Jones window was on the staircase containing the figures of those legendary Norse voyagers who were supposed to have discovered America some

centuries before Columbus. (The cartoon of this window is now in the Royal College of Art, South Kensington.) My frieze in the dining-room, as I have said, illustrated Longfellow's poem, *The Skeleton in Armour*, and besides this I had designed a series of stained-glass panels for the windows of the library—symbolical subjects—and these had been carried out at Morris's works at Merton Abbey.

I found my frieze, looking rather lower in tone than it did in Europe, very suitably placed above plain oak panelling.

The ruined tower (or mill) around which Longfellow wove his story, we saw in the town, railed around in a sort of public garden.

Mr. Vanderbilt had started a marble palace on a great scale—a sort of reduced Versailles, I understood—at Newport; but to ensure privacy in his own grounds, had to build a mighty tall wall around them, to defeat the indomitable curiosity characteristic of his countrymen.

The Bostonians seem to make as much of their festival of "Thanksgiving Day" (at the end of November) as we do of Christmas in England. It is in memory of the early days of the Pilgrim Fathers, when, after a long period of adversity, they began to feel their feet in New England and their agricultural toil yielded good crops.

On Monday, the 14th of December, we left Boston for Chicago, going by the New York and Albany line to Buffalo, and making a stop for two nights to see the Niagara Falls.

It was a rainy evening when we got in, and quite mild, but not arriving till midnight, there was nothing to do but to go to bed. We could *hear* the Falls if we could not see them. During the night there was a change, and the thermometer fell no less than 30 degrees, and everything was frozen.

The Falls had a fringe of ice, and under a wintry aspect were very wonderful. The glimpses we had had of the country from the train above the Falls were not striking as far as could be seen through the driving rain and mists of the evening—mostly flat and green, with small trees. Fir trees of not large growth fringe the rapids above the Falls; but the Falls themselves are certainly stupendous, viewed from either above or below. On Goat Island, which divides them, one is surrounded

with the sound of the rush and roar of the water on all sides, and one has the impression of standing on a frail floating scrap of rock and earth which might be swept away at any moment. The Falls form a solid-looking white wall of falling water, but without its sound and movement it is difficult to convey pictorially an adequate impression of the wonder of it. The surging and boiling torrent below, half veiled by floating clouds of spray and sometimes wreathed by broken rainbows, and the rushing rapids between the narrow rocky channel beyond, form indeed a striking drama of the force of water.

The work of man here looks frail and insignificant enough. The thin suspension bridge, like a spider's web, connecting the Canadian with the American side; the flimsy-looking hotels, and temporary makeshift look of most of the buildings on either side of this great natural wonder, do not form a becoming framework; though, in any case, the scale of the Falls is so large that even Cyclopean building would look insignificant. As it is, the manufactories huddling to make use of the water as a motive power for their machinery, the endless notice-boards announcing "the best points of view" to the traveller, the little stalls of tourist souvenirs, all seemed impertinent.

Two of my wife's brothers settled in Canada met us here, and we had a pleasant day together, before going on the next day to Chicago.

Leaving Niagara in the morning, we arrived at Chicago at nine at night, and were met at the station by our host, Mr. William Pretyman, an Englishman, who lived about seven miles out, at Edgewater. Mr. Pretyman had been settled here some time, and had married a New York lady and built himself a charming house and studio on the lake shore. He was a decorative artist, and I had done designs for panels in various schemes of decoration he had in hand, while I was in England. He and his charming wife now welcomed us in the most hospitable way to their home, so that we had an English welcome in the great Western city instead of the cold comfort of an hotel. The Pretymans even had English servants, which were very rare in America. We spent Christmas at Edgewater, and kept it up with masquerading in old-fashioned style.

The only cloud over a very pleasant time was the unfortunate illness of my wife, who caught a fever of some kind. It seemed to me that the soil by the lake might have been malarious. However, after an anxious time, by dint of good doctoring and careful nursing, she recovered.

Mr. Pretyman was interested in the preparations for the approaching World's Fair — the commemorative Columbian Exhibition in 1893—and was on the committee in charge of the arrangements and decorations, over which Mr. Burnum presided.

With my host I paid a visit to the grounds, passing the night in a temporary building erected as a sort of club for the officials. After a characteristic American breakfast (which included steaming piles of buckwheat cakes, to be eaten with maple syrup—a kind of food calculated to take the zest out of the heartiest appetite, though I never somehow took to them as I ought to have done), our party was driven round the grounds in a brake. It was intensely cold—about 10 below zero—with a wind which made one wonder how to keep one's ears from being frozen, although the sun was shining. Many of the buildings were well advanced, and great skeletons of lath and plaster were rising up in all directions. There had been a council of architects to arrange the planning of the grounds and the design of the buildings; the dead level of the site by the lake was to be made as interesting and attractive as possible. The buildings included a permanent gallery for works of art, which was to become the property of the city afterwards.

Residents in the immediate neighbourhood and outlying residential suburb of Chicago did not look forward with much enthusiasm to the time of the Exhibition, however, I fancy. I heard one anticipatory remark to the effect that "we shall be knee-deep in banana skins and pea-nut shells next year," such trifles being the inevitable deposit of an American crowd. The modern type of business or "elevators" building seemed to have a more unchecked development in Chicago than we had seen anywhere before. One building was stated to have reached the height of twenty-two storeys—but *one* only, and it appeared the insurance offices refused to speculate in

anything nearer to heaven, so that these modern Towers of Babel would seem to have a natural (or perhaps artificial) check upon their growth.

Such "sky-scrapers" certainly made very unpleasant streets in winter, the freezing winds sweeping down them as through a narrow, draughty passage, and making a plaything of the unwary pedestrian at the street corners. The Chicago coachmen might well wear fur caps with ear-pieces.

As a sidelight on labour conditions, and as evidence of a certain brutality, I was struck by the common inscriptions put up outside the temporary doors in hoardings while building operations were in progress, which, instead of our mild but firm "No admittance except on business," took such emphatic forms as, "*No carpenters wanted. Keep out!*" "*Keep out! This means YOU!*"

After leaving our friends at Edgewater, we took up our quarters at the Auditorium—a vast new hotel near one of the termini—comprising under its roof an opera house, so that guests could walk through after dinner and take their stall or box as it liked them.

The electric light was freely used, and to us in a novel way, being carried across the spans of the arched roof in successive lines or chains of light, which had rather the effect of brilliants strung on a bow, but was rather dazzling.

At Edgewater, on the long straight suburban roads, gas lamps were used, but lighted in a novel way by a mounted lamp-lighter, who trotted from side to side, charging with his illuminated pole at each lamp-post on his long course—with a far-away, odd suggestion of a sort of municipalised Don Quixote, whose tilting tendencies towards common objects were turned to practical use.

At that date the telephone too, which, like the electric light in England, had at first a somewhat shy and timid existence, was in America in full swing, and was in common domestic use and installed in private houses. By means of these, ladies were accustomed to give their orders to the local tradesmen, and might scold their butchers to their heart's content—at least, until switched off! In the halls of the hotels the deep monotone of the negro official at the telephone

chanting the refrain, "Are you there?"—"Yaas"—"Who is this?" etc., came in as a kind of antiphone to the cackle, the noise and bustle of arriving or departing guests, or the talk of the row of smokers, who usually occupied seats in front of the plate glass windows to the street. Our outlook from a lofty window in the Auditorium was over a crowded mass of roofs and gaunt square factories and chimneys spouting smoke and steam over the half-melted masses of snow, and included a bird's-eye view of the street with its tram lines, upon which crawled, like Brobdingnagian beetles, the electric cars.

The weather was wintry enough for us to enjoy a sleigh drive over the snow in Lincoln Park, where stands a striking bronze statue of the great President by St. Gaudens, who has represented him in a rather original way as having just risen from his presidential chair to speak.

THE BUTTON-PRESSER—FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE MAN OF THE FUTURE

Along the Lake Shore drive were the mansions of the millionaires, in striking contrast to the squalor of the industrial parts of the city.

As to the stock-yards and their horrors, we avoided them altogether; but I was struck with the huge grain elevators, like vast Noah's Arks seen beyond the barges which fed them with their golden stores of maize.

A huge police fortress had been built since the days of the anarchists' agitation, to enable a large body of men to be poured out at a moment's notice. The vast gatehouse was closed by wooden doors, with the usual mouse-hole for every-

day use. It looked a threatening monument of the power of the capitalists, and reminded one of the warlike character of the industrial struggle in the States, where armed forces can be hired by owners of works to quell strikes on occasion.

My collection followed me from Boston like my shadow, and was duly unpacked and exhibited at the Chicago Art Institute, where an art school and museum were under the same roof. Here also I was induced to give a lecture on Art, which I illustrated by charcoal sketches on paper.

THE ROUND TABLE AT WINETKA
(H. D. LLOYD'S FAMILY PARTY)

I also gave an address on "Art and Modern Life," at the invitation and to the members of the Twentieth Century Club.

There were many dinners and receptions. The decorators of Chicago entertained me, and I was introduced to the Socialist circle. Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, then the editor of the *Chicago Tribune* (who had shown much sympathy with the cause of Labour, and had tried to save the condemned anarchists in 1887), whose acquaintance I now made, invited us to stay at his pleasant country abode at Winetka, some five-and-

twenty miles out along the lake, and there we met his kindly family circle and interesting guests—of whom, gathered at the round table of our good host and hostess, I made a fancy sketch, as a kind of King Arthur's Court, our son Lancelot and the son of the house being placed at a separate table for want of room at the big round one.

From Chicago my collection was invited to St. Louis, and towards the middle or end of January we went on there, a journey of some three hundred miles farther south, for the most part through a flat agricultural country of maize fields, which spreads west and south of Chicago—a great grain centre. At length we reached the big rivers Mississippi and Missouri, at the junction of which is the city of St. Louis. A tremendous bridge in three tiers crosses the river, carrying the railroad, a road for ordinary traffic, and a footway. There was a sort of rivalry between St. Louis and Chicago as to which should be considered the premier town. Kansas was, I believe, also in the running at one time, but has been knocked out by the enormous commercial progress of its bigger and more advantageously situated rivals. St. Louis was in many ways more pleasantly situated than Chicago, being on a rising ground with a fine wooded country towards the west. As regards planning and architectural character and general aspects, American towns, however, suffer from a certain sameness as well as the want of historic background. Everything which is not of the moment seems to belong to yesterday, or at most to the day before.

St. Louis suggests by its name French characteristics, but it cannot be said that any relics of this kind were traceable, except perhaps in the name of one of the hotels, which was called the "Richelieu," and had a kind of faded, frowsy, far-away, and out-of-date Parisian aspect about its gloomy bedrooms, from which we were glad to escape to more modern, cheerful, and breezy quarters westward.

At each town when my collection arrived, it had to be unpacked in the presence of the custom-house officers, and each item carefully checked off on the list; and to get through this rather tedious business, my presence became necessary.

The exhibition was opened in the Art Institute, which, as

at Chicago, included an art school. We had again at the opening reception the privilege of shaking hands with a thousand or so of the great American public. I also lectured in the theatre of the school.

The head of the art school was an Englishman, and we were introduced to a very pleasant circle of friends in St. Louis.

There was a Congress of the master painters and decorators of America while we were there, and they made me an honorary member, investing me with the order of the paint brush—in miniature model suspended by a red ribbon.

I do not think the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition was then thought of. Possibly after the Chicago World's Fair it became necessary for St. Louis to see what she could do in that way, in which she seems to have scored so successfully in 1904. We visited the house of Mr. Ives, who acted as European commissioner for that exhibition, but he himself was then in Europe.

From St. Louis we turned our faces westwards, and in February started on the long, long journey to Southern California, which involved four days and five nights on board the train, in a Pullman car. Kansas City was our first stop, where I think we had an hour or so to wait, or at anyrate time to wander a bit and have a look at the place. It had a strange, unfinished look, as if the town had been begun here and there, and left off again. One would see in the streets a low ramshackle timber hut, next to a tall brick or stone building with architectural pretensions. The roadways were very rough, and some of the footways were paved in a peculiar way by stumps of trees cut in cross sections and pressed into the earth as close as might be. On we went, by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, over miles and miles of brown prairie, varied by streaks of snow lingering here and there, until across the vast plains the blue peaks of mountains began to peer; the Spanish peaks of New Mexico, and the great range of the Rockies visible a long while on our right, their summits snow-covered and often veiled in storms; past little towns and mining settlements here and there, which the railroad seemed to have originally taken out ready made and dumped down on the open prairie; and on through strange wide valleys walled

by queer, square-cut red bluffs receding in regular lines like the cliffs of some forgotten seashore, long dried up; and so onwards across the great American desert of Arizona, the red ground dotted with the little dry bushes of sage-brush, the plain sometimes varied by an occasional deep volcanic-looking cleft or cañon. A few cattle might sometimes be seen, and a cowboy riding away after them in the distance, though how life could be supported on such pasture as was visible was a wonder, and in places the side of the line was strewn with the horned skulls and bones of cattle, though whether the remains of those destroyed by the trains or otherwise, did not appear.

It was a curious sensation to stand at the lookout at the end of the train and watch the windings of the single line of rail we had travelled over disappearing in the distance, the only thread of connection between the far-apart settlements in this strange desert country. Our journey was only broken by stops of about twenty or twenty-five minutes at what were called "meal-stations," where the passengers turned out of the train to the sound of gongs beaten by negroes, and snatched a hasty dinner; often, however, consisting of a number of courses, but served one after the other in the quickest possible succession, and—on the same plate!

On the afternoon of the third day the snow peaks of the San Francisco mountains appeared beyond the plains to the westward, and cedar groves and a curious kind of stunted palm tree varied the sage-brush of the desert.

We were soon among the mountains crossing the snows, and at last descended through a very fine pass of the Sierra Madre range and entered a smiling land in the first flush of spring with her lap full of flowers.

Los Angeles, where we made our first stay in South California, showed a strange mixture of elements—American, Chinese, Spanish—though the American, of course, prevailed; and the main street was of the usual type, decked with tram-cars, overhead wires, and hotels.

The Chinese quarter was quite distinct, with its native shops, vertical orange labels, lanterns, and pigtails.

The country around was green and undulating: rounded hills, varied by groves of eucalyptus trees, prickly pears, and

orange plantations; and beyond, the fine range of the Sierras. Numbers of little grey squirrels were to be seen on the green open prairie, skipping in and out of their burrows in the ground, where they appeared to live very much like rabbits.

There was a public garden in the town with some fine date-palms and banana trees—the latter in flower—a magnificent purple pendant affair, and many of the better dwellings in and around the town were surrounded with pleasant gardens, in which palms and magnolias were conspicuous features, the white houses with verandahs or "piazzas" having rather a Riviera look.

The hotels usually had a series of continuous covered balconies along the front, upon which the rooms opened through French windows. Along these the guests sat in rows—mostly men in slouch hats, and all smoking. The mule carts lent a Spanish touch to the streets.

We saw an ostrich farm, the queer hungry-looking birds stalking about a yard, like domestic fowls of gigantic growth. The proprietor did not scruple to pluck a feather or two, as a souvenir for the ladies, from one of his brood; but poor "Lizzie," as he called his victim, did not part with them willingly, or without a squawk.

From Los Angeles we went on to Santa Barbara, which brought us close to the Pacific in a beautiful bay enclosed by rocky islands, the town trailing away from the sea in a long wide street of scattered houses and hotels. On a rising ground inland stood the old Spanish mission-house, an eighteenth-century monastery, and a church with two towers which might have been brought straight out of Spain and planted there. This building gave an unusual distinction to the place, and supplied the touch of historic interest so often wanting.

There were of course, as in all Californian towns, a Spanish quarter (as I was making a sketch the little cluster of children who came around me to look were chattering Spanish) and a Chinese quarter, and Chinese servants instead of negroes in the hotels. There were a few adobe buildings, and prickly pears and olive trees were to be seen, but the eucalyptus was being planted in all directions, and here we were told it became a *shade tree* in about two years, so rapid was the growth. In

the landscape from a distance the eucalyptus had a dark cypress-like effect. There were also plantations of pampas grass, which was grown in separate clumps on "hummocks" surrounded by water.

Riding, at which we took our turn, and driving seemed to be the chief pursuits all day long. The clatter of hoofs was heard up and down the long street; all sorts of people riding all kinds of mounts, or being shaken in all kinds of buggies. The Mexican style of saddle and horse furniture still prevailed, and the leather was often highly ornamental with its stamped and embossed patterns.

We found the Pacific true to its name. A gentle opal-coloured sea rolled in the smoothest of waves upon the sandy shore. Soft clouds hung dreamily about the rocky islands, and silver mists sometimes drifted over the sea and crept up the valleys.

San Francisco was our next stop, and our farthest point westward. Again one's impressions were of a city of strangely mixed elements—a touch of New York, a dash of Liverpool, a whiff of Glasgow, a strong flavour of opium, and a Chinese quarter so complete that its influence seemed to be felt all over the American quarter, giving a quaint touch to the mansard roofs, the much whittled woodwork porches; and even the steep hills, over which the cable cars popped so suddenly, and the long flights of steps leading up to the terraced dwellings and gardens with their palm trees, in some parts, might have been worked into a sort of willow pattern.

We went round China town, personally conducted by one Cheong Sue, who spoke pigeon-English, and when at a loss threw in the word "Charlie," and generally, too, ended his short sentences with it. This worthy took us into a Chinese temple, where we duly burnt joss sticks, and saw trussed fowls and other offerings, forming quite a substantial luncheon, placed on the altar; and then to a tea-house, where we had tea served in little bowls accompanied by saucers of candied fruits, the decorations and the furniture as completely Chinese as could be, down to the little dwarf pines in china pots. The folding tables suggested that our type of oval gate-table of the Chippendale period must have been borrowed from the Chinese.

There were tables there of exactly the same plan, though with double instead of single folding legs to pull out to support the flap. Our guide even showed us the opium dens and the gamblers at cards, which were unpleasant, squalid sights enough.

OUR GUIDE TO CHINA TOWN, SAN FRANCISCO (1892)

There was plenty of colour in the streets owing to the frequent gay costumes, the prevailing arrangement being blue and yellow, and the shops were interesting, some decked with boughs of blossom stuck in blue pots. Another attraction to us as animal-lovers was Woodward's Gardens—a sort of Zoo on a small scale.

San Francisco certainly had the advantage of a fine site, and one could imagine what a lovely city might have been made there had it arisen in the ancient or mediæval age. The Golden Gate is poetically named, and is a fine natural opening to the Pacific. The coast and shore is spacious and impressive, and when the evening sun shines across the great ocean, rolling in long breakers to the beach, it is striking enough.

The Seal Rock, viewed from Cliff House Hotel, is a curious sight. It is only a short distance from the cliff, and the seals crowding upon it, and sometimes swimming and leaping into the water, can be distinctly seen. The San Franciscans run out by train on Sundays to Golden Gate Park or to Cliff House, much as the Londoners do to Richmond or Hampstead.

The terrible earthquake and the devastating fire which ruined San Francisco so suddenly in the spring of 1906 invests one's memories of the place with somewhat thrilling interest, as one recalls the fact that the very hostelry where we stayed, the Occidental Hotel (where I remember receiving a charming bouquet, presented by an Art Society who had heard of our arrival) was entirely destroyed.

One cannot say, however, that there was much architectural beauty to regret, however disastrous the losses to the inhabitants. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true" that such terrible catastrophes, under our wasteful economic system, are really, commercially considered, benefits, since they are the occasion of an enormous stimulus to trade and employment.

Certainly such a catastrophe affords an opportunity of rebuilding the city on more beautiful lines. It is a rare one, and I should hope that the best architectural skill in the States will be called into requisition, and there can be no doubt of the great ability and resource of American architects.

It is to be hoped that the old Spanish mission-house, which I remember seeing between uninteresting modern buildings in a side street, has been saved.

The beginning of March found us on our way to New York to keep an engagement to stay with friends there. So we, passing through the fruit-growing region, crossed the Sierra Nevada through mining camps, and up to the snows, descend-

ing through miles and miles of snow-sheds, which are timber structures forming a roof over the train to protect it from the snows, but which are as gloomy almost as tunnels, and passed Salt Lake and the Mormon city, where the snow-clad mountains formed a fine background, and so through Utah and Nevada, where, near Elko, we saw Indian wigwams on the snowy plains, and at the station real Indians in striped blankets and mocassins, and real squaws with genuine papooses slung at their backs. Poor things, they seemed timid and shy enough.

A hand-camera pointed from the train to secure a snap-shot at an Indian waiting on the platform, caused the subject to suddenly bolt round the corner as if it had been a gun presented at him.

On we went by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, through the Rockies, the rail passing sometimes close to the waters of the river, winding between great crags and towering bastions of rock, and once catching a glimpse of some cliff dwellings as we passed. Gradually the valleys grew wider, and we would pass over snow-clad plains, dotted here and there with log-huts, and through pine woods, where often there seemed a great waste of timber, as it was the practice to burn the trees away from the borders of the rail—to avoid them falling across it, I suppose. Perhaps we would see an occasional sledge bounding over the snow, but there was very little sign of life anywhere except at the stations.

At Denver we changed trains, and continued our journey to New York without noteworthy incident.

The chief incident in a railway journey in America is the entry of the irrepressible vendor—a sort of universal provider both for the outer and the inner man, and his quick changes from a walking bookstall and newsagent to a sweet-stuff shop are as remarkable as the lavish and apparently generous and careless way in which he will cast literary gems into one's lap in passing—he is careful, however, to collect them, or their market price, on his return walk through the cars.

Reaching our destination in due course, we found a friendly welcome in West Twenty-Second Street.

Our host, the late Mr. J. R. Lamb, was an Englishman—a Kentish man—who had been settled in New York for many

years. He was a decorative artist, and with his two sons, Charles R. Lamb and Fred. Lamb, had established well-known decorative works, chiefly ecclesiastical, and including stained glass, mosaic, and church furniture. Mr. Charles R. Lamb (well known as the energetic secretary of the Architectural League of New York, and as keenly interested in the recent municipal movement for beautifying the city) had visited us in England, and his brother Fred., who had studied in Paris, also. I had designed a large window for the firm for a church at Newark, N.J., and Mr. Fred. Lamb had assisted me in working out the very extensive cartoon, the subject of which was St. Paul preaching at Athens. This window I now saw completed and *in situ*.

While in New York I completed a rather elaborate design for a wallpaper with an extensive frieze intended as a special exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair the next year. The filling bore Columbus's ship, the Stars and Stripes, and other emblems in a sort of diaper, and the frieze motive was a line of beaked ships with bulging sails, in each of which stood a female figure, typifying the parts of the earth welcomed by America, also standing in her ship labelled Chicago, who joins their hands.

The Architectural League invited me to dinner and at the same time to give them an illustrated talk; so after we "had eaten and drunk and were filled," I gave some demonstrations in space-filling, and I met several of their notable artists and architects at Mr. Charles Lamb's studio, including Mr. John La Farge and Mr. Will H. Low.

I also made the acquaintance of Mr. W. D. Howells, who showed himself to be much in sympathy with the Socialist movement. At that time he was conducting a monthly magazine, the *Cosmopolitan*, to which I made some contributions, both with pencil and pen, at his request, and I remember a pleasant little dinner with the eminent writer and his sub-editor and his young wife—Mr. and Mrs. Sears.

Another New York writer whom I met was Mr. Brander Matthews, who was then acting as lecture secretary to a large literary and artistic club—the Nineteenth Century, I think, was its name—and he got me to open a discussion on "The

Effect of Modern Social and Economic Conditions on the Sense of Beauty," or some such title, which enabled me to expound my views on art and modern life pretty freely. Mr. Matthews was in the chair, and my opponent was Mr. Simons (an artist from whom, years ago, when he was staying at St. Ives in Cornwall, I had had a friendly letter expressing his regret at the way in which some of my children's books had been pirated in America). Some amusement was caused by his remarking that he had had some difficulty in hearing what I said and that what he had succeeded in hearing he was unable to follow, and my retort that while I was bound to say I heard Mr. Simons distinctly I could not discover his meaning.

It seemed to me that the audience were really on the look-out for a light evening's entertainment, and were either unable or unwilling to regard the subject or the discussion from a serious point of view at all.

Mr. Hamilton Bell (a nephew of Sir E. Poynter), who was working in New York as a decorative artist, called upon me, and introduced me to the Players' Club, where, shortly afterwards, I was a guest at a luncheon given to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whom I then met for the first time. I had met his father and mother some years before at the Poynters' in London, long before he had made his fame as a writer. He was very quiet, and spoke in a gentle, rather high voice, but had a keen, observant look in his quick eyes which glasses did not conceal.

The menus were passed round for the signatures of the guests, as souvenirs of the occasion. Having put my rebus on the cards, Kipling expressed a wish to secure "the biggest of the Cranes."

While in New York I wrote to my old friend and former master, W. J. Linton, who was living at Newhaven, Connecticut, not a long distance down the coast, with the result that a meeting was arranged at the Century Club in New York, to which he belonged. I was glad to see Linton looking hale, though much aged and venerable, with his long white hair and beard. He walked a little lame, and leaned on my arm in getting up the stairs and passing through the rooms. He

was bright and cheery, and as revolutionary in his views as ever, though with an entire absence of bitterness, and evidently kept his ideal and his vision of the future undimmed. It was the last time I saw him, as he did not live more than a few years afterwards.

Among the members of the Club was the veteran landscape painter of the States, Bierstadt, whose renderings of American scenery were known in Europe, and had been seen in the great International Exhibitions. I recall large landscapes from the Sierra Nevada, and a picture of a breaking wave with the vivid green light striking through it. He flourished long before the later French influence and Parisian training had captured American painting.

The brothers Lamb belonged to the New York 7th Regiment, and they gave us an opportunity of witnessing a full-dress parade and inspection in their Drill Hall. The regiment had an old-fashioned military appearance in a uniform of an early nineteenth-century type, blue tailed-coat with white facings, striped trousers, epaulettes, and a tall shako with a plume. They went through their drill with much precision under the admiring eyes of a host of friends gazing from the gallery of the Hall.

We visited our old friends the Moncure Conways at their New York home, facing the Central Park; and I recall a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. Gould and their family, who had a pretty house on the Hudson River, in a garden on a steep slope towards the water, and commanding a fine view. Mr. Gould (who was related to the millionaire, I believe) met us at the station dressed in the style of an English country gentleman and riding a good horse.

We experienced the elevated railway, which, with its universal fare of five cents, glass receiving boxes for the tickets, and long cars with rattan seats, was the prototype of what Londoners are now familiar with in the Tube. Travelling overhead is certainly more agreeable than going underground, but, as I have before remarked, an elevated railway ruins the comfort and appearance of the streets which it overshadows.

New York was great in gorgeous saloon bars, often

decorated with showy pictures—perhaps of such visions as might be conjured up after the drinks! The devotee of the cocktail and his kinds had the option of standing at the long brass-bound marble bar, or of an easy seat and a leather-covered lounge along the wall. The general effect of such interiors was rather of a curious blend of a German drinking hall, a French café, and an English public-house.

A wonderful new building had been erected for entertainments of the Barnum show and circus order, and it had a tower copied straight from the Alcazar at Seville, with the addition of a bronze Diana as a vane on the top, boldly designed in silhouette by Mr. St. Gaudens.

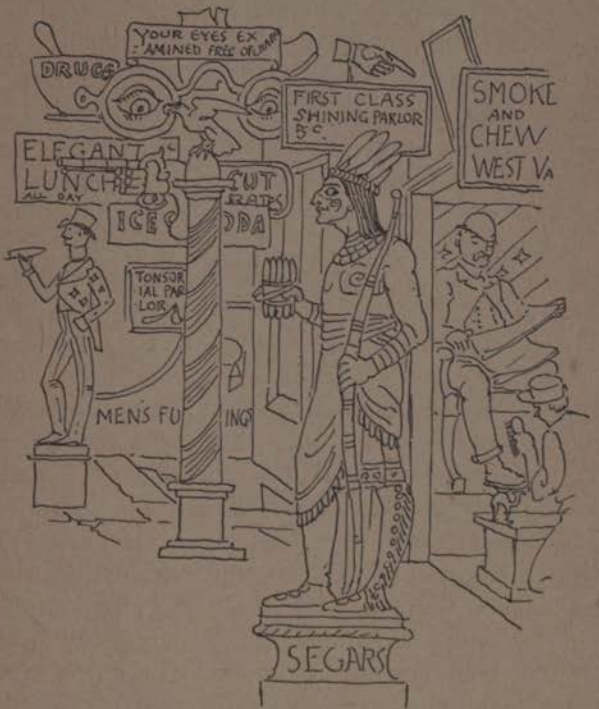
I had a glimpse of the Metropolitan Museum (over which Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke has now gone to preside), an important feature of which was then the De Cesnola collection of antiquities from Cyprus.

I may mention, too, the sample we had of an American play, said to be quite characteristic of a then prevailing popular type—a curious drama with a very incoherent plot entitled *The Last of the O'Hagans*, a strange medley of scenes and characters which followed one another in a bewildering, inconsequent sort of way, the only principle discoverable being the apparent intention of the drama to provide something which every section of the mixed population of New York could understand, the Irish and the negro element going strong, the many scenes peppered with prize-fights, steamer collisions, negro secret society meetings, the interest maintained by the pranks and quick changes of a queer set of pantomimic characters, and the dialogue throughout often so highly seasoned with American slang that it was impossible for the uninitiated to follow it.

We have become so Americanised in our towns—or is it that we have developed on the same commercial lines?—that the amount of advertisement and pushful signs of all kinds in an ordinary retail business street in New York, which then seemed remarkable and excessive, may now be no longer so in comparison with the same sort of thing on our side; but many of the inscriptions were very quaint, and outside the tobacconists' the effigy of a Red Indian took the place

which used to be associated with the image of the Scotchman and his snuff-box in London. Otherwise perhaps the shoe-black, with his extensive "shining-parlours," where men sat in rows to have their boots polished, was the most clamorous in his announcements to the passers-by.

At the beginning of April it was getting warm, even in New York, but we soon had it warmer, as we had arranged



STREET SIGNS IN AMERICAN TOWNS

to go down to Florida to see our eldest son, Lionel, and bring him back with us, and so we bade farewell to New York, and took the train down the East Coast, passing Baltimore and Philadelphia and Washington, to which we intended to return, and on through Virginia and Carolina, where, at the stations, the little negro children would run to the windows of the train offering flowers. The outlook from the train was spoiled

and the landscape insulted by horrid posters or bills in staring yellow letters on black boards at any point of vantage all along the line, and sometimes painted on the roofs of houses and wooden palings, the banal announcements of the same firm pursuing the eye of the traveller for hundreds of miles. It must be remembered that at that time we had not adopted this barbarous practice in England, at least as far as our railway lines were concerned, so that it struck one as a very objectionable novelty. The scenery, it is true, here had not that variety we are accustomed to in our own land, which makes the introduction of the nuisance less excusable in England.

At last we reached Jacksonville, on the St. John's River, a curious straggling, Colonial, half-finished sort of town, with a considerable trade, however, and "on the make," mostly timber built, and the streets deep in fine sand, which spun in showers off the buggy wheels as they drove through it.

Here we took steamer up the river. The boat was a paddle-wheeled steamer of the two-funnelled, double-decked American pattern, then generally in use on the rivers and coasting excursions. There was a high saloon deck from which one could get a commanding view. As the stream narrowed it had a tropical look, with its palms and magnolias and tangled mass of vegetation along its banks, where in the dark waters lurked the mocassin, a yellow water snake of a dangerous kind, and alligators frequently seen in their torpid length lying in the sun-lit water, while small turtles could be seen swimming in the shallows or poking their snake-like heads above the water. Great flocks of buzzards hovered about the banks, negroes hung about the landing-stages, and the scenery all along was something quite new and strange to us.

We stopped for a short visit to St. Augustine, to which a light railway took us from the riverside. As the place where poor Caldecott died it had a melancholy interest for us, but apart from this the relics of its Spanish origin were noteworthy. New York, however, had laid her hand upon it, and it was in process of expanding from quite a small settlement to a health resort. A firm of New York archi-

tects had designed a big hotel—the Ponce de Leon—a very effective and cleverly arranged building in the Spanish Gothic style, and it included a large block of studios for artists. There was a fine cortile with fountains and full of palms, and Venetian masts each side the entrance, with the American and the Spanish standards flying. A spacious dining-saloon with a bold frieze of Spanish galleons was also a notable feature. Beyond an old stone gateway, I do not remember any actual Spanish relics of the old-time settlement.

After a night here, we continued our journey, taking the steamer again up the St. John's River to Sanford, a sleepy settlement studded with cabbage-palms, where we joined the Orange Belt Railway, and finished our journey at remote Killarney, a small cluster of timber houses on the sand, by a lake, half hidden among pine trees, oleanders, and turkey oaks, and surrounded by orange plantations. The character of these latter seemed to vary as much as the fortunes of their owners, for while some were flourishing groves of well-conditioned trees glowing with golden fruit, others were little more than rather forlorn clearings in the native forest, with a few struggling orange bushes here and there to keep up the name of a plantation, while neglect or adverse circumstances were leaving the reclamation to wild nature.

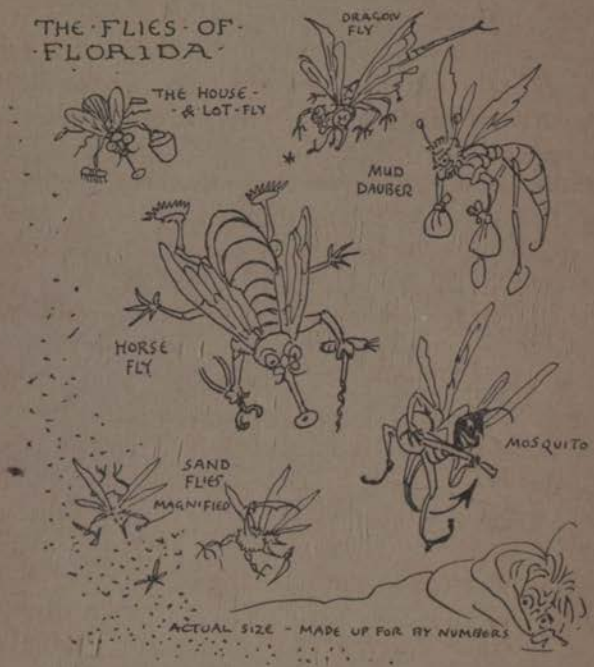
A weird and rather melancholy effect was produced by the Spanish moss, an ashy grey parasitic growth which covered many of the trees, almost as fine as hair, which it strongly resembled, hanging from the branches in long pendulous streamers something like a weeping willow. These would sway and wave to and fro in the wind, and as it grew stronger before a storm, a tree hung with this moss would seem like some weird, witch-like creature swathed in grey clinging drapery, wildly waving its arms in warning or fear.

The water of the lake was quite warm near the shore, and alligators could be seen not unfrequently at a respectful distance, but showed no disposition to interfere with us when we bathed.

We had to get accustomed to a rather high temperature —usually about 80 degrees in the shade. This was not exactly favourable to work, especially book illustration, but I

had undertaken a coloured edition of Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* for Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin, and it had to be completed by a certain date. These designs were done in a little timber-built cottage at a window looking out on flowering trees of oleander, with the red bird of Florida flitting among them.

The insect life was very rife, the flies especially numerous and active, the ordinary and comparatively moderate



pests of our own country being reinforced here by many new and ingenious varieties, chiefly distinguished (in the non-scientific body) by their increased means of torment.

The flora and fauna, too, were of interest. There were charming little miniature models of doves called "ground doves," about the size of sparrows, but of a perfect dove shape. I noted some curious lizards which seemed to have a chameleon-like capacity of changing colour, one bright emerald-green gentleman puffing out a sort of rose-coloured throat ornament.

Then there were large land tortoises they called "gophers": we had one that stumped up and down the boards of the verandah for a constitutional. People made pets of baby alligators, and there were 'coons in the woods.

As to flowers, there were many, but the most unusual was a peculiar flowering grass found in the woods, having very delicate purple and sapphire blue blossoms of three and two petals, but otherwise like our ordinary dog grass.

We saw, for the first time at close quarters, a genuine log hut—quite different from the rather flimsy wooden-framed house, clinker-built, of sawn timber, which was the usual type; but a house raised from the ground on horizontal logs, the walls constructed of split pine trees, crossed over each other at the four corners of the hut, which had bold projecting eaves, and a roof covered with bark and moss. This dwelling, built by an actual settler for himself, stood all by itself in the woods, the hanging grey moss curtaining it around.

The central village street—if street it could be called which was only a wandering track in the sand—was quite thick with trees, and these were not without their practical uses, as in addition to grateful shade from a burning sun they sometimes acted as brakes. It was related that on one occasion a pair of runaway mules in a waggon had been neatly and effectually stopped by one of these trees—one mule being one side the trunk and the other on the other side—so that they were pulled up sharply.

I shall not easily forget the tropical fury of a thunder-storm we witnessed while at Killarney. Heralded by the weird waving of the moss-covered trees in the rising wind, the grey curtain of clouds was drawn over the bright day, the thunder muttered and rolled ever nearer, till the rain fell with a rushing sound like a torrent, and seemed to be fiercely drunk up by the thirsty sand, and as night came on, the lightning almost continuously lit up the scene, flaming and flaring along the dark ragged outline of the woods, and flashing on the lake, which was whipped into a mist by the storm.

We found our son Lionel all the better for the eighteen months of sunshine he had absorbed. He looked brown but thin, and he had outgrown his clothes.

His tutor, Mr. Pocock, had, like many Englishmen, speculated in an orange plantation—not, I fear, very successfully, and I think our boy had picked up more facts about oranges and fishing than Greek and Latin. Healthy growth, however, is the main thing for young people, and we had no reason to be dissatisfied on this score.

The time came, however, for returning northwards again.

An arrangement had been made for my collection to be exhibited at the Art Club of Philadelphia, and after finishing at St. Louis it went on there, so we decided to make a stay there also, and towards the end of April we worked our way back, breaking the journey at Washington. Here we were introduced to the famous State House, and saw a sitting of the House of Representatives, which had not the formal and antique dignity of our House of Commons, but was arranged more on the French pattern—the seats placed in curving tiers in front of a tribune, and each member having a desk in front of him.

The city was much more beautifully planned and laid out than any American city we had seen, and gained much by the space given to trees and gardens. The broad avenues gave us a sense of breadth and ease. The commercial element so rampant in most American towns was here much less in evidence. There was more sense of a larger life and leisure. The classical type of architecture seemed much more suited to the American climate than to that of England, needing as it does broad sunshine to give the necessary light and shade and relief.

It is true we happened to encounter a wet day here, which rather marred our sight-seeing, but this might happen in the best regulated climate.

On we went to Philadelphia. Here again the city as planned by William Penn, its four main thoroughfares connecting four great squares, had a certain dignity and consistency lacking in New York and Boston. A new State House was being built, and the appearance of the big central tower with a great staging around it suggested the broad brim of a Quaker's hat not inappropriately. The historic

element was supplied by Independence Hall, an interesting and characteristic eighteenth-century building of red brick, quite unpretentious, but simple and dignified, with a public way through it into a pleasant square of trees beyond. Pictures of the proclamation of the celebrated Declaration which announced the independence of the United States were to be seen here, and the full text of that notable document.

Many of the streets in the older residential quarters had a quiet old-world look also. With white marble steps and basement storeys and red brick above white window frames and green shutters, they had a neat and almost Dutch-like appearance, and suggested homelike comfort within.

The architecture was more aggressive in the business quarters, and the up-to-date steel-framed elevator buildings were rising up everywhere, while strange and almost night-mareish façades astonished the eye, here and there, in which details of all sorts of styles and periods seemed to be mingled, with a daring only equalled by the insensibility to scale. Such monstrosities, however, were the exceptions.

A gentleman connected with the *Philadelphia Press* (Mr. Watts), who was most kind in showing us the lions, took us to a really charming Club-house in the suburbs, which showed the newer influence of taste and recurrence to the old Colonial type in architectural design which was affecting the work of the younger generation of American architects.

At Philadelphia we witnessed a match in the national American game of base-ball—a development of our schoolboy game of rounders made severe and scientific. The bowling—or rather pitching—as the player who delivered the ball was called "the pitcher"—was very swift, and rather like our swift overhand bowling at cricket, but at shorter range. The "catcher," whose position was close behind the striker, had protective padded armour over his chest, and a sort of mighty boxing-glove on his left hand, as well as a wire mask, like a fencing mask. I made some notes of these things and some of the attitudes of the players, which our newspaper friend promptly seized upon and had reproduced in an article in the *Philadelphia Press*, giving a wonderful account of me and my impressions, and even printing several of my poems out of

Renascence, including the sonnet on "Freedom in America," which was described as "rather severe."

We made many interesting acquaintances, and among others I had a visit from Mr. Gompers, the Labour leader, President of the American Federation of Labour—a grave, weighty, rather German-looking man, who spoke of the progress of the movement in the States.

A great Labour demonstration, which he invited me to attend, and which was to have been held in one of the large halls of the city, was for some reason or other postponed, so I missed meeting the American workman *en masse.*

I only saw a large procession of men of colour, marching along the main street with drums beating and banners flying, the banners bearing the emblems of their societies and themselves in full war-paint, the officers got up in wonderful blue uniforms with epaulettes, cocked hats, and gold lace.

In its important bearing on primary education the work of Mr. Liberty Tadd, who was then introducing bi-manual training in the schools of Philadelphia, was highly interesting. I saw him at work, and he kindly explained to me his methods. Children came to him from the public primary schools—children of about five to eight or ten years—for a course of training in facility of hand. It was no part of his object to make them artists, and he did not call his an art school. He put the children, however, through a course of drawing on the blackboard, beginning with simple forms—the first exercise being circles, which they were taught to draw with both hands simultaneously standing at the board. He next set some simple forms of ornament or leaf forms at the top of the board, which the children reproduced in the same way. When they had acquired a certain proficiency, he encouraged them to memorise such forms and to recombine them in designs of their own. The more successful ones then had opportunities in another class of carrying out their designs in modelling clay and in wood-carving. Mr. Tadd claimed that such a training gave facility of hand, which formed an excellent preparation for any industrial work which the children might take up afterwards, and would also be equally valuable as a preliminary training for an artistic career if special ability

were shown. Mr. Tadd himself was an adept in bi-manual drawing, being able to form a Greek anthemion, for instance, with the greatest ease and precision. A symmetric form, of course, lends itself more obviously to production with both hands, though bi-manual facility is not limited to the drawing of symmetrical forms.

Mr. Tadd has since developed his method and formed a system of complete training in art, which he has expounded in his book, *New Methods in Education*, and he has since visited England and given lectures on his subject, notably at the Society of Arts.

The movement for technical education was much to the fore in Philadelphia, and a well-equipped and extensive new institute had recently been opened through the munificence of a citizen, where nearly every handicraft was to be taught, from metal-work to millinery. It was called the Drexel Institute, after the name of its founder.

During my stay a group of artists and architects determined to found an Art Workers' Guild, after the pattern of our London one. Mr. Blomfield Bare, an architect of Liverpool whom I had met there, but who was then practising in Philadelphia, who had always been interested in the handicrafts, was appointed Hon. Secretary, and worked with much energy and enthusiasm.

My collection was shown at the Arts Club, a tasteful building designed by a young English architect, a pupil, I believe, of Mr. Bodley's; a dinner was given there in my honour and to inaugurate the opening. Among the guests I was interested to meet Mr. Howard Pyle, the distinguished artist, whose work I had so often admired in the American magazines.

The champagne flowed very freely on this occasion as well as speeches, and nothing could exceed the hospitality of the Club.

Altogether, we had a very good time at Philadelphia, and carried away many pleasant memories of the Quaker city The broad brim and the poke bonnet, though, were in a minority.

I had one regret, however, that I was too late to see Walt

Whitman, who had passed away before we reached Philadelphia. The house where he lived and died was pointed out—a very simple and unpretending timber cottage in one of the tree-shaded streets on the outskirts of the city. The surroundings seemed a little too tame and domestic for the home of so unconventional and free a spirit as the author of *Leaves of Grass*, though he included most things in his purview. One would have fancied him more in a log hut and a pine wood.

Our next move was to Brooklyn, where the Director of the Institute had arranged some time previously to have my works on exhibition, so that we had another glimpse of New York, and passed over the great suspension bridge to take up our quarters at a hotel until such time as the collection should come on from Philadelphia. There was, however, a long delay, and not finding Brooklyn exactly enchanting, and having other engagements, we did not wait to see the works installed.

Many had expressed a desire to have the collection of my work at New York, and many suggestions were made, and even negotiations opened in one or two instances,—the Grolier Club was one and the Cooper Institute was another,—but finally they all fell through. There seemed to be insuperable difficulties in connection with the New York Custom House which stood in the way which had not existed as barriers in other places, the works being passed, after identification, for public exhibition, and duty charged on any works sold.

But everything seemed blocked at New York, and I fear the Director of the Brooklyn Institute was nearly worried to death before he could get the works into his possession.

We had been invited to stay with General Loring and his family at their delightful country home on the coast at Pride's Crossing, Beverley, opposite Marblehead, on the Massachusetts coast, and we arranged to go by the Fall River route from New York. We had taken the opportunity while at Brooklyn of calling on our New York friends, and one day went to see the statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, climbing up to the head, where one could get a view over the harbour and coast through the coronet. The figure was hollow, built up of bronze plates,

on the same principle as the colossal statue of Bavaria at Munich. It is effective in silhouette as seen from the battery (Castle Garden). The harbour of New York is indeed always a striking and interesting sight, with its varied craft sailing or steaming across, great liners arriving or departing, and all the glitter and movement of the scene.

We departed one evening at the end of May by the

Pilgrim, a double-decked, large paddle-wheel steamer, for Fall River, and from thence took train to Boston, which looked much brighter in its spring dress, and the trees of the Common in full leaf.

From there we soon reached Pride's Crossing, and found a hospitable welcome in the charming home of General Loring. The house had been built upon a rocky rising ground, and had been cleverly adapted by the architect (Mr. Emerson) to the irregularities of its site, and in the old Colonial manner.

A characteristic and indispensable feature in American country houses is the piazza, or "peearzar," as it is called—the *z* pronounced soft—really a loggia, or verandah, which affords a pleasant shade and a cool place for sitting in the hot weather. There was a delightful garden around and below the house, brilliant then in June leafage and flower, a pleasant wooded country about, and in front the sea, with a smart cutter yacht ready to take guests and sail round the coast or over to Marblehead—the Cowes of America. In woods here grew the lady's slipper and an American variety of wild arum they called "Jack in the pulpit," and a beautiful slender scarlet columbine.

After a pleasant stay here, we made for Gloucester, another resort on the Massachusetts coast. It was quite an old town (for America) and had rather a French aspect, and was picturesquely situated at the end of a rocky creek, intersected with reefs of rock and small islands; one of these, rejoicing in the name of "Ten Pound Island,"—which suggested British occupation,—held a lighthouse. Gloucester, Mass., consisted chiefly of one long street, which wandered down from the railway station to the port, traversed by an electric car, which pranced up and down over an undulating track in a light-hearted way. The town finally broke out into detached and scattered timber dwellings in a sort of light skirmishing order along the low rocky coast, often nestling comfortably among apple orchards, then in full bloom.

Among these at Eastern Point, close to the water, we put up at the "House of the Seven Gables," a pension named after Hawthorne's novel. Here we found pleasant society of a typical American sort. The house was one of the old Colonial time, with a newly built wing, and there was some interesting lead-work of an Adamsesque character in the glazing of a large arched window on the staircase. I had a book on hand for the house of Prang of Boston, and found time and quiet to work it out here. It was a series of designs in colour to accompany some lines I had written embodying in a fanciful and emblematic way the history of the United States—from Eric the Red to the Chicago World's Fair. My good friend Mr. Louis Prang came down to Eastern Point

while we were there and saw the progress of the work, and we had a ramble together over the moor-like headland, strewn with great boulders scored and flattened by glacial action.

Anisquam was a quaint Dutch-like fishing village in the neighbourhood, and on the road to it still existed an original seventeenth-century cottage, timber-framed and roofed with wooden shingles, which in that climate slowly turn a fine silver grey. Modern American architects had revived this simple style for country houses and cottages with much success, anticipating the slow weathering of the dry climate, and getting a little tone by the use of fuming the wood with kreosote.

Terminating our stay at the "House of the Seven Gables," we journeyed lower down the coast to New Bedford, one of the old whaling-places, and from thence embarked in a steamer for the island of Nantucket, about thirty miles from the coast, but we could not see it till close in, on account of a fog.

We found at Wauwinet a charming cottage, with a studio, most kindly placed at our disposal by our friends Mr. and Mrs. Pretyman. I had work to carry out here too. I had been commissioned to paint two large panels for the decoration of the hall of the Women's Temperance Building at Chicago. The subjects were, respectively, Justice and Mercy, and Purity and Temperance. Mr. Pretyman had induced me to try Gambier Parry's process with a view to carrying out these panels in that method. I procured the materials in New York, but after a trial I did not find they lent themselves successfully to my work, so I carried the panels out in flattened oil colour. They had to travel to Chicago rolled, when finished. Wauwinet was a most remote little place, consisting of an inn and a few scattered timber dwellings along the sandy shore. It was nine miles from Nantucket, the only town on the island. It was also said to be "nine miles from a lemon."

We voyaged up the harbour in a catboat (the *Lilian*), a favourite American type of small sailing-boat. The mast was set well forward in a little quarter-deck, which allowed room for the tiniest of cabins below. The mainsail—like a cutter's—was the *only* sail, and the vessel was regulated by a centre-board. The crew consisted of two men and a dog. The skipper was unique. He suggested an antique Triton dis-

guised in a sailor's straw hat and shirt. He was accustomed to announce his arrival and departure at the landing-place by blowing a huge conch, which had the weirdest wail imaginable —like the voice of some sea-creature. When on land he seemed to shuffle along like a seal, but he got over the ground at such an extraordinary pace that it was difficult to follow him. I discovered this once when he was showing the way in Nantucket, which had tortuous little backways and turnings out of the main streets to the harbour, and I only just managed to keep my guide in sight.

At Wauwinet we certainly lived the "simple life," and fended for ourselves like early settlers. Our house (named "The Wreck") was so near the sea—being actually on the sands—that it was easy to walk straight in for a bathe; and the bathing was very enjoyable—notwithstanding sharks. But sharks there were in those waters. They were said not to be man-eating sharks, but they certainly looked capable of eating anything. We had many opportunities of judging of their size, for it was the custom for parties to come to Wauwinet expressly for the shark-fishing—"sharking," they called it. They went out in a big open boat and fished for them with large hooks baited with blue fish, and when caught, towed them to the shore. Sometimes a row of half a dozen or so were laid out on the beach at the day's end. The teeth were taken out as trophies, and if it had not been for the farmers making use of them on the land as phosphates—and who, with that end in view, dragged them by horses from the shore—it seemed a brutal and aimless sport.

A 'coon which had been trapped and presented to my wife in Florida, had been brought all the way to Nantucket with us in a large parrot's cage in default of a more suitable travelling-carriage. At the hotel at Nantucket where we stopped the first night on our arrival we let the creature out in our room, but it was very wild, and scrambled up the window curtains, and was only got back into its cage with great difficulty. At the cottage we were able to give it a whole room to itself, but it found out how to work the windows open,—they slid back sideways in a peculiar way,—and so one day the 'coon was missed. We sought it in vain, following its supposed

tracks in the sand till they disappeared in the thick low brushwood which covered the island.

Long afterwards, when we had returned to England, someone sent us a Nantucket newspaper with a paragraph about a 'coon which had been shot on Nantucket Island, considered a remarkable event, as none had been seen there for years, and the man who shot it, being proud of it, had had it stuffed. The editor, however, recalled having heard of a 'coon having been lost the previous summer by a visitor. This induced my wife to write to try and recover at least the effigy of her pet, so she wrote to the sportsman, whose address was given, and he agreed rather reluctantly to part with his prize for fifteen dollars.

Sometimes quite a boat-load of trippers would find their way to the shore at Wauwinet, and cause us almost as much consternation as Robinson Crusoe felt when the canoes landed on his island,—not that there was any danger of cannibalism,—but they would surround the house, and, in some cases, even enter unasked to wash their hands, or peep in at the studio door while I was at work—one gentleman asking if he might bring his lady friends to see the studio. No doubt they meant well, but it was inconvenient.

A favourite sport was catching blue fish, or at least trying to. They are fine fish, something between a salmon and a mackerel, and come in shoals sometimes in pursuit of small fry quite inshore. Our son Lancelot, who was then only twelve, succeeded in landing a very large fish of this kind. The method is to be provided with a long line with a strongish fish-hook attached to a lead shaped like a fish; standing on the shore, you throw the end of the line with the leaded hook as far out as you can, with a good length of line, and immediately draw it through the water as swiftly as possible, while you wind the line up again round the short stick you hold in your left hand.

We witnessed a Fourth of July celebration while on the island. This consisted mainly of a display of fireworks by the boys of a New York family who were neighbours, and the event—and the fireworks—went off very successfully, in fact with a "snap," one might say.

Watching the sea breaking all day along the long line of shore—the wind often catching the crests of the waves just as they curled over to break, and blowing the spray out like the mane of prancing steeds—the motive suggested itself which I afterwards carried out in my picture "Neptune's Horses," the first sketch for which was made at Wauwinet. As a child in the early days at Torquay I had been accustomed to hear the waves spoken of as "white horses," and the idea seemed to be a perfectly natural and familiar one—though it was only now that I attempted to give it form.

I sent the sketch to the winter exhibition of the Old Water Colour Society in November of that year, and the large picture of the same subject was shown at the New Gallery summer exhibition of the following year. Curiously enough, Mr. Watts exhibited the same year, also at the New Gallery, his picture of "Sea Horses," quite different in conception and arrangement, and treated as a narrow vertical panel, while mine was a frieze-shaped one. But it was an odd coincidence that we should both, unbeknown to either, produce pictures on the same theme at the same time.

At the end of July we turned our faces homewards, returning to Boston, and embarking on board the *Cephalonia* again, Captain Seccombe giving us a hearty welcome. We enjoyed a fair passage, but the voyage was marred by a tragic incident. A stoker, or rather a coal-trimmer, suddenly one afternoon, without warning, rushed up on deck from the fiery inferno where he toiled, and threw himself overboard. It was the second occasion on which I had heard the cry "Man overboard!" The same measures were adopted as I had seen before: the captain ordered the boats out, the steamer doubled back in a wide curve on her course, but all in vain. The poor fellow was never seen again. I learned from the captain that it was "not an unusual occurrence" with men engaged in that sort of work, and, indeed, having on the voyage out gone down below and seen the terrible conditions under which the work of stoking the furnaces was carried on, at least in a liner of the type of the *Cephalonia*—the men working between two lines of fires—I confess I could hardly be surprised. It is

true they worked in four-hour shifts, but four hours of that arduous labour in such a heat seemed intolerable.

"Let the steamer proceed on her course," said the captain, when further search seemed hopeless, and we had lost half an hour—so on we went.

The rarity of passing vessels again impressed one, and the immensity of the ocean—the watery plain occasionally relieved by schools of porpoises, which would break the surface sometimes, dashing gaily up to our ship, and following alongside for a while, springing through the waves to the ship's side like playful torpedoes.

At last the Irish coast was sighted. Cape Clear and Fastness Lighthouse were passed on August 8. At Kinsale, beneath the cliffs, we saw the liner, the *City of Chicago*, which had struck on the rocks in a fog, shortly before, and broken in two. We could see her two funnels and stern quite distinctly sticking out of the water, and her boats were being towed away.

Queenstown was soon reached, and the tender came alongside for the mails. On we went, up St. George's Channel, past the lonely "Coningsbee" lightship pitching about on the waves, and naval manœuvres being on, we overtook some cruisers of the Red fleet steaming up Channel. Among these were the *Narcissus*, the *Indefatigable*, and the *Melampus*. The *Cephalonia* saluted, and was allowed to proceed, the officers on the bridge scanning us with glasses, and so we soon found ourselves at Liverpool, and, before long, speeding to Euston through the green country of Old England once more, after an absence of more than nine months.

CHAPTER X

KENSINGTON—HUNGARY—ITALY, 1892–1903

OUR old home, to which we now returned, had too many pathetic memories for us, and around it the neighbourhood had lost much of the rural character it possessed when we first went there. A further change was threatened by the advent of the Central London Railway, which eventually proposed to take up the ground on which our house stood—in fact, its advent meant the sweeping away of the whole of the old houses on our side of the lane, and the destruction of the gardens, trees, and meadow land around. We determined, therefore, to seek for another house nearer town.

During our absence in America we left Beaumont Lodge in charge of our faithful housekeeper, and an artist friend, Mr. Frederick Foottit, R.B.A., who made use of the studio. At that time, in addition to painting, he was much interested in mezzotint, and executed two plates from pictures of mine, "Truth and the Traveller" and "Diana and the Shepherd." His landscapes in oil are now well known at the Royal Society of British Artists, and always show poetical feeling of an uncommon kind and a search for unusual colour effects and ideals of his own.

House-hunting might be described as the most fatiguing and least exhilarating form of sport—if sport it can be called. It is, however, certainly a chase, but a chase involving many blank days. The peculiar professional eloquence of the house agent is often very misleading. It is too full of superlatives, and does not qualify enough. Indeed, it leaves all the qualification to the other party—the hunting-party, who often has occasion to quote Macbeth as to keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope, as his path

THE HALL, 13, HOLLAND ST.

is, metaphorically, strewn with fragments of "desirable residences," "commanding positions," and "every modern convenience," associated perhaps with "old-world charm," in the endeavour to find a house that fits his individual requirements.

One stands aghast at the hardihood of speculative builders who have run up the rows and streets of similar houses which abound in so many parts of London, apparently on the assumption of the existence of an equal number of people of exactly the same tastes, habits, and amount of income. In their scheme of things the pods should be made first and the peas afterwards. We talk of "demand" and "supply," but in the modern commercial world the "supply" seems to come first, on the off chance of a demand. The *square* holes are thus ready made for the *round* men, who have to inhabit them as comfortably as they can. Presently *round* holes may be made, and houseless *square* men will be forced to make the best of the misfits. That seems to be too frequently the delightfully practical method in the building business, and the apparently wide and free choice is illusory, and becomes narrowed down to the proverbial Hobson's.

Returning one day after a long and fruitless search, my wife and I happened to pass along Holland Street, Kensington, and noticed No. 13 was to let. The house had an eighteenth-century brick front, which was attractive, and on entering we found instead of the usual squeezy passage a square hall with a fireplace in it. There was a garden at the back towards St. Mary Abbott's Church, and on a fine old leaden cistern there was the date 1764. The style of some of the mouldings and woodwork suggested an earlier date. The house being otherwise suitable as to size and convenience, we soon decided to make it our new home, and Michaelmas 1892 saw us installed, with all our worldly goods piled in hopeless confusion around us.

Accumulations of years are apt to be very embarrassing at times, but it is curious how things seem to gravitate, as it were, and things looking impossible ultimately find places which might have been made for them.

We had a curious instance of the extraordinary instinct

or sense of locality on the part of a cat, shortly after moving into the house. The cat had been brought shut up in a basket and inside a cab and at night to the new quarters, a distance of about a couple of miles from Wood Lane. Hé had apparently settled down in Holland Street with us, but after the fatigue of removing and rearranging we went into the country for a fortnight, leaving the cat in Holland Street. While we were away, our friends Mr. and Mrs. Swynnerton, who had taken and moved into our old house, noticed a fine cat about the garden, which they at length succeeded in catching, and then found our name and address on the collar it wore, and of course immediately informed us, and the cat was returned, took up its quarters again in Holland Street, and never strayed again. But that it should have found its way back to the old home, over Campden Hill—perhaps across Holland Park—and through unknown streets and over tramways, we thought very remarkable.

In October we paid a visit to Essex, staying with friends at Saling, and at Hempstead, in the neighbourhood of my wife's old home. It was delightful to see again the fine old homesteads with their brick Tudor chimneys, and vast thatched barns for which the county is famous, but it was sad to find the tower of Hempstead Church had fallen, and to see it lying a heap of stones on the ground, and no apparent prospect of its being rebuilt.

The hospitable farmers I met had a fairly prosperous look in spite of the "bad times," and were able to enjoy good shooting over their farm lands,—partridges, pheasants, hares and rabbits,—and good shots they were, as a rule; but I never could understand how taking life could be an enjoyment, and the raiding of the quiet fields and woods by a band of guns and beaters seems a sort of desecration. The natural denizens of the country are being exterminated in favour of certain artificially cultivated species, too, and native British birds and animals are getting scarcer and scarcer. If I had a country estate, I should like to preserve the aboriginal inhabitants of the woods and fields—the owls, the magpies and the jays, the stoats and the weasels and the hedgehogs, and all the indigenous natural wild life, leaving Nature to adjust the "balance of

power." It might be necessary here and there to take measures for protective agricultural purposes, but that would be a very different thing from the artificial culture of pheasants and partridges, and the preservation of foxes over all other wild animals, for sporting purposes.

By the way, the shooting party started a fox, which, alarmed by the sound of the guns, stole from cover, and scooted across the field with a sort of expression as though he knew his time had not come, but it was as well to get out of harm's way. The sporting farmers looked after him prospectively, and with a sort of sub-savage humorous regard, as a promising and indispensable factor in another favourite sport, to be enjoyed in the coming winter days.

I had a peep at Easton Lodge, the home of Lady Brooke (now the Countess of Warwick). She had some Christian mission meeting there, which was largely attended by the neighbouring farmers and gentry. Our hostess drove over, and I accompanied the party, but not being interested in Christian missionary efforts—in fact adverse to them—I did not go in, but contented myself with wandering in the lovely park watching the deer and sketching the house, so I missed my opportunity of meeting her ladyship, who was as popular as she was beautiful. I little thought then that a mutual sympathy with and interest in the cause of Socialism would be the occasion of our acquaintance in the future, and bring me to Easton as a guest.

The older wing of the house had been built in 1595, and was a two-storeyed brick mansion with Elizabethan gable, chimneys, and mullioned windows, over one of which was carved the arms with the Maynard crest—a deer. This house had been largely destroyed by fire in 1847, and a new three-storeyed mansion in grey stucco in mid-nineteenth-century Tudor style had been added.

I also saw the remains of Lees Priory, near Felstead, the mansion of Sir Richard Rich, afterwards Lord Rich, who helped Henry VIII. to despoil the monastic properties in the country, and obtained Lees' Priory in consequence, where he built a splendid mansion—the fine gate-house alone now remaining, with an ornate group of cut brick Tudor chimneys.

Latchleys was another interesting old house, near Hempstead, said to have been originally a hunting lodge of King Stephen, and containing an interesting oak-panelled room of fifteenth-century date, though hung with sixteenth or seventeenth century tapestries—one of Samson in quasi Roman armour represented the biblical hero slaying the Philistines with the ass's jawbone.

In December we had our "house-warming" in Holland Street, and a large party of friends filled the old house.

Among our guests on this occasion were Burne-Jones and William Morris, who actually put on a dress suit—a costume which he was rarely known to wear, and which perhaps might have been associated in his mind with an order of things against which his own life was a continual protest. Also, as a careless dresser, he did not care for the trouble of it.

I find a postcard from Mr. George Bernard Shaw asking me to "excuse the deadest of dead beats to Mrs. Crane for not turning up," adding—

"That play of mine threw my work so into arrear that I had to sit here and peg away [the loss was mine].

"You looked thunderingly well after your American tour that night at Morris's.[1] Wish I could go for a blow somewhere.

"G. BERNARD SHAW"

Ford Madox Brown also wrote, from St. Edmund's Terrace—

"I should much like to be present, but fear that with the weather we seem likely to have I cannot afford the luxury.—With best thanks, yours sincerely,

"F. MADOX BROWN"

The writing looked somewhat tremulous. The veteran painter died less than a year afterwards, on October 6, 1893, —Mr. Moncure Conway, I remember, made an impressive address at his grave in Highgate Cemetery,—and we lost one of

[1] At Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, where I had given my "Impressions of America" to the League Branch.

the most original of English painters, and a man of keen intellect and noble independence of spirit.

The following year I was busied with a set of coloured designs for Mrs. Margaret Deland's *Old Garden*, which I had undertaken for Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., of Boston, and my "Neptune's Horses," already mentioned.

Among other works I wrote an article on "Gesso-Work" for *The Studio*, which then appeared, my contribution being in the second number. This, I think, brought me into relation with Gleeson White, who was at first editor of *The Studio*.

The cover bore a design by Aubrey Beardsley, a young artist of extraordinary promise, who became known to the public about this time—largely, I believe, owing to the quick sympathy and recognition Gleeson White extended to all young and promising designers in black and white.

It was, by the way, Gleeson White who had invited me to contribute to his book of *Ballads and Rondeaus* a few years before, and he now, on behalf of Messrs. George Bell & Sons, induced me to take up the subject of the Decorative Illustration of Books, or rather, to expand into a book the Cantor Lectures I had given in 1889 at the Society of Arts upon that subject, and I was much indebted during the preparation of this book to his assistance. The section devoted to modern illustrators was greatly added to, as a number of brilliant designers had come out since my lectures were given, and great activity had been displayed by certain publishers in bringing out illustrated works under the influence of the newer ideas of typography and decoration which the Kelmscott Press had done so much to stimulate. Gleeson White had himself a very complete collection of modern illustrated books.

Aubrey Beardsley was one of the new school of black-and-white artists illustrated in my book. He had won distinction by a very rich and inventive series of designs to Sir Thomas Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur*, published by Mr. Dent. These and the earlier work of this artist generally showed the influence of Rossetti and Burne-Jones and a love of emphatic black-and-white decorative pattern; but soon other influences gained the ascendancy, notably Japanese, leading to the use

of fine outlines and solid blacks, as in the designs to *Salome*. A quality or feeling, however, generally characterised as "morbid," which, from the first, was present in the designs and conceptions of this refined and gifted artist, ultimately seemed to gain the ascendancy, overshadowing his sense of beauty, and inducing him to spend his skill upon loathly or corrupt forms and subjects. This, at least, was the impression left by many of his later designs, though these very qualities may have increased their value and added to their piquancy in the eyes of his eager collectors. For there was no doubt of his rapid success. His want of physical health, to which indeed might be ascribed the morbid elements in his work, finally overcame him, and early death cut short a brilliant career.

At the time Mr. Lane started his *Yellow Book* Beardsley was appointed Art Editor, and he came to me for a contribution, selecting a photograph of my "Renascence of Venus," which appeared (by kind permission of Mr. Watts) in one of the early numbers (vol. ii.) of that short-lived but remarkable quarterly.

Beardsley was proposing a visit to the United States. I remarked that the Americans doubtless would "make much of him," and Beardsley replied with a smile that he "certainly hoped to make much of *them*."

Another Arts and Crafts Exhibition being due this year, according to our triennial plan, one was kept busy, though William Morris having succeeded me as President I no longer had the cares of that office on my shoulders, but remained an active member of the Committee. We opened, as before, at the New Gallery from October to the end of November.

It was during the winter of 1892, I think, that my friend Charles Rowley called upon me with Councillor Hoy (who was afterwards knighted when Lord Mayor of Manchester), with a proposal that I should take the post of Director of Design of the Manchester School of Art, which was in process of being municipalised.

It was curious that the post of headmaster of this school had many years before been offered to me through the medium of Mr. Charles E. Hallé. This was at the time of

Mr. Muckley's retirement, when Mr. Willis ultimately took the post, and raised the school to a high position among the schools under the Science and Art Department.

I had often been in Manchester, and had given addresses at Mr. Rowley's Ancoats Brotherhood Hall and other places, and I had visited the School of Art.

It was now suggested I should go down and give an address on Art Education at Manchester to those interested, and put the authorities in possession of my views. This was accordingly arranged, and the address was afterwards printed.

Shortly afterwards the appointment was made, and the following year in the autumn term I went down to take up my new duties, which involved a monthly visit to the school, attendance there during a week, from Monday to Saturday, general superintendence of the classes, and the delivery of courses of lectures.

I found my able and hard-working colleagues in the art masters and assistant masters and mistresses then at work in the school were most anxious, as far as they could, to further my suggestions. Mr. Richard Glasier was head-master and Mr. Henry Cadness second master, and he had the Design room under his charge. I issued a short paper of "suggestions" as to the course of teaching I considered most useful as bearing on a training for designers, and these included brush-drawing and the study of silhouette, memory drawing, plant study and surface pattern, study of the figure in action, and its ornamental adaptation to architectural design, and space-filling.

I found it a little difficult to graft the kind of study I had found practically useful in my own work as a designer on to the rather cut and dried and wooden courses prescribed by the Department, or rather, to dovetail new methods with the existing curriculum. To obtain grants or to compete for prizes in the national competition certain works had to be done in certain ways by the candidates, and the rules for the exercises necessary for winning certificates had to be strictly followed. Under these circumstances it was difficult for students working with the aim of gaining the official distinctions which

were supposed to qualify them for the teaching of art, to give much time to experiments in or to master new methods. The best chance was with those who came to the school from the workshop to gain wider practice and insight, or who wished to acquire a knowledge of practical and artistic design.

A course of illustrated lectures, entitled "The Bases of Design," written for and delivered at the Manchester School, was afterwards published by Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, and explains my point of view, and a second course on "Line and Form," also issued in book form by the same house, went still more into detail and practical methods of work.

It was rather encouraging (?) to hear as I did from an assistant master who had occasional duties at the school, when I was giving up my work at Manchester (in 1896), after three years, and who, in expressing his regrets, said, "that for the first two years he confessed he did not see what I was driving at," but that now he was beginning to understand to follow me—I was going to leave.

The Art Workers' Guild were accustomed to have a country meeting during the summer, usually in July. Some historic house was visited within reach of London, and many interesting places we saw on these excursions, Bramshill and Penshurst Place being among them, also Ightham Mote,—most delightful of Kentish houses,—Sutton Place, Audley End, Hatfield House, Hever Castle, Compton Wynyates, and Knole, all being visited in different years. The owners generally gave us every facility, and sometimes hospitality and personal information as to the history of their houses. This year we went to Cobham Hall, of which I give a slight sketch. Lord Darnley on this occasion discoursed to us as to the architectural history of the Hall.

In the summer of 1893 we spent some pleasant weeks in Somersetshire, making acquaintance with Wells and its noble Cathedral and delightful environment of mediæval buildings and gardens, amid which I found many fascinating subjects for studies. We visited Glastonbury and the vale of Avalon, so closely associated with the Arthurian legend, and which is still not unfrequently flooded in winter, so that there is foundation for Tennyson's "orchard lawns and

island valleys," which became the earthly paradise of the wounded king.

From Wells we journeyed to Salisbury, and admired its graceful proportions and tapering spire, but felt it had not the massive grandeur of its Somersetshire neighbour, though in the delicate figure sculpture in the spandrels of the chapter it might rival the renowned niches of the west house front at Wells, and afford further evidence of the fine quality of mediæval architectural sculpture in England, which has suffered so much from destruction. The noble alabaster effigies on the tombs in the nave, too, further enforce this.

COBHAM HALL

Finally we worked to the coast at Bosham, with its curious Saxon church, which must have witnessed the embarkation of King Harold for Normandy in the eleventh century, and appears in Matilda's Bayeux needlework.

Bosham is now a haunt of painters, for whom it provides abundant material in old waterside houses, and boats, a tidal river, and quiet poetic bits of Sussex country, which have their own charm. Here I fell in with two friends of the old Royal Academy agitation days in the persons of H. H. La Thangue and James Stanley Little. The former, always fond of secluded and out-of-the-way spots, was painting at a remote farm in the neighbourhood.

In September of this year (1893), as before mentioned, I started work at Manchester. My good friend Charles Rowley introduced me to the city worthies at the Reform

Club, where I frequently lunched with him, and met leading members of the City Council, and my weekly visits to the school were often varied by social gatherings in the evenings.

About the end of November 1893 the late Duke of Westminster invited me to give an address at the prize distribution to the students of the Art School at Chester (a sort of function which often seemed my lot to take part in, in various parts of the country, since my connection with art schools). Chester, naturally, had unusual interest for me as the home of my ancestry.

The Duke's letter was as follows:—

"EATON, *November* 23

"DEAR MR. CRANE,—We have a very flourishing School of Art at Chester.

"I venture to ask you whether you would kindly come down here for one evening in the week of the 17th December and give us and the students an address? I enclose a paper which throws a little light on the matter, and can give you any information you may require. I hope that if able to come, you will name any day in that week (except the 21st), and that you will come *here* for it.

"I will send to meet the train.—Believe me to be yours truly, WESTMINSTER"

This invitation I accepted.

At the time of my exhibition in Bond Street, I recall that the Duke had bought some original wallpaper designs of mine, which he afterwards presented to the Chester Art School.

The Duke was the President of the school, and the headmaster (Mr. Griffith) wrote: "I know the Duke in his opening remarks would like to claim you as a 'Chester Boy,' and I shall esteem it a favour if you will kindly inform me whether our ancient city was your birthplace, and any information you may possess respecting your family's connection with Chester."

When the time came, I went over from Manchester, where I had been on one of my monthly visits to the

school, and was duly conveyed to Eaton Hall, joining the ducal family at an old-fashioned tea, where they all sat round a solid table—instead of skirmishing about with tea-cups, as is usual.

Eaton Hall is well known as a great show place, the house designed by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse. There are decorations by H. S. Marks, and windows by F. J. Shields in the chapel, and on the garden front is Watts's fine equestrian bronze of Hugh Lupus, first Earl of Chester. I recall being asked some years before for some designs for the Duchess's dressing-room by the firm who had the decorations in hand. The story of Jason and the Golden Fleece was to be the subject, and I made some sketches, but the work never came off.

The Duke was better known for his interest in race-horses than for artistic enthusiasm. His tall thin figure and rather old-fashioned slightly sporting-gentleman appearance were well known in London. He had a courteous but cold and very quiet manner. The Duchess was handsome and kindly in a dignified way—the second wife, and there were considerable differences in age between the older and younger members in the two families, the eldest son—the present Duke—promising to be very like his father. In the dining-room was a picture of a hunting-field in which the three principal horsemen (in pink and tall hats) represented three generations in the Grosvenor family, as the Duke pointed out to me—himself as a young man being one.

The family occupied a complete mansion apart from the show part of Eaton Hall, more like an ordinary English country house in character, with a central comfortable hall, or general living-room, with other rooms, such as dining and drawing rooms and boudoir, opening off it, and a staircase leading out of it to the bedrooms above.

At the function at the Art School the Duke presided and introduced me, the Duchess presented the prizes, and I had to fire off a speech, and the meeting closed with what Bernard Shaw has described as "the mutual admiration drill" usual on such occasions.

I find that in September 1893 an effort was made to obtain a pension from the Civil List for my old friend

W. J. Linton. Mr. Emery Walker, who had seen much of him during his later visits to England, suggested that something might be done, and I undertook to write to Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, Lord Leighton, the Earl of Carlisle, Mr. James Stansfeld, and Lord Battersea, as likely to be influential in the matter. Mr. Gladstone, then Premier, promised through his private secretary that the proposal should be "carefully considered." Lord Leighton was willing to sign the memorial, and also Lord Battersea and the Earl of Carlisle.

GERMAN OFFICIAL AND BRITISH TOURIST

Lord Rosebery was not quite clear as to the identity of Linton, and wrote rather amusingly that, in asking whether he was the husband of Mrs. Lynn Linton he was afraid he might "be asking some grotesque question," and "may in any case appal you by my want of information. But if you sounded me a little more deeply, I daresay I could astonish you still more in the way of crass ignorance."

Ultimately Mr. Gladstone did not see his way to obtaining the pension, and so my efforts were in vain.

Linton, though living latterly in America, had always remained a British subject. His great work on wood-engraving, it is to be feared, was financially a disappointment to him.

For our summer holiday the following year we had planned a trip to Baireuth, at the suggestion of our friend Rowley, and a tour was arranged to include visits to many other places by the way. The party consisted of my wife and daughter, Madame Ritter, Mr. Collier, Charles Rowley, and myself. We went by the Hook of Holland route to Rotterdam, and thence to Cologne, and up the Rhine by steamer, and from Mainz and Aschaffenburg across Germany,

making a rapid journey to Rothenburg, where, leaving the main line at Steinach, we made a stop of a night or two, enjoying that delightful old town, a unique example of a mediæval city, and apparently untouched since the sixteenth century. It had been a happy hunting-ground with German artists for some time, I believe, and was becoming known to those of other nationalities. The stream of English pilgrims to the Wagner festivals at Baireuth had lately discovered it, and our hostelry, the "Guldener Hirsch," was full of tourists. We met a Manchester artist, Mr. Bancroft, who has done a great deal of work at Rothenburg, and whose well-drawn street scenes are full of local truth and character. The quiet charm of the place, complete within its old walls and embattled gates, was very great. Rothenburg reminded one of the fortified towns so often seen in the backgrounds of Albert Dürer's designs, and carried one back to the Middle Ages, the timber-built covered warder's walk inside the walls being complete. The streets were lit at night by lanterns at intervals slung over the middle of the roadway, and a woman lamplighter attended to them. The inhabitants seemed unspoilt and guileless. The little children would come up and trustfully put their hands in ours, smiling.

· PILGRIMS · TO · BAIYREUTH ·

We were sorry to leave so pleasant and interesting a place, but we were booked to hear Wagner at Baireuth, and time would not allow a longer stay.

We touched at Nuremberg, my second visit, paying our duty at its shrines, but it looked comparatively modern after Rothenburg, save the great towers, but even these had been darkened in the factory smoke.

Baireuth was reached at last, where an *appartement* had

been secured beforehand, and we duly made our way with a crowd of visitors of different nationalities to the temple on the hill—the Wagnerian opera-house, with its surrounding restaurants; for music, in spite of its charms, is exhausting, and between the acts the audience were glad to dine.

It was an ideal way to enjoy the opera. One strolled or drove up in the afternoon, and leisurely took one's seat in the vast theatre—the seats rising tier on tier from the stage. By degrees the audience poured in and filled them up. Only a faint glimmer of light came from where the orchestra was concealed in front of the stage. Silence fell on the vast audience, only broken by the occasional snapping of fastenings of opera-glass cases. This year only the three operas were given—*Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Parsifal*. *Lohengrin* was the first, and I recall the wonderful effect of the first bars of the overture on the violins—the far-off swan-music—a delicate vibration in the air, at first, rather than a sound—stealing on the silence in the darkness in a way that reminded one of a creeping mist over the lowlands, or the silver windings of a river flowing ever nearer, until it reached one's feet in full flood.

Truly it was a wonderful orchestra, which had the unity of a single instrument.

I was not struck by any artistic superiority in the treatment of the scenery or the dresses in this opera, and Lohengrin did not look sufficiently romantic.

Tannhäuser was better mounted, and there were some rather rich and impressive scenes in Venusburg, the chorus acting with much more spirit and realism than usual, and the pilgrim scene was good.

Parsifal, then only performed at Baireuth, was also very impressive in parts, such as in the cathedral scene, with slow march of the knights and the illumination of the Holy Grail, but others were stagey and unconvincing, and the hero was unfortunately insignificant-looking, someone even suggesting that in his curious brown armour in one of the scenes he resembled a water-rat. The music was wonderful, of course.

Between the acts there was a long break, and the audience all streamed out—to be recalled when the performance recommenced by a fanfare of trumpets sounded from the main

entrance. One was at liberty to stroll off into the woods near by, or to fortify oneself for the next act at the restaurant.

During the progress of the opera, an American lady was overheard to remark to her companion, "Em'ly, this excitement is breaking me up fast!"

As to the opera, however, all was over in about four hours, and the audience flocked back to the town under the stars.

Baireuth itself was a characteristic German town of no particular architectural interest or antiquity, though one might find quaint roofs and windows here and there, and the market-place was full of interest for its ample displays of peasant pottery, mostly salt-glazed red and brown earthenware with painted and slip borders and patterns, and very various in size and shape. A large collection might have been acquired for a song—if it could only have travelled without breaking.

Near Baireuth was the queer fantastic palace of King Ludwig of Bavaria, the charming wooded park and gardens full of the wildest fantasies in fountains and temples, stuck over with grotesque masques and figures, more suggestive of things seen under the influence of nightmares than any known or sane style of architecture.

Leaving Baireuth, we stopped for a few hours at Ulm, to see the Cathedral with its wonderful pierced stonework spire, and getting our first glimpse of the Danube.

From thence we went on to Lindau, pleasantly situated on the shores of Lake Constance—the Bodensee with a painted Rathaus, and old gabled spires bright with green and red tiles, and a fine range of snowy Alps seen across the lake. After a pleasant stay here we took the steamer up the lake, touching at many interesting towns, such as Merseburg and Constance, where I noted the Council House of curiously mixed Swiss and German Gothic character, the roof and upper storey being of timber, with many small dormers, and projecting gables at the corners. We travelled the whole length of the Bodensee, and then took train for the falls of Schaffhausen, where we took the little boat voyage over the lower rapids to the rock which divides the falls, where one can stand apparently surrounded with the rushing and tumbling waters. At night they actually threw coloured lights upon the falls, as if it was

a theatrical spectacle arranged for the amusement of the tourists at the hotels.

Heidelberg was our next resting-place, and we enjoyed the fantastic, romantic old castle in the fine woods greatly, and the fine prospect over the town, and the Rhine wandering away into the plain country beyond. We pursued our course down the Rhine, stopping again at Assmannshausen, where we explored a castle on the opposite bank perched on a crag, and built on all sorts of different levels, and full of quaint little turret rooms.

Our party only broke up at Bruges, where some of us stayed on for a week and where I made some studies. Few cities impress one more with a sense of quietude and remoteness from the commercial strife of our time, or retain more of ancient mediæval character and distinctiveness. There are spots apparently almost untouched since the sixteenth century. I identified the background in a portrait of a lady by Porbus in the Museum—the donor in the wing of a triptych—as a view from the town wall near the water-gate looking up the Lak d'Amour with the towers of Nôtre Dame, and the Belfry, and other buildings just as they are, except for the wooden spire then surmounting the old Belfry of the Rathaus.

Crossing from Ostend to Dover, and thence lingering at Canterbury, we finished our holiday in the quiet cathedral city with its many architectural beauties and rich historic associations.

I managed in the intervals of my Manchester work to carry on my painting and designing as well as work for Socialism.

About this time I had some correspondence with Mr. Andrew Reid, who wrote like an enthusiastic reformer. He was busy getting out a book, to which various writers had contributed under his editorship: Grant Allen, Richard le Gallienne, and others in sympathy with the socialistic ideal of life. This book was published under the title of *Vox Clamantium*. I contributed a frontispiece, and some verses entitled, "England to her Own Rescue"

Mr. Reid followed this volume by another of a similar kind, and with many of the same contributors, and entitled

it *The New Party*. Mr. Reid had a great idea of uniting the scattered and sectarian forces of Socialism in a new party

of a sufficiently comprehensive and catholic character to include, as I understood, less definite elements of social and political advance, but with a common sympathy and desire

for the emancipation of humanity from its economic disabilities as well as its mental superstitions.

I contributed a frontispiece to this book also.

The idea of unity upon some common basis for all who cherished the Socialist ideal had long been in my mind, and while at first there might have been some reason in so many separate organisations in the movement—appealing, as each did, to a somewhat different section or order of mind or strata of society—as time went on, and the great economic principles were better understood and more generally accepted, one had hoped that all the sections might find a basis of unity in an agreement on fundamental principles, while tactics as a part of political action might be varied according to local conditions.

Even Socialists seemed unable to free themselves from the competitive system which they denounced, and in consequence much force has been wasted.

On the other hand, anti-Socialists of otherwise different political or religious faith show themselves quite able to unite against Socialism. We might, therefore, it seemed to me, do well to learn from our enemies.

For myself, I found points of sympathy in all the sections of the movement, and this idea of Andrew Reid's appealed to me as at least a well-meant effort in the right direction, and as helping the propaganda generally, though I did not quite see the need for a new party apart from the Socialist party. I fear that Mr. Reid was a little too previous in his efforts, and also perhaps endeavoured to unite impossible elements. He even suggested a badge and a colour; and here again he was not fortunate, as purple, which he fixed on, is too much associated with Imperialism.

I did not hear from Mr. Reid after this time, and never heard whether any further steps had been taken by him or others towards the organisation of "the New Party." I do not even know that it was really his intention to form one in the ordinary sense. In one of his letters he expresses his aims as follows:—

"I do want to flood the country with an emotional flood and to launch a great people's party, which shall not care for Lord Rosebery's 'spirited foreign policy,' but look to a spirited

BRITOMART—SPENSER'S FAIRIE QUEENE, BOOK III

WALTER CRANE, 1896

home policy that shall make our country a social rather than imperial story in the world."

My principal picture of this year was "The Swan Maidens," which was in the place of honour in the south room of the New Gallery and eventually found a home in Germany.

From Mr. George Allen I had a very attractive proposal —no less than to illustrate the *Faerie Queene* of Edmund Spenser. The book was to be a sumptuous one on an important scale, and the text to be edited by Mr. Thomas J. Wise.

The *Faerie Queene* had long been known to me—indeed, I might say that it had been a cherished dream of mine to illustrate it—and years ago I had made a design of Una and the Lion, and proposed the idea of bringing out an important edition to Messrs. Cassell, but received no encouragement, as such a work was not supposed to be likely to appeal to a sufficiently wide public.

Mr. Allen probably thought that the many allusions to Spenser's great poem to be found in Ruskin's works, and the high admiration he constantly expressed for Spenser's allegory, would make such an edition of the poem as he contemplated welcome to the large circle of Ruskin's readers to whom he had so successfully appealed by the new editions of the great writer's works. The Chiswick Press were to be responsible for the printing, and no pains were to be spared to make the work complete.

To follow the poet through the six books, and to endeavour to embody the extraordinarily rich invention and complexity of much of his allegory, with its historic, mythical, and classical allusions, as well as to depict the incidents and characters of the story, was no light undertaking, but the task was a congenial one, and I commenced with a light heart.

The work was to be issued in parts, and I was able to deliver my designs in instalments. These consisted of one or more full-page illustrations to each canto and headings and tailpieces besides, as well as title-pages to each book. Altogether the work extended over three years, as it was not complete until 1897.

The stanza I wrote on the completion of the designs

expresses my feeling at the time. This was printed at the beginning of Book I.—

"Great Spenser's noble rhyme have I essayed
To picture, striving still, as faithful squyre
Each faery knight to serve in arms array'd
'Gainst salvage force, and deathful dragons dire,
Or Blatant Beast with poisonous tongues of fire:
To limn the Lion mylde with Una fayre,
The false Duessa, and the warlike mayde.
'Be Bolde,' I read, and did this emprise dare.
Lo! now the door is wide, so let the masque forth fare!"

The collection of my work, after finishing its tour in the United States, where it had been diminished by numerous sales, chiefly of the smaller designs and drawings, had been invited to Canada, and after being exhibited at Montreal returned to England, but almost immediately afterwards I had a proposal from Dr. Gurlitt—the German critic and writer on art—to send it to Berlin, to be exhibited under the auspices of the Government Kunstgewerbe Museum there, where it attracted much attention.

Dr. Jessen, the Director, wrote an account of my work for the catalogue.

I found a very sympathetic critic of my work in Mr. William Ritter, who wrote to me from Vienna, and sent me from time to time what he had printed on the subject.

I accepted an offer from Herr Ernst Seeger for most of the principal pictures which accompanied the collection, including "The Chariots of the Hours," "La Belle Dame sans Merci," "Truth and the Traveller," and some of the book designs were acquired by the Museum. Arrangements were made which enabled the collection to be exhibited in the Government Kunstgewerbe museums of the principal towns in Germany, after Berlin; and accordingly my collection, leaving behind it some specimens at each place, went on tour again, Leipzig, Munich, Dresden, Karlsruhe, Frankfort, Stuttgart, Crefeld, Cologne, Bremen, Hamburg, being amongst the cities where it was seen. From Germany, too, it was passed into Austria, and was shown at Vienna and at Brünn, and thence into Bohemia, at Prague, and after that I think it went to Switzer-

ENGLAND'S EMBLEM

WALTER CRANE, 1895

(Seeger Coll., Berlin)

land, at Basel, and then northwards through Belgium, Brussels, and Holland to Denmark, Copenhagen, and even to Norway and Sweden, at Christiania and Stockholm, before it travelled, or what remained of it, back to England. So that a European tour for my works was added to the American one.

Herr Seeger of Berlin eventually acquired "The Bridge of Life," in addition to others of my pictures. It seems curious that most of my principal pictures should find homes in Germany, and that hardly anyone besides Mr. Watts should have shown much interest in them. Possibly, apart from any artistic quality, the symbolic and figurative character of their subjects are more in sympathy with the Teutonic mind, and we like "all goods marked in plain figures" in England; and, though a painter before I was a designer, I had been labelled "Children's Books" or "Arts and Crafts," and it is preposterous for a man to expect to be recognised without his usual label —besides, it disturbs the commercial order of things.

Among names well known in connection with the arts I remember during '94 meeting Philip Gilbert Hamilton, whose *Painter's Camp in the Highlands* I had read long before with much interest. He had written many works since then. I had several letters from him, and he finally came to see me in Holland Street during one of his visits to London, but he himself had lived in France for many years. I found him somewhat dry in manner, and not very communicative.

February '95 found us at New Quay in Cornwall, whither by doctor's advice I had taken my wife, who was just recovering from a rather sharp attack of influenza, and we much enjoyed the magnificent sight of the Atlantic breakers thundering over the rocks. The big hotel on the headland is unsightly but comfortable inside, and one gets as much sea air as if one were on a vessel—without the movement and the risk. It was singularly mild in the green valleys, and we found it quite possible to take long drives in an open carriage along the coast—to Bedruthen Steps in one direction or to Perran Porth in the other—without being frozen.

My study of the *Faerie Queene* no doubt influenced my easel work at this time, as my principal picture this year was a knightly subject—"England's Emblem"—and represented

our patron saint in full armour upon a white horse with red trappings, charging the dragon, behind which was a rather gloomy landscape with factory chimneys dark against lurid bars of sunset, and to the left a stretch of seashore, and a neglected plough in the middle distance—perhaps a not obscure allegory.

At Munich, at an important International Kunstaustellung, I was awarded a Gold Medal, of the second class, for my picture "The Chariots of the Hours," which had been sent there with my consent by its owner, Herr Ernst Seeger of Berlin.

This picture had been skyed in one of the smaller rooms at the Grosvenor Gallery when it was first painted.

I was afterwards made an honorary member of the Munich Academy.

I also made a water colour out of the motive of one of the headings to Book III.—"Britomart by the Sea."

For our usual summer outing we went to Durham, and were much impressed by the grandeur of the old Norman Cathedral and its commanding, castle-like position on the height above the wooded slopes, and found much to study, old Elvet bridge being particularly picturesque.

From Durham we took the line across the moors to Tebay Junction for the Lake District, and put up at Ambleside, in the very same cottage by the stream which was the scene of my courtship in 1870. It was but little changed, though Ambleside seemed to have increased, and was busier and more full of tourists than of old. So we went over all the old ground, staying again also at Keswick, climbing Skiddaw, and making many excursions in the neighbourhood, and calling on Canon Rawnsley, the indefatigable Rector of Crosthwaite, whose acquaintance I had first made at the Liverpool Art Congress in 1888, and whose enthusiasm for the preservation of natural beauty and historic spots is well known, especially in connection with the National Association having the same objects. Another friend in the same neighbourhood was Mr. Leicester Collier, who had been one of our party on the pilgrimage to Baireuth, and had an interesting collection of china and all sorts of antiquities, to which he was always adding on his numerous travels.

From Keswick we went on to Seascale, driving from

Whitehaven, and from Seascale we made an excursion to Wastwater. The lake looked desolate enough in the rain we

SKETCH OF OLD ELVET BRIDGE, DURHAM (1895)

encountered that day. Our refuge was the inn, but we visited the tiny, toy-like church.

From the coast near Seascale the Isle of Man was visible, I remember, and St. Bees was within easy reach.

At Ravenglass, not far from Seascale, lived Edward Stott of Oldham at that time, but he was not then at home. We made the acquaintance, however, of Lady Muncaster and her sister, Lady Erroll, and were received at the Castle. There was at that time a tremendous rage for bicycle-riding in fashionable society, the ladies having taken to it with great vehemence, its intensity while it lasted reminding one of the present craze for motoring. Both these ladies cycled, and the machine almost became a drawing-room ornament. I had not learned the art of riding one at that time, and I remember that the Hon. Mrs. Eric Barrington, who had a pretty bungalow near the shore, induced me to try, herself undertaking the arduous task of the first lesson, which took place on the sands. I afterwards taught myself on our tennis court at Kensington by holding on to the handle bar and running the machine before me to get sufficient way on, then mounting, standing with one foot on the step to get the balance before getting into the saddle. The trick of the balance once learned (as everyone knows who has been through it), the next difficulty is the steering: one is bound to go through a period of wobbling, as well as of tumbles and bruises, before taking any degree as a decent rider. The next danger ahead appears to be the carelessness which comes of over-confidence—and nowadays the ruthless motor car. If speed is the one object of life, of course the motor cycle, in its explosive, mad career, has long since put the foot-propelled bicycle to shame.

We can never overtake time, however, and the social effect of such inventions as the motor car seems to be to crowd more into the day, to put extra strain on the nerves, and to increase the already excessive restlessness of our race.

A swift horse in the stable may be highly useful at times, but we do not always want to be racing.

In January (29th) of this year, 1896, Lord Leighton died. There had been a danger from angina pectoris for some time, and the end came after a short illness.

A considerable reaction in the aims and methods of painting had set in, and the ideals of the late President of the Royal

Academy, as well as his manner of work, were perhaps in some danger of being undervalued. Time alone can place an artist's work in its true relation to that of his contemporaries and to the art of the past, but in the course of his career an artist may suffer as much from being over-rated as the reverse, and probably no reputation can escape the changes in taste or fashion, which after all are but indications of other changes—in sentiment, in feeling, and in mental outlook and manner of life. He was undoubtedly a very refined draughtsman, and his designs and modelled work seemed to show that he had more of the sculptor's feeling than the painter's.

Whatever differences of opinion there may be about his work as an artist, his character as a man commanded respect, and his extraordinary linguistic and other accomplishments placed him as a type apart amongst artists.

Leighton was buried in St. Paul's and had an imposing public funeral. I wrote the following sonnet on the occasion :—

Beneath Great London's dome to his last rest,
The princely painter have ye borne away,
Who still in death upholds his sumptuous sway;
Who strove in life with learned skill to wrest
Art's priceless secret, hid in Beauty's breast—
With alchemy of colour and of clay,
To re-create a fairer human day,
Touched by no shadow of our time distrest.

What rank or privilege needs Art supreme—
Immortal child of buried states and powers—
Who can for us the golden age renew,
Let Worth and Work bear witness when life's hours
Are numbered: honour due, when, as we deem
To his ideal was the artist true.

The years now seemed to be rather emphatically marked by the holidays which, what with lectures at the Manchester School and work there every month, and one's studio and desk-work at home, were welcome enough when they came, and dwelt pleasantly in the memory. This summer we went for a tour in Normandy, crossing to Dieppe, and visiting Beauvais, where the wonderful scale of the Cathedral surpassed all we had heard of it, besides its treasures in glass and tapestry, and the interest of its early Romanesque church entered from the great choir.

I made several studies here before we went to Rouen, which we found *en fête*, owing to some Presidential visit.

Before this, however, we paid a flying visit to Amiens, where I was glad of the opportunity of seeing the Cathedral, so rich in thirteenth and fourteenth century figure sculpture.

At Rouen we could hardly find where to lay our heads, the hotels were so full. At length, through the enterprise of a railway official, we were taken in at an antique hostelry with an old-fashioned paved court, more picturesque than sanitary perhaps. The architecture of Rouen has so often been described that I will not dwell upon its wonders, which fully occupied us during our short stay. Taking the steamer down the Seine, we had an enjoyable voyage to the mouth at Havre, getting a passing glimpse of Caudebec. From Havre we crossed over to the interesting little town of Honfleur, with its picturesque clock-tower in the market-place. After sketching this, and wandering into the pleasant orchard country of Pennedapie, we went on to Lisieux, with its splendid church and quaint gables of half-timbered houses leaning over the street. From Lisieux we reached Caen. Here again was a feast of architecture of which it was impossible to gain more than an impression in the limited time at our disposal. At Bayeux we made a rather longer stay, finding both the Cathedral and the town full of architectural interest. It was curious to see the famous needlework of Matilda, the so-called "Bayeux Tapestry," in the little museum carefully preserved under glass and placed where it could be really examined.

St. Lô and Coutances followed on our programme, the first seen at a disadvantage under umbrellas, and Coutances was so crowded, it being market day, that we could only get into the Cathedral by stepping over the baskets—and bodies, I was about to say—of the market women.

Rain pursued us to Mont St. Michel—*sans merci*—to which we were drawn in a ramshackle sort of chaise, which felt as though it might come to pieces at any moment. We arrived, however, but only to find the little island swarming with tourists, the majority of whom were compatriots. Awaiting the pleasure or possibility of disposal at the hands of or in the hostelry of Madame Poulard, many were sitting on their port-

manteaus in the open street. With great difficulty a little garret was found for us—a party of five—where we had to make believe very much that a screen divided it into two compartments, a practical illustration of a case of overcrowding.

The architecture explored next day was wonderful, but the weather was, if possible, still wetter than before, and again the voyage, in very inefficiently canvas-covered omnibuses, intended for fine-weather use, had to be undertaken along some four miles of singularly exposed road to the railway station, where an apparently inextricable mass of muddy "bikes" hindered one's approach to the booking office.

The wind had its turn at St. Malo, where we next put up, before it settled down again to calm and sunshine on a shore well adapted to repose, and which offered excellent bathing facilities, with lawn tennis and cycling thrown in, as it were. The graceful young French ladies all wore "bloomers" in riding the bicycle, and often promenaded in the same costume; but generally they did not go beyond black or grey relieved with white, and straw hats with straight plumes and white veils, in which they look quite charming. The old town of St. Malo, comfortably built within its walls, was interesting, and also Dinard, and Dinan, with its old château and streets.

But time was up, and we addressed ourselves to the return voyage, which proved, as far as Jersey at least, too terrible for words. Luckily that apathy which overpowers the victims of *mal de mer* prevents them from fully gauging the depths of their temporary misery, also obliterates, or at least softens, the memory of it.

Jersey struck one as curiously mingling French and English characteristics, and St. Helier had the aspect of a tourist-ridden town, the shops largely appealing to their supposed wants, and especially bristling with the native cabbage-stalks converted into walking-sticks, with the lion-stamped penny on the top. The surrounding country flashed with glass houses of fruit growers, and at Guernsey, where we touched, the steamer received a cargo of grapes in baskets, which were also offered at a very cheap rate by vendors to the passengers on the boat.

Alderney was out of range, and Sark was only a rocky outline out of reach.

The remainder of our voyage to Southampton was calm and without incident, and so we got back to the tea-table of domestic Mrs. Britannia, not, perhaps, altogether sorry to be at home again.

Changes are apt to happen even during the shortest absences, and while in Normandy we heard of the death of Sir J. E. Millais.

Curiously enough, I had never chanced to make his personal acquaintance, though I had long entertained a great admiration for his work, especially the work of his earlier time and of the earnest, romantic, pre-Raphaelite mood, and I have already recorded the profound impression his pictures had upon me when I first saw them at the Academy in '57. English art could not but be poorer by the loss of so brilliant a painter. The last time I had seen him was as one of the pall-bearers at Lord Leighton's funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral, in the preceding January.

Another sad piece of news at this time was that of the serious illness of William Morris. He had been ailing for some months; indeed, I hardly think he ever completely got over a severe attack of influenza, which left after effects. His illness, however, puzzled the doctors. He had, under advice, during the summer taken a voyage to the North Sea, but it did not seem to have benefited him.

I find a letter from him dated February 4th of this same year, '96, written from Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith. It must have been in answer to some request of mine for the cartoon of "The Goose Girl" to be lent to some exhibition, and is as follows:—

"MY DEAR CRANE,—You are very welcome to have anything we have of the 'Goose Girl,' and I am writing to Oxford Street to ask them about it.

"I think we have the Cartoon.

"I am just back in town. Not up to much.—Yours very truly, WILLIAM MORRIS"

This was the last letter I had from him. He was at Folkestone in the earlier part of the year, and had just

returned from there when he wrote this. The last sentence was ominous.

He was not a man who ever took any care of himself, but seemed, beyond occasional attacks of gout, to enjoy the most robust health as a rule; and as I had never seen him except when full of life and vigour, it was difficult to realise him as really ill.

I had heard him say that the thought of death did not trouble him: "Life was quite enough."

When I returned from France, about the beginning of September, I at once called at his house, but was not admitted. It appeared he was then too ill to see anyone outside his own family, or his lifelong friend and companion, Burne-Jones. The latter told me that he scarcely spoke, even to him.

We, his colleagues of the committee, were busy, too, with the organisation of another Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Morris was then President of our Society, but of course work was out of the question for him. The exhibition was timed to open on the 5th of October, but on Saturday, the very day of the private view, he died.

Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, then our Honorary Secretary, came to see me on the Sunday, full of grief. I showed him a sonnet I had written in the endeavour to express our feelings, and he suggested it should be placed upon the glass case in the exhibition containing the Kelmscott books, his exhibit, and over the famous *Chaucer*—the last and greatest work of his press—surrounded with a wreath of bay leaves. This I made with my own hands, and the tribute was placed on the case when the exhibition opened to the public on the Monday morning. During the period of the exhibition, however, someone, undiscovered, must have made away with both the sonnet and the wreath, as they unaccountably disappeared.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM MORRIS

How can it be! that strong and fruitful life
  Hath ceased—that strenuous but joyful heart,
  Skilled craftsman in the loom of song and art,
Whose voice by beating seas of hope and strife,
Would lift the soul of Labour from the knife,
  And strive 'gainst greed of factory and mart
  Ah! ere the morning, must he, too, depart
While yet with battle cries the air is rife?

Blazon his name in England's Book of Gold
Who loved her, and who wrought her legends fair,
Woven in song, and written in design,
The wonders of the press and loom—a shrine,
Beyond the touch of death, that shall enfold
In life's House Beautiful, a spirit rare.

October 4, 1896

Morris was buried close to his favourite Thames, in Lechlade Churchyard, near his country home—Kelmscott Manor.

SKETCH OF WILLIAM MORRIS SPEAKING FROM A WAGGON IN HYDE PARK

A special train bore his body and a large assembly of his mourning friends, fellow-workers and comrades, from Paddington Station to Lechlade. There was no ghastly black-plumed hearse or undertaker's upholstery to be seen, but a simple country cart, gaily painted and decked with flowers, and drawn by a splendid shire horse, was there to bear the poet's body to its last rest. Covered with wreaths and boughs, this brightly painted cart with its burden headed a long pro-

cession of black carriages, which followed like clouds after the sunken sun of colour and light, through the wind and rain and falling leaves of that stormy October day along the wet road to the churchyard, where, after a short service in the old village church, the last look was taken and the last tributes paid, and we wended our way back, feeling how much poorer we and the world would be for the loss of our friend.

I have a little sketch of him as he stood on a May Day in Hyde Park, in a waggon decked with wild spring flowers, speaking to a crowd of workmen, the red flag waving over his head. This is an appropriate last vision to remember of William Morris, who in all he did was very much alive, and who, though loving the beauty and romance of the past, looked forward with a clear vision to the future, and to the regeneration of society, relieved of the artificial burdens which now oppress mankind.

Finding that it became rather a strain to carry on my teaching work at Manchester, as well as my work in London, I decided to resign my directorship at the Municipal School; and so, with the close of the summer term in 1897, my term of office came to an end. My friend Charles Rowley, the Chairman of the School, had supported me in every possible way; he had a real enthusiasm for beautiful works of art, and earnestly desired and worked for the efficiency of the school. He seemed to be one of the few who really felt the social and national importance of the cultivation of the sense of beauty and the capacity for art, independently of its industrial value, and is in this respect a bright example to his fellow-citizens. Through him, too, I had made many pleasant and interesting acquaintances in Manchester. I could only part with my colleagues and the students with regret, and I shall always regard my experience there as most valuable.

I was not, however, to be quite free from some sort of teaching direction. Professor Mackinder, who had established a university college at Reading, came to see me about this time in reference to my taking the post of Director of the Art Department there, to which I agreed, as not absorbing too much time. The existing Reading art school was to be re-organised and to be a branch of the college. I had been

instrumental in recommending the appointment of Mr. F. Morley Fletcher as headmaster. His artistic work in the direction of the adaptation of the Japanese method of colour block engraving and printing to English subjects and treatment is well known, and he held classes in this craft under the London County Council for several years at their central school. Extensive additions were being made at Reading to the college buildings, a portion of which was a remnant of the old Abbey, situated close to the church and near the Town Hall.

The college owed a great deal to the munificence of the Palmer family and to Lord Wantage, and the latter and Mr. (now Sir) Walter Palmer were on the Council.

The Prince of Wales (our present King) was invited to the opening of the new buildings, which included a fine lecture hall, and in its large window the college arms were produced in stained glass by Mr. Morley Fletcher and his pupils.

There was a grand procession of Doctors of Science and Divinity, including the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and a long train of dignitaries from the University, making the street gay with their robes. Then the Prince declared the buildings open, and made the tour of inspection, being received by the professors, each in their different departments, and in due course he visited the art rooms, which were at the top, and gave me a shake of the hand.

I designed the address to the Prince, which was presented on this occasion in a silver and enamelled casket made by Mr. Nelson Dawson.

A luncheon followed, whereat healths and speeches were given.

Reading College has prospered, but has lately moved again into new quarters in another part of the town, the Municipality requiring the buildings in close proximity to the Town Hall.

Professor Mackinder has since found other fields for his energy in London, and he has been succeeded in the Principalship of Reading College by Professor Childs. At one of the college dinners in the earlier days, I remember it came to my turn to speak, when, it seems, I rather astonished the company

by mentioning, in connection with the prosperity of the college and the welfare of Reading, "The harmless but most necessary biscuit." Curiously enough, no speaker had ever been known to make such an allusion to the staple industry of the town before. I ventured to think, however, that supposing samples of modern skill and invention in that direction could await the judgment of posterity, the verdict would probably be that some of our most successful efforts in craftsmanship were to be found in this form.

Among other work of this period may be named my illustration of Miss Dale's *First Steps to Reading*, in which she introduces a new and excellent method of enabling young children to get over the old stumbling-blocks of spelling and pronunciation with which our conglomerate language is full, and endeavours to bridge the gulf between the sounds of the letters of our alphabet and the words they form, by a system of teaching by sounds and syllables and signalising the different sound values of the letters by printing each in a different colour, or rather by associating each with a particular colour—the vowels always in red, for instance. Otherwise her principle is to maintain the interest by pictures of everything mentioned in the lesson. Miss Dale has had remarkable success, and has followed her "First Steps" by more advanced "Infant Readers," which are in great demand.

Another work I undertook was a set of designs in black and white to Spenser's *Shepheard's Calendar* for Messrs. Harper.

I recall about this time a visit I had from the Crown Prince of Sweden (now King Oscar), who, accompanied by his equerry, wished to see my studio, which was then in New Road, Campden Hill, about ten or fifteen minutes' walk from Holland Street, and we walked over the hill together. He had a considerable enthusiasm for art, and pursued it to some extent himself. He had seen some of my work, I think, at Stockholm. I found him very agreeable, and quite unaffectedly interested. He was on a visit to London, and was making a study of English art.

There was an International Exhibition at Brussels in 1897, at which there was an important British Art Section under the

British Commission. I served on the Art Committee, and a certain representation of design was included. The committee used to meet at the Arts Club—Sir Edward Poynter in the chair, supported by a strong contingent of R.A.'s, and the presidents of the R.B.A., R.W.S., and R.I. Mr. (now Sir) Isidore Spielmann was the energetic secretary, who also gave his services to the Paris Exhibition of 1900 and the St. Louis Exhibition of 1904, when works of design and artistic handicraft were included, for the first time in any international show, among the Fine Arts.

I was called upon (in March 1897) to give a lecture on "Needlework as a Mode of Artistic Expression." This was delivered at the Imperial Institute before H.R.H the Princess Christian, the President of the Royal School of Art Needlework. I had the advantage of the loan of many beautiful examples from the museum as illustrations of my subject.

I had about this time an important piece of work to carry out in a frieze for Sir Weetman Pearson's country-house at Paddockhurst, extensive additions to it having been made by Mr. (now Sir) Aston Webb, who asked me to design this frieze. It was for the dining-room, and to be in plaster. Sir Weetman Pearson as a great railway magnate had asked for something bearing upon the source of his wealth, and hoped the design would include the navvy. I devised a sort of playful symbolic history of locomotion and transport—"from the earliest period to the present time," beginning, I might say, with primitive man and his ox-waggon, and ending with the motor car—but the horse, the canoe, the canal boat, the stage-coach, the railroad and the train, the bicycle, and even the perambulator, all figured in the scheme. Lady Pearson had a pet bicycle of silver (said to have cost £400) which it was hoped I could introduce—that is to say, its portrait!

I modelled the whole of the panels myself in clay, and Mr. Priestley moulded them for me in fibrous plaster.

One of the panels represented the genius of mechanical invention uniting commerce and agriculture, and its pendant—the genius of electricity—uniting the quarters of the earth.

This work naturally occupied a considerable time. Besides

this, I finished the *Faerie Queene* this year, and managed to find time to paint a large picture for the New Gallery which I named "Britannia's Vision."

This picture seemed to excite unusual ire on the part of most of my critics, who often, as the reviewers in Shelley's "Peter Bell" apparently, received instructions (can they be from the same source?) to "pray abuse."

They seemed to think the design inappropiate to her late Majesty's Jubilee year; but it was really little more than a symbolic record of the actual outlook, political and social, cast in pictorial form, and in a design which, unbidden, had taken shape in my mind. The descriptive sonnet which I wrote to accompany the picture enforces its meaning—

What shapes are these across the sunset red,
That fill her vision on the regal seat
Of Britain? World-wide empire doth her greet,
With sceptre, globe, and purple robes wide spread:
Behind her, greed of gold with anxious tread;
Pale cowering Poverty with weary feet,
His clinging shadow, still doth help entreat,
While, her beside, claims Labour more than bread—

E'en Justice, who doth hold aloft the scales,
Above the threatening clouds of war and change,
And that winged spectre wrapped in vap'rous weed,
The fateful glass of time and tide that veils,
Hid in the breast of night, mysterious, strange—
The destiny of nations, who may read?

April 1897

In the summer of '97 I was invited by the Countess of Bective to act as one of the judges in an Arts and Crafts Exhibition she was presiding over at Carnforth, my colleague to be Mr. Alan Cole of the Science and Art Department. As an extra inducement Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn suggested that I should come on to Coniston and spend a few days at Brantwood, and have an interview with the great John Ruskin. Accordingly, in August, I travelled down to Lancashire to stay at Barnacre, Lady Bective's country-house. Besides my friend Alan Cole, there were among the guests, Lord Arthur Hill, the Countess's brother, who held some important parliamentary office. The house, originally intended as a shooting lodge,

was not very large or architecturally interesting, but comfortable and pleasantly situated on high ground in a wooded park.

The town where the show was held was a short journey by rail. Alan Cole used to cycle in and out from Barnacre.

The exhibition was of the usual mixed amateur kind, in some kind of a top-lighted hall full of busy ladies. A few good bits of work here and there by more experienced or professional hands enlivened the show, but my task was a light one.

There was a formal opening, at which the Earl of Derby was principal speaker. I had met him many years previously at Wortley Hall when he was Colonel Stanley. He did not seem to feel himself quite in his element in speaking about art, and was apparently grateful for some suggestions from me. Lady Bective also spoke, as well as representatives of the town.

Shortly afterwards I took my leave and journeyed on to Coniston, where Mr. Arthur Severn met me, and drove me to Brantwood. It was only about a couple of years that I had had a glimpse of Ruskin's home, as, when we were in the district, I called at Brantwood with my daughter, to inquire after Mr. Ruskin, but did not go in.

Brantwood had long been familiar to me by name, at least as the former home of W. J. Linton and his family. It was originally a simple rather old-fashioned early nineteenth-century country cottage, pleasantly placed above the road in a garden, steep wooded hills rising to the moorlands above, and with a fine view of the lake and the "old man" from the front windows. I made a little sketch of this front, showing the bayed window of Mr. Ruskin's sitting-room and his bedroom above, to which a little turret had been added. This room was hung with beautiful Turner water colours.

Mrs. Severn, who watched most assiduously over Ruskin, allowed me to see him. The first time was in the garden. It was rather a shock. Ruskin looked the shadow of his former self—the real living man with all his energy and force had gone, and only the shadow remained. He was carefully dressed and scrupulously neat, having gloves on, which, seeing a visitor approach, he began to pull off rather absently, when

'OHN RUSKIN'S HOME, BRANTWOOD, CONISTON

Mrs. Severn said, "Never mind the gloves," and I took his hand, but, alas! he had nothing but monosyllables, and soon went away supported on the arm of his constant attendant.

Another time Mrs. Severn brought me into his room, a library, where Ruskin sat in his arm-chair. He had a benign expression, and looked venerable and prophetic, with a long flowing beard, but he seemed disinclined to talk, and when I spoke of things which might have interested him he only said "yes" or "no," or smiled or bowed his head. I did not feel at all sure from his manner whether he identified me at all distinctly. The interview only lasted a few minutes, as he seemed so frail, but he was certainly most carefully watched and tended. It seemed a sad ending to such a life as Ruskin's had been.

The extreme quiet and retirement in which he existed, presented a curious contrast to the active life of the household, and the varied interests and pursuits of the young people.

Mr. Severn had a studio in the house, and had some charming drawings of Brantwood.

I had a pleasant sail with him on Coniston Lake, visiting some friends of his at the other end. I also enjoyed some games of lawn-tennis and bowls, with him and his sons, before I left.

I had arranged to meet Canon Rawnsley at a friend's house on the road to Ambleside, where he was staying, and to return with him for a short visit to Crosthwaite. So the coach from Coniston in due course set me down at the appointed place, from whence I formed one of a party in a waggonette to Keswick. Of the company were Mr. Alfred Austin (the poet-laureate) and Mr. Gerald Lowther (then a party whip in the House, I think I had met him as a young man years ago at Naworth Castle) and his wife, besides Mr. and Mrs. Rawnsley. On the way we stopped to visit Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home. Mr. Alfred Austin appeared to take the keenest interest in the house and garden and in every relic of the Lake poet and former laureate. The familiar shower came on while we were driving to Keswick, but our poet, who sat on the box, was quite equal to the

occasion and promptly donned a Mackintosh and cap complete with the smartness of a soldier—while the rest of us dripped under umbrellas. He was quite as alert and keen to see the house where Shelley lodged at Keswick, and rushed off in the rain with the Canon to inspect it. Being in poetic company, I suppose, may have stimulated Mr. Lowther to produce a rhyme—he said it was his only effort, and was a tribute to woman—a parody upon Scott's lines in *Marmion*—

> "O woman in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> When care and trouble wring the brow—"
> *How much more troublesome art thou* (!)

The last line being his new reading. It certainly added to our gaiety.

After a short stay at Crosthwaite, and an inspection of the well equipped and housed Arts and Crafts School at Keswick, which owes so much to the zeal of Canon and Mrs. Rawnsley, I made my way south, making the long journey to join my wife, and sons who had cycled from London, at New Quay in Cornwall, where I found them comfortably lodged in a farmhouse by the little river Ganell, where we spent some pleasant weeks, and found much interesting sketching material.

In our family annals the year 1897 was marked by the coming of age of our eldest son Lionel, who was studying for an architect, and had been in Mr. Reginald Blomfield's office for three years, and, for a time, with Mr. Ernest George, and also Mr. Harrison Townsend, during the building of his Horniman Museum, and this was made the occasion of a Fancy Ball in his honour. I should have said that the day falling on 6th May it seemed to fall in with traditional merry-making and masking at that period of the year. A large marquee was erected in our tennis-court, to which a temporary covered way led. We had a large number of guests who distinguished themselves by the invention and variety of their costume, many of which were very beautiful. We had a Maypole erected in the centre of the ballroom, and around it we danced, winding and unwinding the rainbow-coloured

ribbons. We had a cotillion, as well as, of course, lancers, waltzes, and the Washington Post, a picturesque and lively dance brought over by our American cousins and then very much in vogue, though not often danced now—our young people considering it too fatiguing.

A march past of our guests showed the costumes to advantage, and the scene was a pretty one. *Sic transit gloria*—the morning broke, and soon nothing was left but memories and photographs.

At the request of the proprietors of the *Art Journal*, I wrote the text of *The Easter Art Annual*, which appeared in the spring of 1898, and gave a series of reproductions of my work.

We heard through Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer of a charming old farmhouse in Kent where he had dwelt, but which he now was willing to let. One bright cold day in March we went down to see it with Mr. Hueffer. We were so attracted by the place, which was named Pent Farm,—a simple country abode of Elizabethan date, with its fine old thatched barn and farm buildings and strawyard,—that we decided to take it for six months, furnished. The furniture and pictures were full of interest; among the former being the piano, an early work of the Morris firm, while the pictures were mainly the work of Madox Brown and Rossetti, and the pre-Raphaelite circle, or reproductions from them.

That brilliant group of artists and their associates was sadly diminishing, and, on 17th June, another gap was left by the rather sudden death of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, concerning which I find a letter from Mr. Frederick J. Shields, who writes:

"With me, and all who have revelled in his beautiful art, you feel the death of Sir Edward to be a mighty loss. It fell on me like a stunning blow on Saturday evening—and now, not one of the great group is left but Mr Holman Hunt, and there are none arising to fill the great empty void so rapidly made within the last few years."

English imaginative and decorative art was indeed the poorer.

The last letter I had from Burne-Jones was one in which he expressed regret at finding I had left his house before he

WALTER CRANE IN 1898

FROM A GOLD POINT DRAWING BY PROF. ALPHONSE LEGROS

was aware when I called at the Grange one Sunday afternoon, as he thought I came "so seldom now."

I had recently worked with Mr. Shields on one of the Art Examinations for South Kensington, and was much interested in his great *magnum opus*, the mural paintings of the chapel in Bayswater Road, which he had been commissioned to do by the late Mrs. Russell Gurney, and in which he has put an enormous amount of thought and work —and one may add faith, as few modern artists have his earnestness of conviction, and power of symbolism in approaching biblical history which he shows.

To return to Pent Farm, there was a pastoral charm about the place, from which one could stroll out into the green fields where the sheep nibbled, or from the porch listen to the swallows twittering as they flew to and fro from their nests under the eaves.

While so completely quiet and rural, the farm was unusually accessible from town, as one could take advantage of the boat-trains to Folkestone and Dover, which always stopped at Sandling Junction, from whence it was a pleasant walk across the fields. We took every opportunity of running down, and finally took up our quarters there for the summer. Just as we had done so, however, in July, a letter came offering me the post of Principal of the Royal College of Art.

I was rather taken by surprise, as, although my old friend Armstrong, before his retirement, had expressed a wish that I should succeed him as Director for Art, I had not thought of again undertaking a position involving active teaching. Everything at South Kensington was now, however, in a transition state, and changes were impending in every direction. The Directorship for Art had been abolished, so it was no question of succeeding Mr. Armstrong. Mr. John Sparkes had filled the office of headmaster since Sir Edward Poynter's time, but the name of the National Art Training School had now been changed to the Royal College of Art, I know not why, except that it was in contemplation to reorganise the school more or less on the lines of a college.

The offer was not one to lightly refuse, although I was not greatly attracted by it, but thought if it was possible to secure time for one's work as an artist—essential even if only to preserve freshness, and practicality as a teacher in art—I might venture to undertake the post.

I went up to the Education Office and had an interview with the Duke of Devonshire's secretary—the Duke was Lord President of the Council of Education, and the Science and Art Department was now to be transformed into a branch of the Board of Education at Whitehall. I was assured that the post would allow me time to practise my work as an artist, and, on this understanding, I agreed to accept the office. As I was leaving, Sir William Abney entered the room, probably to take up his new post as Director of Science, which he filled until that, too, like the Directorship of Art, was abolished.

I had, however, a few months' respite to spend in rural delights, and I enjoyed them to the full, though the repose of the next few days was rather broken by the arrival of telegrams and letters of congratulation.

While at Pent Farm I was designing the pages for *A Floral Fantasy in an Old English Garden*, which was published in 1898 by Messrs. Harper Bros.: the lines to which I wrote. Another literary work at this time was the writing of parts of a masque, which I had schemed as a whole and proposed to the Art Workers' Guild to produce; in this I was supported by several of my brother members of the Guild. The idea was taken up with considerable enthusiasm, and a committee was formed to organise it, and sub-committees were appointed to deal with different sides of the work.

The title of the masque was *Beauty's Awakening: A Masque of Winter and Spring.* The general idea was suggested to me by the old story of the Sleeping Beauty, which was made an allegory of the revival of the arts and the new Ideal of Life in our time. In the first scene, the Spirit of Beauty (Fayremonde) lies in an enchanted sleep under the influence of the witch Malebodia, the Dragon, and the Demons. Her seven maidens, with the seven lamps, also slumber around her couch. This is the inner scene, and when the action takes

place in front of it, a curtain, painted to represent a forest, falls over it. A dance of forest leaves is introduced, driven by the four winds, with December and March.

The next scene shows the Forest. The Knight Trueheart has lost his way, and weary, with broken sword, sinks down to sleep. He then has a vision. Hope and Fortitude appear; the former places a blossomed bough in his helmet, the latter gives him a new sword, and they both disappear. The Knight wakes, he hears the sound of the dragon (Aschemon) coming through the forest. He rises and grasps the new sword and prepares him for the encounter. The dragon approaches, and the fight begins. The dragon is slain, and the Knight goes on his way to seek and awake Beauty. The demons bear the dragon out, and in the next scene they have a rally. Their names are suggestive—Philistinus, Bogus, Scampinus, Cupiditas, Ignoramus, Bumblebeadletus, Slumdum, Jerry. They are summoned by the witch, and pluck up their courage by a wild dance, but they all scurry away at the sound of the Knight's clarion.

The fourth scene shows Fayremonde still asleep, but she has a vision. Clio, the muse of history, appears, and summons nine fair cities—Thebes, Athens, Rome, Byzantium, Florence, Venice, Nuremberg, Paris, and Oxford; these all, represented by fair dames suitably attired, each with her retinue, appear, and one by one pass before her, and cross the stage, grouping themselves at the side, and when all have passed, one more—London—enters hurriedly, pursued by the demons, after which they all leave the stage, and the forest curtain again falls over the inner scene.

The fifth scene represents the Awakening. The Knight's bugle is heard again. The witch starts in alarm, and the demons enter and gather round her. The Knight Trueheart presently enters with his sword drawn, and compels them to disperse as he approaches the couch of Fayremonde and awakes her with a kiss, holding the blossomed branch from his helmet over her. The seven lamps are rekindled. Then as a sub-masque to symbolise the awakening of Beauty and the new joy of life—enter five couples, richly attired, representing the Five Senses, and they perform a dance.

The sixth scene discovers the characters in their places, as in the last scene. A seat—the seat of Amity and Power—is brought in by Labour and Invention, and Trueheart and Fayremonde are enthroned thereon, and the Seven Lamps and the Five Senses are grouped around them. Then enters London, still pursued by the demons, her mantle torn and dishevelled. She, kneeling at the feet of Fayremonde, sues for help, and Trueheart draws his sword, and with the assistance of the power of the lamps the demons are unmasked and driven out, and finally Malebodia also. Then re-enter the Fair Cities and do homage to Fayremonde and Trueheart, and form part of their court; and London re-enters, restored to beauty in a fair new mantle, and is given a crystal sphere and a sceptre by Labour and Invention, and takes her place among the fair cities. Then follows a song of triumph. The Spirit of the Age then appears, and recites the epilogue, and a march of the whole company around the stage and through the audience.

Such is a rough outline of the masque. Before each scene opened, the prolocutor (Mr. Selwyn Image) appeared and recited the introductory lines, which I wrote to explain the scene which followed, and the general purport and drift of the masque. My colleagues in writing the masque were, Mr. Selwyn Image, who wrote the beautiful verses on the Fair Cities; Mr. C. R. Ashbee, who wrote the Demon Scene; Mr. C. Harrison Townsend, who wrote the introduction, and devised the prologue and opening song, and also the epilogue, and himself presented Time, who recites the prologue; Mr. C. W. Whall, who wrote the Song of Triumph at the end, and also designed the demons; and Mr. H. Wilson, who wrote the Awakening Song. To Mr. Wilson, also, we were indebted for the fine design for the proscenium and the planning and decoration of the stage. Mr. Malcolm Lawson wrote the accompanying music; and our stage manager was Mr. Hugh Moss. Mr. Louis Davis arranged and produced the charming scene of the dance of the forest leaves, with the procession of the months, and the struggle between March and December, and the dancers were trained by Madame Caralozzi Mapleson, assisted by Signor Coppi; Signor Espinosa arranging the dances of the Demons and the Five Senses. Mr. Arnold

Dolmetsch and his band of musicians, with their Elizabethan instruments, supplied the music to Mr. Davis' scene.

Altogether the masque was a truly co-operative work of art, and was pronounced a remarkable artistic success. The labours of many artists and craftsmen were spent upon its details, dresses, and decorations, which were of a type new to the stage.

With Mr. Macartney, the then Master of the Guild, I sought interviews with the City Fathers, and at last we obtained the consent of the Common Council to the use of the Guildhall for a strictly limited number of performances. So in the historic hall of the City Corporation we built our stage, which had a fine effect in sober blue drapery, relieved by a silver figure of St. George at the apex of the arches of the proscenium, modelled by Mr. H. R. Pinker. The rehearsals were many, and at all sorts of places, the Drill Hall of a volunteer regiment being the most commodious: the difficulties of all sorts, inseparable from such an undertaking in the drama behind the scenes, as one might call it, was full of incident, and kept us quite as busy as the organisation of the masque itself, and afforded one a good training in the exercise of patience, tact, and other useful moral small change—and oh! the property making and costume designing which had no end!

At last, however, on the 29th of June 1899, the first performance was given before the Lord Mayor, Sheriff, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London. What they thought of it we never knew, or whether they took the allegory of demon-haunted London to heart or no. The court of the Guildhall was turned into a dressing-room with exceedingly quaint effect, and it was strange to see the spirit of masque and fantasy taking possession of the hall of the City Fathers. The strictest precautions were taken against fire, however.

I shall never forget the long procession we made at the finale, group after group descending from the stage and winding up and down and around the Guildhall before the eyes of generally a very interested and appreciative audience.

A Book of the Masque, with illustrations, was issued as the Extra Summer Number of *The Studio*.

From about 1897 to 1900 I was much occupied by designs for a Bible projected by a Society at Amsterdam, and to be illustrated by the first artists of Europe—such as, of France, Puvis de Chavannes, Gerome, Tissot; of Germany, Max Klinger, Uhde, Liebermann; of Holland, Joseph Israels; Belgium, De Vrieult; of England, E. Burne-Jones, Alma Tadema, Frank Dicksee; of America, J. S. Sargent, E. A. Abbey; of Spain, José Villégas; of Switerland, Arnold Böcklin; of Italy, Michetti, Morelli, and Segantini; of Russia, Ilya Yegemvitch Repin, and Sascha Schnieder; of Bohemia, V. de Brozik.

The illustrations were in the form of full-page reproductions in photogravure of each artist's designs, which, as might be supposed, were extremely diverse and individual in treatment.

I was asked for five full-page designs to Genesis, as well as the whole of the headings, initials, and typographical ornaments, covers and title-page, which had to be—the lettering, at least—duplicated in French, German, and Dutch, as it was intended to publish editions of this Bible in each of those languages. It was certainly a very extensive undertaking, and must have cost a large sum of money.

The original drawings were exhibited at Mr. Van Hoytema's Gallery in Bond Street afterwards. As a book it was not possible to produce a harmonious effect out of so many diverse elements. Many of the designs were very powerful, but were necessarily in the nature of separate pictures. I wanted a heavier type and unglazed paper, too, but the proprietors were a little afraid of departing too much from accepted standards in such works, and wished to appeal to a large public, so that, typographically speaking, the book was a compromise.

In October we returned to town, and I entered upon my new duties at South Kensington. This post, just as my Manchester appointment had done, necessarily precluded my acting as examiner or assisting in the awards of medals and prizes in the National Competition of the art schools of the country, in which I had taken part for many years, and in which, on resigning my position at Manchester, I had again served.

The school was in rather a chaotic state. It had been chiefly run as sort of mill in which to prepare art teachers and masters, and supply the finished article to fill such teaching posts or masterships as might fall vacant in any part of the United Kingdom.

The curriculum seemed to my unacademic mind terribly mechanical and lifeless, but so long as candidates for art teacherships and masterships were required to have obtained certain cut-and-dried certificates, the time of students would necessarily be largely occupied in doing the regulation exercises for them, and, as I found at Manchester, but little time was left for experiments, or chance for the introduction of different systems and methods, though I did what I could in this way, as well as in endeavouring to improve the equipment of the school. Here another obstacle was in the way of rapid progress, as every detail had to be sanctioned by the office. One could not order a flower or a bit of drapery, or obtain any ordinary immediate studio requirement, without a proper form duly signed and countersigned in the right red-tape department, no lump sum for such petty cash purposes being allowed. However, by working the cumbrous and complex machinery *in time*, one might have ordinary wants satisfied—but in the practice of art one cannot always foresee one's requirements, and it is vexation of spirit to wait for such things.

The staff of masters seemed anxious to meet my wishes, and to work harmoniously, and they were all very worthy good people, but they had been hardened by long service in a system with which I was out of sympathy, and could not be expected to see any more than the Manchester teacher I have before quoted—"What I was driving at."

I had not been in my office long, before an attack of influenza unfortunately stopped my work; and though, I think, I was allowed back again in about a week, it left depressing effects.

I should have said, in speaking of the staff, that Professor Lanteri, whose excellent teaching in and direction of the modelling school had saved the credit of South Kensington for years past, was an accomplished artist, and perhaps still

more accomplished as an instructor. His knowledge of the human figure was extensive, and his method of imparting it admirable.

The modelling school, however, was much hampered for space, and by the want of suitable studios. Indeed, it might be said of the whole building that it was ill-ventilated and inconvenient, and far behind the best-equipped art schools in the provinces. While Science had its special building—a still more magnificent if not so picturesque a college has recently been erected by Sir Aston Webb in Imperial Institute Road—Art had to put up with a temporary building, and, in spite of being called the Royal College of Art, *still* has to wait for a suitable building; the scheme for combining one with the New Museum (a plan for which I had furnished) having fallen through owing to the supposed danger of fire.

As far as the existing constitution of the school and its relation to the Board of Education would allow, I endeavoured to expand the range of studies, especially in the direction of Design and Handicraft; and in order to give the students some insight into the relation between design and material, I was fortunate enough to obtain the services of accomplished artists to give lectures, and demonstrations where possible, in their special crafts—such as Enamelling by Mr. Alex. Fisher, Book-binding by Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, Pottery by Mr. Wm. Burton, Book Illustration and Processes of Reproduction of Drawings by Joseph Pennell, and so on. And I obtained sanction for a stained-glass class to be held in the school by Mr. J. S. Sparrow, who had carried out many windows from my cartoons, and I was able to increase the examples of art for study and reference in the school from the rich resources of the National Art Library and the Museum of Casts.

I found my time, however, was much consumed by formal business, and, moreover, discovered that my post was regarded as a *whole-time office*, so that my dream of carrying on my practice as an artist began to fade, although I had the use of a studio. Owing to some technical difficulty with the Board I could not obtain the increased attendance, as my principal assistant in the day-time, of an assistant master who taught in the life-class in the evening—Mr. Peter Watson—who showed

the greatest and most intelligent sympathy with my ideas, and only desired more scope for them.

Altogether, I did not feel I could make much way under the existing limitations of the school, and the sacrifice of my professional work did not seem likely to be proportionately balanced by the extent of the progress made, and so I decided to send in my resignation and to vacate my office at the end of the year's term.

I remained on perfectly good relations with the officials of the Board, and with the masters and the students, and shall always have pleasant recollections of working with them. It was, however, as I have said, a difficult time—a time of transition. Sir John Donnelly was still the head, though the Science and Art Department was being converted into a branch of the Board of Education. His time of retirement was approaching, but having ruled so long under the old régime, he could not welcome the impending changes, and believed in the old order of things: but I always found him personally friendly and courteous however much our views might have differed.

Before I left I drew up a scheme for the reorganisation of the art teaching, and made a report indicating the lines which I thought should be followed in order to make the College what it ought to be—the leading art school of the country in every respect, and even suggesting names to fill the teaching posts in the different arts and crafts. Mr. Alan Cole dealt with the financial and official side of the scheme in the same report.

When, in the following year, the Council of Advice on Art to the Board was appointed, it was very much on this suggested plan that the Royal College of Art was reorganised.

My colleagues on this Council were Sir William B. Richmond, who represented the interests of Painting; E. Onslow Ford, Sculpture; Mr. T. Graham Jackson, Architecture; while I was to be the member for Design; the Board being represented by two officials, and, when business connected with the Royal College of Art was on, the principal and the registrar of that institution attended.

This Council has been in existence six years, though during

that time, owing to the death of Onslow Ford, Mr. Thomas Brock was appointed to represent Sculpture in his place.

While on the Council I drew up a Primary Schools' Syllabus on drawing, giving a series of progressive exercises calculated to assist teachers in this now compulsory subject, and to initiate those who might not possess any previous knowledge on the subject, and this was issued, and is now in use.

I was requested by my colleagues, and actually commissioned by the Board, to prepare a second illustrated syllabus for the evening schools, which I accordingly did, adapting the exercises to the various trades and handicrafts with a view to the cultivation of trade in design, and to assist teachers, many of which would be quite inexperienced in such subjects.

Strange to say, though passed by the Council, and though announced in the official report, this syllabus has been suppressed!

Under the advice and supervision of the Board I have named, the Royal College of Art has been entirely reorganised, and while its objects, the study of decorative art as well as the training of teachers, have been reasserted, the relation of all branches of decorative design to architecture has been emphasised in the establishment of an architectural school, directed by Professor Beresford Pite, through which all students pass in the five years' course. There is a school of decorative painting under Professor Moira, and a life school. Professor Lanteri directs the sculpture and modelling school, which has to be housed in a temporary tin building across the road, the present building being insufficient to contain it. Professor Lethaby has the design school under his tasteful care, and in addition to these main branches there is a stained-glass class under Mr. C. W. Whall, a pottery class under Mr. Lunn, a metal class under Mr. H. Wilson, while etching, engraving, and lithography continue under the direction of Mr. Frank Short, who conducted a class in these arts for many years before the change. Other craft classes are Mr. Johnson's in illumination and calligraphy, Mrs. Christie's in embroidery and tapestry weaving, and Mr. George Jack's in wood-carving and gesso-work. Good work is being done

in all of these classes, as the annual summer displays bear witness.

My successor as Principal was Mr. Augustus Spencer, formerly head of the Leicester School of Art.

As regards the welfare of the Royal College of Art and the interests of the Museum, it appears to me to be a serious disadvantage that owing to political changes the chiefs of the Board of Education are so frequently so short a time in office that they are unable to take any active or effective interest in the progress of these important institutions, or really understand their wants; or if, in exceptional cases, such an interest is manifested, a vote of the House of Commons, on some totally different matter, may send a Government out of office, and its Ministers with it. During my short term of office such different personalities as the Duke of Devonshire, Sir John Gorst, Sir George Kekewich, Lord Londonderry, and Mr. Birrell, have all presided at the Board of Education and have had control over the destinies of South Kensington.

The only Minister, however, so far as I know, who seemed to take a real and keen interest in the Art Department was Mr. A. H. D. Acland, who was, during the short time he held office, extremely zealous. His activity and searching inquiries indeed made him far from popular with the authorities then at South Kensington.

Mr. Acland, too, had a great wish to bring the influence of art to bear on the ordinary schools of the country, and he asked me to aid him in this. His idea was to have large-sized decorative pictures (of historic epochs and personages in English history, for instance) printed in colours and available for hanging upon the upper walls of classrooms. I did draw up a sketch scheme for this, but no money could be granted from the Board of Education for such purposes, and so it fell through.

It must have been in 1895 that I was the guest of the New Vagabonds. I think the dinner was at the Holborn Restaurant, though not on such a scale as some of their more recent ones. Mr. Douglas Sladen was then the active and courteous Hon. Secretary, with Mr. Burgin as his colleague. Mr. Moncure Conway presided on this occasion. I regret to

recall that on the same evening the news arrived of the disgraceful Jameson Raid, the beginning of the long trouble which led to the South African War, with its disastrous results to England. It was so evident to those of us—unhappily in a small minority—who opposed the war and protested against it that it was really entered upon in the interests of the gold and diamond mine-owners, and the capitalists of the Rand, who were able by their control of the press, both in this country as well as in South Africa, to prejudice the public mind, and to bamboozle it with any amount of "bunkum" about patriotism and liberty and British rights, and on the strength of it to obtain the forces of the country to crush the two Boer Republics (whose splendid defence, however, can never be forgotten) — their real object being cheap labour for the mines.

There were some distinguished exceptions in the press, such as the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily News*, and before its proprietors dismissed Mr. Crook, the *Echo*; but the epithet "Pro-Boer" was hurled about fiercely, as if it were a term of the most despicable significance—worse even than that of "Socialist" at one time.

The *Daily Chronicle*, which at first was against the war, changed its front and turned out its editor, Mr. H. W. Massingham, who was doing admirable work. Mr. Spender also severed his connection at the same time. Mr. W. T. Stead also was with the anti-war party, though, strangely enough, he was an admirer of Cecil Rhodes.

Miss Hobhouse must be named also for her heroic work in the camps, or compounds, where the Boer families were herded at one time. I remember when I met her in London she said, alluding to the divided state of feeling among our people, that one set spoke of her as "*the* Miss Hobhouse," and the other set as "*that* Miss Hobhouse."

A meeting held in Trafalgar Square by a group of clear-sighted men and women, who did not want to see their country dragged into a cruel and unjustifiable war at the beck of a financially interested gang, was assaulted and assailed by missiles (which included pocket-knives!) from a crowd of hooligans representing the war party.

THE MOWER

WALTER CRANE, 1901

(Thoma Coll., Karlsruhe)

A "Stop the War party" was formed, which was active in distributing pamphlets and posters, one of which I designed.

A South African Conciliation Committee was formed, with Mr. Leonard Courtney as its President, and formed a rallying-point for the opponents of the war, and did much useful work during the whole of this trying period, welcoming Messrs. Merriman and Sauer when they came over later to inform the British public. I met both these gentlemen at the time, and also, later, Generals Botha and Delarey.

Mr. Cronwright Schreiner, who came over to England to tell our people the truth and to put them in possession of the real facts of the situation, was violently interrupted, and frequently refused a hearing altogether, and the place of his meeting stormed. The way in which opponents of the war were howled down suggested that the hooligans must have been in the pay of the war party.

Olive Schreiner, popular as she was as a writer here, was unheeded when she used her pen in an endeavour to show the unjustifiable character of the war, and what it would mean to South Africa.

The time was a terrible one. The brutal fighting instinct of the British was aroused, and its fury constantly fanned by the Jingo press. All classes appeared to lose the power of reflection, and it was only a few individuals here and there who preserved their mental balance; but they could not stem the tide, which swept aside all other interests, and gave a serious set-back to all enlightened movements, as well as intellectual, artistic, and social progress.

It was surprising, too, to see such unanimity. One would have expected some sort of sympathy for the Boer farmers among our own agriculturists, but the country joined the towns. It was a tribute to the power and influence of the press.

An editor of a popular book on gardening, who printed a contribution from me which contained, incidentally, a condemnation of the war, told me afterwards that he received abusive letters in consequence.

The war indeed was an apple of discord everywhere (I was grieved to find even my generous friend, G. F. Watts, with the war party); among Socialists too, who, however,

were as a whole united in their denunciation and detestation of it, there were differences. It became the cause of a split in the Fabian Society (which had done excellent and disinterested educational work by its economic tracts and pamphlets). The Executive, led by Mr. G. B. Shaw, having practically declared for Imperialism, and condoned the war as a necessary accompaniment, some twenty members, myself among them, decided that we could not consistently continue under such a flag, and so we sent in our resignations.

I had a long correspondence with Mr. Bernard Shaw, who used many ingenious arguments in his endeavours to show cause why we should not secede. He seemed to be a little apprehensive of my wishing to found a "Holland Park Socialist Society" on the lines of the one at Hammersmith founded by William Morris when he seceded from the Social Democratic Federation. Nothing, however, was farther from my intention. I only wished to protest against the war and to clear myself from any complicity with a body which defended it. Shaw wrote, as Mr. Hyndman pointed out (in a letter written to me, May 30, 1900), "as if, too, Socialists ought to help to crush down independent little peoples who happen to be economically and socially behind the rest of the world in order to extend the domination of the very capitalism we are fighting against."

That this was the real object of the war events conclusively proved, although the results have been a disappointment to its promoters. All that the protesters said, however, has been shown to be true, and the state of South Africa is a sufficient comment on the wisdom of the war. In spite, however, of the terrible waste of life, and of the mass of human misery for which the promoters of the war were responsible, some of them appear still to be regarded as great statesmen!

Walt Whitman may well write of

> "The never-ending audacity of elected persons."

Peace came at last. The winged "stranger" I had painted in 1900 had alighted. The *Daily News* of June 2, 1902, published a cartoon of mine in which Briton and Boer were shaking hands—each with the other arm in a sling,

A STRANGER

WALTER CRANE, 1900

and Peace covering them with an olive branch. This design

DESIGN BY WALTER CRANE TO COMMEMORATE THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE WITH THE BOERS

was also reproduced as a set piece on a large scale by Messrs. Brock at the Crystal Palace.

Before my term at South Kensington came to an end, the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the New Museum buildings was arranged, and Queen Victoria performed the function in state. A large marquee was erected at the appointed spot in what was the garden in the old days of "the Boilers," under which the business of the stone-laying was to take place. This was filled with a crowd of high officials, with their ladies, and was gay with military uniforms (my chief, Sir John Donnelly, being gorgeous in the scarlet and gold of a major-general) and court costumes, every man who was not entitled to wear a uniform being obliged to appear in court dress. The students of the Royal College of Art were drawn up along the roped drive inside the entrance gates, near which a platform had been erected in order that a bouquet might be presented to the Queen by one of the lady students.

It fell to my lot (who had never even been myself presented!) to present the lady (Miss Williams) who offered the bouquet to Her Majesty as the carriage drew up.

This little ceremony over, the carriage drove on to the big marquee, where the Queen, still sitting in her carriage, managed to hold the trowel and receive the address—the architect, Sir Aston Webb, of course, officiating.

Having to go close up to the carriage when the bouquet was given, I could not but notice the signs of age and absence of vitality in the Queen. It is true she was able to command a smile and to bow when necessary, but her face immediately seemed to lapse into an expression of indifference, or that of one wearied by public ceremonies of the kind. She was not destined to live long afterwards—only, indeed, until January 1901.

We held our sixth Arts and Crafts Exhibition in the autumn of 1899 at the New Gallery. After Morris's death I was again elected to the office of President, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson retaining the Honorary Secretaryship.

Labour's May Day, which has become an international festival in the Socialist movement, was this year celebrated at the Crystal Palace, which certainly afforded plenty of space for the gathering, as well as entertainment and refreshment in the

intervals of the functions. A vast meeting was held under the dome, and this was addressed by many of the leaders, such as Mr. H. M. Hyndman, Mr. G. N. Barnes, Secretary of the Amalgamated Engineers (and now in Parliament), Mr. Pete Curran, Mr. Ben Tillet, and many others.

I made a design for a set piece for the firework display which was carried out on a gigantic scale and with remarkable success by Messrs. Brock. It was a group of four figures, typifying the workers of the world, joining hands, a winged central figure with the cap of Liberty, encircled by the globe, uniting them, and a scroll with the words "The Unity of Labour is the Hope of the World." It was the first time a design of mine had been associated with pyrotechnics. I was rewarded by the hearty cheers of a vast multitude.

There was a considerable controversy as to whether the nineteenth century ended with the year 1900, or whether the twentieth century began with that on the following year. I do not remember whether it was authoritatively settled, but time, at all events, passed on unheeding.

I received an invitation to exhibit a large representative collection of my work at Budapest, at the Iparmuveszeti Museum (an Art and Industrial or Decorative Art Museum—a sort of South Kensington of Hungary), from the courteous Director, M. Radiscics. This was through the instrumentality of a young Hungarian, M. De Rozsynay, who called with an introduction one day, and with whom we became very friendly. He was clever and versatile, and had an attractive manner and personality, though he did not ultimately prove to be very reliable—to put it mildly; but he had abundant enthusiasm. However, the matter was arranged, and I was assured of an enthusiastic welcome, as my published work was well known in Hungary. I was able to get together a very extensive collection of work, representative of the different branches and classes of design I had worked in—from easel pictures to lustre pottery. Mr. Watts lent the picture of "The Renascence of Venus" for the occasion. The collection was to be packed and forwarded to Budapest at the expense of the Budapest Museum. Mr. Cundall, of the South Kensington Museum, was the London correspondent for that institution, and my works

were packed and forwarded under his supervision at the Museum.

On October 1 we started on our journey to Budapest—my wife, my second son and I, our eldest son having gone first with young Rozsynay to make ready for us. We took the opportunity to stop at Paris on the way, to see the great Exposition Universelle of that year, which seemed both as to size and comprehension and extent of exhibits to go about as far as such exhibitions could possibly do.

An interesting feature was the arrangement of the positions of the different nationalities along the Quay d'Orsay, which were naturally diverse both as to size and style. The English house, though very tastefully reproduced from its original (the King's House, Bradford-on-Avon), looked a little small between the huge German palace on one side and, I think, the Italian one on the other, and it rather wanted its garden. There were charming rooms inside, some decorated with Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hoppner portraits, and others with Burne-Jones and Morris tapestries—the King Arthur series.

Of the others the Spanish pavilion struck one as the most simple and dignified, with its arcaded cortile and splendid tapestries.

The show of mediæval French art at the Petit Palais was very memorable, and there were miles of modern pictures and masses of modern sculpture at the Grand Palais, and endless attractions—or repulsions—besides, of which it was only possible to get general impressions in the course of a few days.

On we went by way of Avricourt—where the customs examination is remarkably strict—to Strasbourg, where we had a look at the Cathedral and its wonderful clock, and so through Germany, breaking the journey at Stuttgart, where I remember some charming public gardens. We stayed also at Munich and Vienna, although having been advised by telegram to hurry on to Budapest, there was no time to linger, but we had a glimpse of St. Stefan and of the Imperial Museum at Vienna.

At Budapest, where we arrived on the 10th of October, at the station we were met by a large deputation of the Directors of the principal Museums and Art Schools, who

presented magnificent bouquets of flowers tied with ribbons of the national colours—red, white, and green—and these were the forerunners of many my wife received. Certainly our reception was most cordial, and nothing could exceed the kindness of our welcome in Budapest. Dejeuners, banquets, receptions, and entertainments followed thick and fast. At the first dinner following the private view of the exhibition, given by the Hungarian Society of Industrial Art, M. Wlassics, the Minister of Education and Fine Arts, presided. He spoke in Hungarian, but very courteously handed me a copy of his speech in English, which was in very flattering terms, and which, as it has an interest quite apart from the personal one, I venture to reproduce here.

"I wish to express my deepest respect towards the Master, and at the same time my grateful thanks for this excellent exhibition, by which we are profiting so much, and which is also a source of great intellectual enjoyment for us.

"Our joy is enhanced by having the honour of receiving the Master in person, and also his dear family, here in our country.

"Be convinced that the Hungarian Society, which is so enthusiastic for the beautiful, receives a genuine artist with the whole warmth of its heart, and that my greeting is but a feeble expression of this warm feeling.

"Sir, I want to assure you that your fame has already reached us.

"We know you as a *creator of art*, as a *genial author*, as an untiring hero fighting triumphantly from step to step for *the unity of art*.

"It is your remarkable merit that you have discovered and spead the truth that real art cannot and may not be divided into *upper and lower classes*, that 'grand art' and the various branches of art cannot be *isolated from each other, but are integral parts of one whole*.

"But what makes the deepest impression upon me is the unlimited enthusiasm of the artist for the strength and power of his art.

"He trusts, he hopes, and believes *in the transformation of society by art*.

"I trust also, and in the fervency of my convictions I believe, that by the strength of art we shall be able to inspire the different grades of society *with a noble and more elevated ideal.*

"The faith in art, which I hold, inspires me also, and I seek the surest foundation of the future of my race and nation in its artistic genius.

"I hope and trust in the 'signification of art,' and with this hope and trust I welcome the Master heartily, and wish him long life and happiness for the world and the glory of art!"

M. Radiscics, the Director of the Museum where my exhibition was arranged, and to whose kindness and courtesy throughout I was much indebted, also spoke, and in English, in which he is quite proficient, being a remarkably gifted linguist. M. Szalay, the genial Director of the National Hungarian Museum, proposed my health in another extremely flattering speech, and I had the uncommon pleasure of hearing the Hungarian cheer, "Eljin," in my honour.

There was a great crowd at the private view and at the opening of my exhibition, which certainly seemed to excite a great deal of interest among all sorts of people. My son Lancelot had designed a poster in the national Hungarian colours, which was freely posted about the town, and this no doubt helped to draw visitors to the "Walter Crane Khallitaza" —the latter word Hungarian for exhibition.

I was invited to give my lecture "The Language of Line" at the Arts Club, and this I did, with my usual demonstrations with charcoal on paper. My lecture was afterwards translated into Hungarian and printed.

One day Rozsynay took us to lunch with the renowned novelist and Hungarian patriot Maurice Jokai. He saluted me in the manner of his countrymen—with an embrace and a kiss on both cheeks!—and was most friendly and hospitable, as also were Madame Jokai and her mother, who were of the party. Choice Tokay and other wines of the country flowed freely at the plentiful table, and again I was the honoured recipient of a speech, which, had I heard it in

English, I should hardly have known how to listen to becomingly, much less how to live up to afterwards. I think, however, I must give the translation kindly made by Mlle. Gyory (now Madame Ginever), for the sake of the author, since, alas! deceased.

"I drink the health of our dear visitor, the renowned artist Walter Crane, who during his life passed in genial activity has won for the English nation much more glory with pencil, chisel, and needle than generals with their destructive arms. He has honoured our modest country by having introduced the rich treasures of the gigantic quantity of his creations. The great Master has opened a double school for us: the principle of one is to introduce the beauty of art in each workshop of popular industry, and the principle of the other one is to ennoble popular art in such a degree that true taste and simplicity of life may become universal.

SKETCH FROM LIFE OF MAURICE JOKAI

"Walter Crane has carried out with entire success both of these two principles, and he has gained victories by it not only in his own great country but in the whole civilised world. Nobody has so much reason to welcome the Master as we Hungarians have.

"Among us there are also pupils and even masters of the art-industry schools which are on the level of art, and they also endeavour to reach their aim in both directions upwards and downwards.

"It was only the great Master who was missing, the great Master whom we now see in person, and whom we admire in his works.

"What superhuman strength, what richness of knowledge and of phantasy was required to unite in heart and mind enlightened by a bold idea, and what iron will, diligence, and multilateral talent was required for the purpose of realising such an idea.

"We are looking at the results, and we sigh deep after having seen them. Who has got a hundred arms to be able to do the same work? And yet we must follow the example. We must learn how the Hungarian peasant cloaks, flower-decorated trunks, dishes, cups, must be transformed into ornaments fit to embellish drawing-rooms, palaces, altars; we must learn how to transform into a creating power the æsthetical sense and artistic inclination of our people. Should one man not be able to execute the task Walter Crane has finished alone, then the task must be shared among ten, among a hundred—and their activity will be blessed.

"This blessing may follow our great Master through his whole life and in all his works;—we wish he may enjoy beside the rewards of the world the reward of Heaven in the love of his wife and children, and may find the continuation of his glorious activity in his talented sons."

Such eulogy is quite overpowering.

One became very conscious of the strong national feeling of the Hungarians—the Magyars, that is to say. The national aspirations to be an independent country were still ardent, and the memories of the old struggles and patriots of 1848 still fresh with many. There seemed a painful consciousness of being overshadowed by Germany, and a restlessness under the Austrian Empire. A feeling, too, that they were regarded by Western Europe as a remote and semi-barbarian country.

Budapest, however, is the most up-to-date city I have ever seen. It is as modern as possible. The lighting and transit arrangements by electricity, wide avenues planted with trees, and the newer buildings of a more daring type of architectural design than one has ever seen; and, alas! the

city was modern too, in its contrasts of luxury and poverty—though the latter far less in evidence than it is in wealthy London. In fact, I do not remember any slums at all; the poverty was mostly in evidence in some of the country people who came into the town for advice at the hospitals.

At the theatres were performed national plays, the characters in the national and picturesque costumes still worn by the peasantry, and national music and dances, such as the czardac. (At one of them, however, we witnessed an admirable performance of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in Hungarian.)

At the Schools of Design the traditional patterns of the peasant embroideries, and the painted decorations of their furniture and pottery, were set before the students as models.

There were collections of such art in the Museums. The most wonderful thing, perhaps, was the enamelled jewellery, marvellous in fantastic invention of workmanship—of which I saw a fine collection in the National Museum at Budapest.

There were a few seventeenth and eighteenth century houses left here and there in some of the streets, low, long, yellow-washed, with brown-tiled roofs and green-shuttered windows, and sometimes large wooden doors closing an arched entrance which led into a courtyard.

There were many of this original type in Alt Buda, across the river, which had not been modernised like Pest. Some of the older restaurants and cafés also were interesting, having plastered vaulted and painted ceilings. The modern cafés were great in plate glass. The front of one of these seemed to be nothing but glass—so much so that a customer was said to have walked right through it, under the impression there was nothing between him and the street!

From the modern point of view the broad avenues lined with trees were well planned and spacious—such as Andrassy Avenue, leading up to a great national monument, in which in front of a semicircular classical arcade was a colossal group of the ancient kings and heroes of Hungary, prominent among them being their revered Mattias Corvinus—regarded as the Alfred the Great of Hungary. The Hungarians, like our Continental neighbours generally, are fully alive to the value of and importance of monumental art as a means of historic

expression and of national aspiration, as to which the British seem so lamentably deficient.

A relic of the Turkish conquest, in the shape of an old fort, crowns the hill opposite Pest, across the Danube, which is spanned by a suspension bridge—the design of an English engineer. The King's Palace is also on that side, and with its terraces and gardens occupies a large site on the hillside.

The new Parliament House, in the revived national mediæval style, fronts the river on the other side, and is gorgeously decorated with marbles and the faience of Szolnay, the renowned Hungarian potter, which comprises tile decoration as well as modelled figures in majolica.

We received a cordial invitation to visit the home of the Szolnay family and see the works at Pëcs (Funfkirchen). The founder had recently died, and his son carried on the works with a partner, Sikovsky. One's first duty on arriving at Pëcs was to be conducted to the tomb of Szolnay, to place a wreath upon it and to say a few words. A small procession was formed, with *sergents de ville* bearing torches, as it was night, and the scene in the cemetery around the tomb, to which we walked from the carriages, was a weird one.

The Hungarians pay great respect to their dead, and have special days when the people flock to the cemeteries with wreaths and flowers to place on the tombs. In accordance with this custom, I went with Rozsynay to place a wreath on the tomb of Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian painter, recently deceased at Budapest.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy and kindness of the charming family circle at Pëcs, and we had a most enjoyable visit to that interesting and typical Hungarian town, with its fine church and Bishop's Palace. I was introduced to the Mayor and the Bishop, and charming Countess Feveray, and met all the chief citizens. We also saw something of the country and the peasants and their manner of life, and wonderful embroidered costumes.

The works of Szolnay bore evidence of having gradually grown from small beginnings to very extensive dimensions, and the business seemed an enormous one of many branches. In the pottery department the iridescent glazes were very

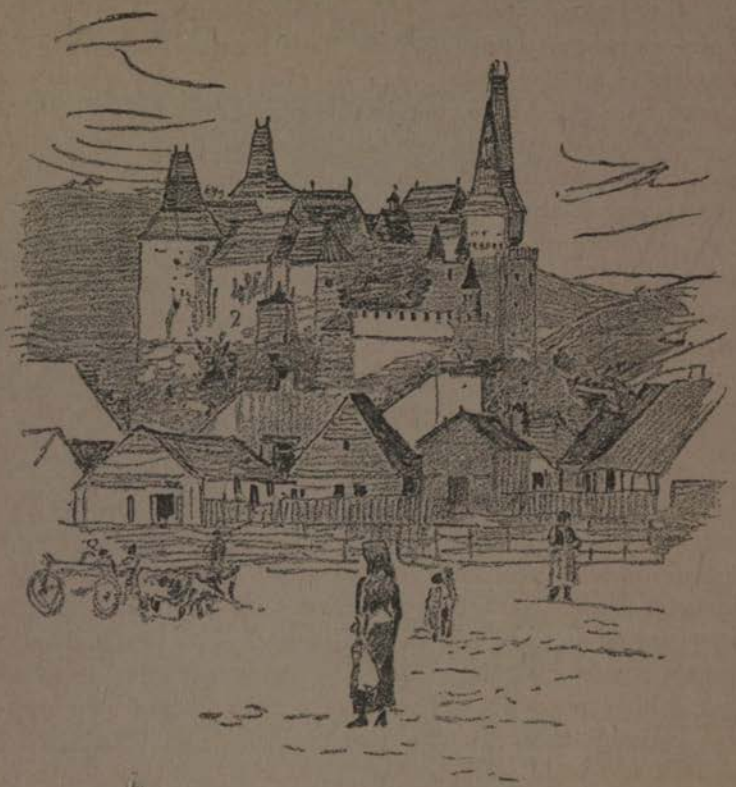
much in favour, and I and my son had an opportunity of experimenting with designs painted in a kind of slip upon black glazed pottery, the white slip becoming iridescent when fired.

Returning to Budapest, we started in another direction to visit Szeged. Here, too, we had a most friendly reception, and a fine suite of rooms placed at our disposal at the best hotel, and a luncheon and a dinner in our honour, as well as a special performance at the theatre, during which the leading comedian sang a song improvising a verse in which he introduced an allusion to my name. Szeged was a town on the plains which had some twelve years before suffered almost complete destruction from the terrible floods which covered that part of the country, and the memory was still cherished of English sympathy and practical help at the time. The town owned an agricultural and forest area of twenty-five miles around it, and the municipal authorities arranged a drive for us over a part of this estate, so as to get a notion of the country. Four or five open carriages-and-pairs conveyed the party, well supplied with fur coats, to various spots of interest, one of which was an important school of forestry, where we halted for lunch. It was a vast plain country, the Carpathian Mountains seen afar off. The crops, principally maize, had been mostly gathered, and the land was being ploughed. The farmhouses with brown thatched roofs, whitewashed walls, and timber upper storey, green shutters to the windows, and small terrace or stoep along the front, were pleasant bits of colour in the autumn landscape, heightened by the masses of red pepper (*paprica*), the pods of which were strung close together and hung against the white walls.

Taking leave of our kind hosts at Szeged, we went on our way, journeying to Arad, famous as a centre of the strife of 1848, and as the scene of Austrian ferocity, when thirteen Hungarian officers were shot. A monument in the centre of the town commemorates this tragedy, which has never been forgotten or forgiven by the Hungarians.

From Arad we continued our journey to the south-east corner of the country to Vaidi Hunyad, where the great castle of Mattias Corvinus stood, a striking group of spired towers

upon a crag. It has been very thoroughly restored, however. There were large ironworks and blast furnaces not very far away, and the red light from these flaring upon the white



walls and towers of the castle suggested contrasting symbols of feudalism and capitalistic industrialism.

There was a distinct Turkish character about the place, little more than a straggling village, with a wide market-place. The less said about the hotel accommodation the

better. "The best was like the worst." The discomfort was increased by recent heavy rains, which had turned the roads into seas of mud. The people seemed poverty-stricken and wretched for the most part.

There was an interesting Greek church, with mural paintings of the eleventh century (which had been varnished), and a fourteenth-century nave attached to it. The priest who showed us round had a comfortable house near by.

From Vaidi Hunyad we continued our tour, entering the beautiful mountainous and woodland scenery of Transylvania, and staying at the ancient seat of learning, Kolosvar. Here, again, we were most hospitably entertained and shown all the places of interest. A special dinner by the Mayor was given in our honour, with English toasts and speeches, and a special performance at the theatre of a national play, and I was invited to go on the stage, behind the scenes, to greet the actors and actresses, who gathered in a brilliant throng to meet us in all the bravery of their costumes, through which I made my way with hand-shakes. Professor Kovacs, of the university there (who spoke English fluently, having lived in London), was particularly kind and anxious to give every information about his country. There was a picturesque market going on in the streets, country carts with their produce being drawn up along the sides, and stalls of all sorts of merchandise. Professor Kovacs pointed out the many different races and types which met here. There were peasants who had migrated from Saxony centuries ago who still had the characteristic fair hair and blond complexion. There were the "Gipsies"—in complete contrast. ("Gipsies" was the name given to the wandering bands of musicians whose wild strains greeted us at the first station on entering Hungary.) There were the Roumanians, who claim descent from an original Roman colony, and they certainly wore the soft skin sandals similar to those of the Campagna peasant, fastened with leather thongs over their linen-bandaged legs and feet; and there were, of course, the Magyars in their semi-oriental white dress, with gay embroidered jackets and riding-boots, sometimes wearing the heavy white overcoat, cloak-wise, with the sleeves hanging.

We were shown the house where King Mattias was born, which had not escaped the restorer's hand. It was to be deplored, too, that the old walls of the town had been allowed to be pulled down—all but a few fragments and an ancient gate. There seemed to be great need for a Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in Hungary.

Bannffy Hunyad was our next halting-place. Here we were entertained at a private house—a friend of Professor Kovacs' and of Rozsynay's—though the lady herself was absent.

I was able to get some sketches of the peasants in their costumes here, and very brilliant in colour they were. They were quite willing to stand for one, too. We saw also a characteristic cottage interior, with its big tiled stove, and beds piled with embroidered pillows. An old woman was sitting at the small window busy at work on an elaborate piece of embroidery, which would take about six months to finish, she said. These peasant embroideries were now being collected extensively by the rich people in the towns, and fine old pieces were becoming rare. Schools of embroidery were being established in the towns to teach the work which the peasantry had taught themselves, and of course, at every remove, the patterns became tamer. It does not seem possible to transform unconscious spontaneous art into conscious learned art, any more than it is possible for wild flowers to flourish in a formal garden.

We returned again for a few days to Budapest, and had some pleasant evenings with various friends. A young artist named Farago had made an amusing caricature of me with M. Wlassics, the Hungarian Minister of Education and Art, with which he presented me, and indeed we returned with many souvenirs of our gratifying and interesting visit.

We left Budapest on November 5, and made the journey back to London in the course of five days, breaking it, to avoid night-travelling, at Vienna, where we had a look at the "Secessionists'" exhibition, then on, in a remarkable building of their own—certainly very original.

Thence to Linz, Linz to Nuremberg, where we had another

look at the Dürer Haus, and so to Cologne and Bruges once more, and I was able to attend a Council at South Kensington on the 10th of November.

CARICATURE BY MR. FARAGO—THE HUNGARIAN MINISTER OF FINE ART AND WALTER CRANE AT BUDAPEST (1900)

On the 21st my wife and I went down to stay at Trentham, the Duchess of Sutherland having asked me, in the summer, to give a lecture at Stoke-upon-Trent, and so it was arranged

that I should give my "Language of Line" lecture with the illustrations, the Duchess undertaking to be in the chair.

The occasion passed off quite successfully. I remember the Hon. George Peel moved a vote of thanks to the Duchess, describing her as "as good as she was beautiful,"—a sentiment we fully endorsed.

I afterwards designed a frontispiece to a book of stories by the Duchess, entitled *The Winds of the World*, a subject I also worked out in colour—a picture in tempera; and I again collaborated by a cover design for a book of hers, *Wayfarers' Love*, a volume of poems by different authors which the Duchess compiled, and which was printed by "The Cripples' Guild," of Stoke, and sold for their benefit.

The Italian garden at Trentham is well planned, and the view of it from the windows, with the lake and the woods beyond softened in the silvery haze of a November morning, had a beauty of its own.

I had to go on to Hanley the next morning to open—this time unaided—an exhibition of the work of Arts and Crafts, and after this to proceed to Manchester to address the Manchester Art Workers' Guild, which had been established before I left the school, much on the lines of our London Guild—and so back to London.

The year ended at my friend Charles Rowley's hospitable round table at the National Liberal Club, where he has of late years introduced an agreeable custom of calling a group of his old friends together at a luncheon. His circle included Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, Mr. Frederick J. Shields, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. William Rothenstein, Prince Kropotkin, Dr. Richard Garnett (whom we have since lost), so that in such literary and artistic company it naturally became "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

Among our distinguished friends of recent years I may mention Professor and Mrs. Churton Collins, who had many interesting gatherings of literary and artistic people at their house. I remember meeting there Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Max Beerbohm one Sunday evening.

I recall, too, a luncheon given by Mrs. Craigie at her

"THE WINDS OF THE WORLD

WALTER CRANE, 1901

house, at which Mr. J. M. Barrie was present, among a company of literary, musical, and artistic people.

A group of artists interested in tempera painting had formed a Society of Painters in Tempera—Mr. J. D. Batten being principally active as organiser, and also as Hon. Secretary.

The group included Mrs. Herringham, known as the learned translator of *Cennino Cennini* and for her copies of early Italian work in the National Gallery, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Joseph E. Southall of Birmingham, Mr. Roger Fry, Mrs. Sargent Florence, Mr. C. M. Gere, Mr. Arthur Gaskin, and Mr. Robert Bateman, with others. We induced the Directors of the New Gallery in their summer exhibition of 1901 to make a special feature of our work, which was shown in a group in the south room. Various kinds of tempera were used, but the principal method was the yolk-of-egg method as practised by Cennino and the early Italian painters, though the work exhibited showed considerable diversity of feeling, ranging from the strict Italian method of Mr. Southall to the free pictorial landscape treatment of Mr. Graham Petrie.

My own contributions were "The Fountain of Youth" and "The Mower," both painted with yolk of egg diluted with water and used with powder colours.

Later, in 1904, the Society had an exhibition of its own at the Carfax Gallery.

Its main purpose, however, has been the exchange of information on tempera painting and allied arts between its members by meetings, papers, and discussions.

In 1901 we paid a visit to Ireland during the summer, taking a furnished house at Killiney, near Dublin. From there we were within easy reach of Bray, Dalkey (memorable as the abode of Michael Davitt), and Powerscourt. Killiney Hill commanded a wonderful view of the Wicklow Mountains and Dublin Bay. We found the outside car excellent for seeing the country, and had a drive of twenty-five miles on one to Glendalough and back. The round towers, ruined churches, and remains of the ancient city were very interesting, and had a character quite distinct from anything one had seen. The lake, too, was fine, with the overhanging crags and the woodland slopes below. The difference of character between

the Irish and English impressed one at once on landing, the Irish manners are so superior. The railway porters seem to take a kindly interest in your welfare, apart from prospective tips, and there is generally a feeling of friendly geniality which makes the ordinary business of life pleasanter than among our more guarded and cold and cautious folk, who also, in many parts, are apt to have an aggressive stare for the stranger.

From Dublin we went west to Killarney, visiting Muckross Abbey and making the round of the Lakes, driving to Dunloo Gap, and then riding over it to take the boats on the other side, working our way past the innumerable original Kate Kearney's cottages, with their alluring nips of potheen, and deafened by the echo-wakers with voice or cornet, taking advantage of their only opportunity in the year to turn an honest (but noisy) penny. We duly had the Eagle's Nest pointed out, and shot the rapids into the waters of the Lower Lake. There can be no doubt of the beauty and charm of the scenery, but the Irish do not seem to be different from the English in exploiting their scenery and in running the tourist, who, largely American, pours through as he does in the English Lake District.

From Killarney we went to Kenmare by train. It was rather a forlorn, bare, and dreary-looking town. There was a convent where the nuns had a school of lace-making, and a permanent exhibition of specimens.

From Kenmare we took the magnificent coach-drive over the mountains to Glengariff, the romantic beauty of which was very striking, with its rocky islands and wooded shores stretching seawards. One realised the "Emerald Isle" to the full in the verdure of the woods, the very trunks of the trees covered with green moss, when, towards evening, after a wet day (as indeed they mostly were), the sunlight would strike through the dripping boughs, making each drop a diamond, and illuminating the leaves with translucent green.

The tourists, of course, mostly carried cameras, and instantaneous photography seemed to be the only art familiar to the native—at least, to judge from a remark of a passing spectator while I was sketching at Glengariff. "That's the old-fashioned way o' doin' it," he remarked to his companions, a group of country people. "While he's a-doin' one picture, they can

take hundreds; it looks better when it's done, but it takes a long while." That it should be allowed that painting looked better than photography when done, was cheering.

From Glengariff we went to Cork, a curious mixture of prosperity and squalor, modern business and happy-go-lucky methods; in a warm and steamy climate, with wet streets and a general waterside character, and the busy dock-life of a port. We heard the sound of Shandon bells, and paid a visit to Blarney Castle, a tall ruined keep rising from pleasantly wooded grounds, a short railway journey off. While at Cork, we went to Youghal, and saw Sir Walter Raleigh's house, and the Boyle monument in St. Mary's. The town had one of its old gates left, and some ancient houses here and there.

I was anxious to see Edmund Spenser's Castle Kilcolman, from which in the Munster rising he was compelled to fly, and, when the castle was burnt, the poet paying dearly for his share in the English domination. To reach Kilcolman we stayed at Mallow, and had a drive on an outside car of seven miles, till we could drive no farther, in fact, as the only road to the castle was a rough wandering track through furze bushes which led us to a marsh. This *may* have been a lake in the winter—as the views of the castle, idealised by the steel engraver, in some of the poet's modern editions show it. Here forget-me-nots grew in quantities in the shallow pools. We picked our way along the edge to where, on a rising green knoll, stood the castle—the ruined shell of a peel tower; blue ridges of mountains beyond, melting into the distance. A more remote spot would be difficult to find, and the absolute stillness of the soft air was unbroken. Only at a farm near the castle, some peasants were getting in a quantity of belated hay.

I made a drawing of the place, and composed the following sonnet:—

This shattered tower—that once was Spenser's home—
Left, like a hollow shell upon the shore,
Empty of echoes, stripped of all its lore,
Beside a marsh where but few pilgrims come,
Yet holdeth speech, as might some ancient tome
Of leaves bereft, by salvage hands that tore,
And left this ruined casket less its core—
A stranded wreck beyond time's ocean foam.

A poet's house upon a pleasant ground,
Glassed in still sedgy pools where gleam the eyes
Of sweet Forget-me-nots to wreathe his name:
Thus stands great Spenser's Tower on Irish ground,
Well nigh his tomb, ill-fated—yet ne'er dies
His Faery Legend in the House of Fame.

KILCOLMAN CASTLE, *Sept.* 11, 1901

Buttevant and Doneraile, too, mentioned in Spenser's verse, we passed through on our way back.

Another place I was anxious to have a sight of was the famous Rock of Cashel. This meant a stop at a road station on our way back to Dublin, and a drive of about six miles in a very rickety car; but the Rock, with its remarkable cluster of buildings, is well worth a pilgrimage, and its records go back to very remote antiquity in the history of Ireland—the stone whereon her ancient kings were crowned being still preserved there. The architecture resembles our later Norman type, and the pile of grey stones with its irregular varied outline is a landmark to the country round.

Near by are the ruins of Hore Abbey. Cashel is in the midst of an agricultural and grazing country, and very charming scenery—when the rain permits the stranger to see it. A market took possession of the town the day we were there. Sheep and cattle filled the streets, and covered even the pavements, farmers' carts alongside, and the farmers in groups everywhere, in busy talk, but quite ready to take a friendly interest in other people's transactions, as when my wife was buying a basket at one of the street waggon-stalls, and the vendor was volubly recommending a particular one as likely to suit, the crowd watching with intense interest, one of them was moved to say, "Let her plase herself"—in quite a friendly way.

At Dublin the Museum of Irish Antiquities was most interesting, and in Trinity College Library we had the pleasure of seeing the renowned Book of Kells, and some fine specimens of the true Irish harp.

The Dublin Horse Show was a big event, and seemed to be a centre of absorbing interest among all classes. The display of horses, jumping, riding, and driving, was very fine, and

there were some lovely animals. There were rings where men showed off their horses, and seemed to ride continuously in a circle, having rather the effect of a live merry-go-round.

The Dublin ladies in their most delicate summer costumes were quite beautiful enough to turn the attention away from the horses.

An interesting visit to the Botanic Gardens should be mentioned, under the guidance of the courteous Director; and, of course, Phœnix Park was duly visited.

But at length our time was up, and the steamer at Kingstown harbour soon bore us homewards.

No less than two different writers applied to me this year for help and material in composing monographs on my work. These were Baron von Schlienitz, who had written one on Burne-Jones for the Knackfuss Series of handbooks on artists, issued by Verhasen & Klasing of Leipzig, and Mr. P. G. Konody, a young Hungarian writer on art, settled in London. It was rather a task to keep both authors supplied with material, but it seems to have been my fate to be called upon in this way, and one has so often been asked for illustrations for newspaper and magazine articles on one's work.

Baron von Schlienitz's book was intended for wide circulation, and was on a smaller scale and issued at a popular price, and was very thoroughly done. I have not the advantage of reading German, but as to illustrations he has been able to give a fairly complete representative selection in small compass.

Mr. Konody's book was much more costly and extensive, and contained a vast quantity of reproductions, many in colour. He was connected with an Art Reproduction Company, who supplied the blocks, and others were original impressions from the blocks, lent by the publishers of my books.

The result was a very full scrap-book or album illustrative of the various sides of my work (published by Messrs. G. Bell & Sons). Unfortunately, Mr. Konody omitted to show me the MS. before the book was printed, and I was rather aghast to find so many mistakes which I could have easily corrected.

For a book of the kind, too, which no one would be likely

to purchase who was not in sympathy with one's work, Mr. Konody seemed rather too anxious to pose as a critic, but his critical remarks seem hardly in agreement, and contradict much of his appreciation.

I found it necessary to have inserted a slip disclaiming all responsibility or sanction for the text of the book, as, owing to my previous personal acquaintance with the author, private and hitherto unpublished sources had been drawn upon by him for the fuller illustration of his book, and it might be supposed I was a collaborator and in full knowledge of what the author had written. I certainly think a critic is going beyond his province — even supposing that criticism is possible in a book which would have no existence but for the help of the works criticised—when he ventures to contradict the artist he is supposed to be explaining, and traverses his subject's own statement of his aims and methods, in effect instructing the artist how he ought to have done his own work. I fear there is no other word for this but impertinence.

I willingly admit Mr. Konody's cleverness and quickness. He no doubt had a far from easy task, and something must be allowed for the assurance of youth, but "we are none of us infallible"—not even art critics!

In the spirit of a little sketch I sent to Mr. M. H. Spielmann, editor of the *Magazine of Art*, under the attentions of my critics and biographers I was "covered with leaves, but not dead yet."

I had had a visit from a delegate of the Italian Committee at Turin, who were projecting a vast exhibition of Decorative Art at that city in 1902, inviting me to organise a British exhibit and to be a large exhibitor myself.

My collection from Budapest had been again on its travels. From the Hungarian capital it went by invitation to Vienna to the Imperial Art and Industrial Museum, and many purchases were made for that collection from it by Prince Leiningen. From there it travelled to Darmstadt, Dusseldorf, and Frankfort, being exhibited at each place in turn. I offered the collection to the Turin authorities, and they accepted it. I then appealed to my colleagues of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society for their co-operation in

forming a representative collection of British work in design and the crafts for Turin, and though it is increasingly difficult to persuade artists and craftsmen to send their works to foreign exhibitions I managed to get together a fairly representative show, which was greatly enriched by the loan of the splendid Morris tapestry of the Seasons from the Victoria and Albert Museum, which also lent a fine series of large photographs from Madox Brown's series of English Worthies.

A large gallery was allotted to the British Section, and plans of the rooms being furnished, I was able to suggest a treatment of the entrances, and to design and paint decorations for them, bearing our symbols and superscription, as well as the national heraldry, and my committee also drew up a plan with cubicles for the better arrangement of our exhibits.

In April I went out for the hanging and arrangement, accompanied by Mr. R. Anning Bell and Mr. Harrison Townsend. We were received at Turin by members of the committee, including Signor Bistolfi, the sculptor. We found the exhibition buildings in progress. They were situated in the fine park which borders the Po, and were wonderful examples of New Art architecture as a rule, the main entrance consisting of two Italianised pylons, covered with wonderful designs in colour. The great dome was equally extraordinary and certainly original, the Italian dramatic sense asserting itself everywhere in the decorations.

Our court was far from complete, and we had much difficulty in getting it finished, as the workmen were frequently called off to other parts. The weather, too, was unusually wet and hindered the drying of the plaster, the heavy rain causing much trouble by finding its way through the roof and streaming down the walls in some places, so that exhibits had to be moved.

We had a very good set of workmen told off to unpack and assist in the placing, and the cases arrived all right. The central room was devoted to the Arts and Crafts Society's show, and my collection was large enough to fill the three other rooms of the British section. Next to us was the

Belgian section, with a very elaborate New Art entrance in plaster—a foretaste of the exhibits within.

The Germans had a very important section, and this was presided over by Herr von Berlepsch (the writer of the Vienna monograph on my work), and he came and sought me out and gave me a cordial greeting. I made the acquaintance of several of the artists engaged, in one way or another, on the decoration of the buildings, and it was the custom for those of all nationalities to meet in the luncheon hour at the restaurant of the Castello Mediæviale, a pleasant place by the riverside connected with a very complete reproduction of a Piedmontese village and protecting castle of mediæval times, astonishingly well done and exact to the smallest details, the buildings being taken largely from existing ones in the neighbourhood of Turin.

Here we had many pleasant international gatherings, made many friendships, and drank each other's health in the Italian wine, the talk being in all manner of tongues.

There was even a proposal to form a large international association of artists, which only needed active organising secretaries to have become an accomplished fact.[1]

There were, of course, official dinners and receptions, with speeches and all the rest of it.

The Artists' Club, too, entertained us in their quarters in a fine old palace, where a flaming tripod of punch was placed in the midst.

Some of us, including Herr von Berlepsch and myself, were entertained at dinner by the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, who came to Turin to attend the opening. In a conversation I had with the Duke he expressed his sympathy with English decorative art, and was glad it was represented in the exhibition, as he considered it was a wholesome protest against the extravagances of l'Art Nouveau. He was an

[1] The International Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers was formed in London after this, and quite independently. Mr. Whistler was the first President, and after his death he was succeeded by M. Rodin. The society has held many striking exhibitions in London and on the Continent. It rather represents the most modern school in art, though not exclusively so, and includes among its members and associates artists of very different and distinct individuality. In the artistic arrangement of its exhibitions it has set an example to the older societies.

extensive patron of art at Darmstadt, where his architect and decorator-in-chief was Herr Olbrich, whose acquaintance I also made at Turin.

At last the opening came, with a royal ceremony. A statue in bronze, by Signor Calandra, of the Duke of Savoy was erected near the main entrance, and stands were put up for the ceremony of unveiling by the King of Italy. I remember the outriders who preceded the royal carriage pranced in on fat cream-coloured horses, precisely of the type one sees in the early painters' work, such as in Paolo Uccello's battle piece in our National Gallery.

My friends Bell and Townsend had to return to London before the opening, and so I was left as the solitary representative of Great Britain, and in this capacity it fell to my lot to receive the King and Queen of Italy in the British section when at the opening they made the tour of the exhibition. I remember a court official running in first to see that I was there.

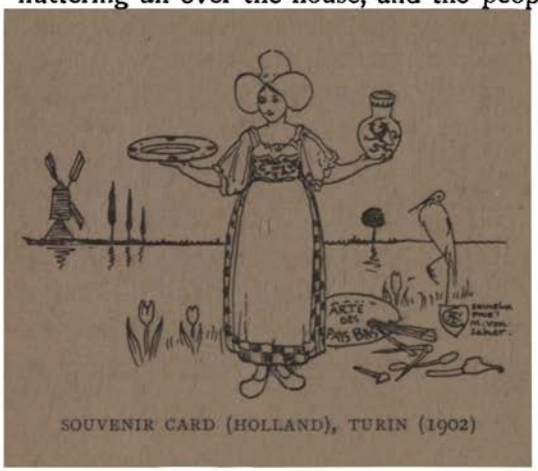
The King was small in stature, in the blue uniform of an Italian general. His manner was very quiet and gentle, and he spoke English perfectly. He remarked that the Queen and himself had known my books for a long time. The Queen left most of the talking to the King, and she too was gentle in manner, and graceful. They both seemed interested in the exhibits, and frequently stopped to examine. The King remarked of my picture of "The World's Conquerors," which was there, that it reminded him of Carpaccio. So they passed through with their train, and I bowed them on to Belgium.

An invitation to the palace followed, but I was due to return to London before the reception came off. The Count of Turin, de Sambuy, was the Chairman of the Exhibition Committee, and the whole thing was under the presidency of the Duc d'Aosta, who also visited our section.

The most exciting and picturesque of the entertainments was the "Carrousel"—a sort of musical ride and equestrian display which took place in a large theatre organised by the Count de Sambuy and the Duc d'Aosta, both of whom were in the performance. The troop of horsemen were in the

costume of mid-seventeenth-century cavaliers. The floor of the theatre was cleared of seats and covered with tan, and on this was figured in colour the Cross of Savoy.

The tiers of boxes ran without break around the threatre, so that the view was uninterrupted from every point. The manœuvres were very graceful and perfectly executed, the horses being wonderfully trained. The finale was pretty. A large floral device forming the Cross of Savoy was brought in and placed in the centre of the theatre. After some movements around it, one of the cavaliers rode up and plunged his sword into it, and immediately out flew a flight of white doves, fluttering all over the house, and the people stretched out their arms to catch them as they made for the edges of the boxes.



SOUVENIR CARD (HOLLAND), TURIN (1902)

Two young men of the German section, Herr Godin and Herr Tiocca (an Alsatian), with whom I had struck up a great friendship, saw me off at the station when the time of my departure from Turin came, and after the graceful foreign custom presented me with an enormous bouquet of lovely roses.

I was afterwards appointed on the jury of the exhibition, and so had to return in August to Turin, when my wife accompanied me. It was, as might have been expected, excessively warm, and the jury business was exceedingly tiring.

My colleagues were—representing France, M. Besnard; Germany, Professors Gröss and Hofmann; Austria, Herr Baumann; Hungary, M. Radiscics (my Budapest friend, whom I had met at the opening in the gorgeous official costume of his country like a glorified Hussar); Holland, Mr. von Saher; Belgium, M. Ferens Gevaerts; the United

States, an Italian representative, the Count Tedesca; and Italy, Signor Calandra, Signor Teserone (Naples), and Signor Melani (Milan); Sweden and Norway, M. Folcka. This International Jury unanimously elected me Presidente d'Onore. M. Besnard was the active President and M. Gevaerts the Secretary. We pounded away for about a fortnight at our awards.

Our labours were lightened by an excursion, arranged by the Count, to Superga, a great church upon a commanding hill a short journey by steam tramway from Turin, from whence a magnificent view of the country, with Monte Rosa and the Alps, could be obtained. All the members of the jury attended, but I think the only ladies were Madame Besnard and my wife. There was a luncheon at the restaurant, whereat the Count presided, and speeches were made and international compliments exchanged, and so a pleasant day was spent.

SOUVENIR CARD (JAPAN), TURIN (1902)

I was not able to attend the final dinner, when the jury, who granted a special Diploma of Honour to me for the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, met together to celebrate the conclusion of their labours before departing for their respective countries, as we had arranged to leave Turin before that took place, so designed a little card for each member as a parting souvenir, and these were afterwards reproduced.

From Turin we went to Varallo, to see the Sacro Monte about which Samuel Butler writes so enthusiastically and so fully in his book on Varallo. Changing at Novaro, where there is a fine church, we worked up among the mountains of the Italian Alps, and found Varallo a very picturesque place, full of interest. Monte Sacro is a monument of the work of Gaudenzio di Ferrari, and is a unique place. A sort of pilgrims'

road winds upon a steep hill and through woods, and near the summit at each turn of the path is a shrine containing a group of life-sized figures in coloured terra cotta, often extremely realistically treated. These groups represent scenes from the Bible stories, beginning with Adam and Eve and ending with the Crucifixion. A railing of pieced woodwork protects these groups, and one peers at them through the interstices of an arabesque. The interior walls of these shrines or chapels are painted in fresco, and form the background to the modelled groups in front. Butler describes each group minutely, and seems to trace the hand of more than one artist in their style of execution and treatment.

On the summit of the hill is a church and other buildings surrounding a cortile with an old fountain in it. There is also a restaurant for the tired pilgrim. The pathways leading from one shrine to another often wander like those of a maze through clipped hedges, and the ground suggests a pleasant mixture of natural woodland and formal garden—pleasant to wander in.

From Varallo we drove in an open carriage to Orta, through a delightful country, and put up at the well-known hostelry facing the beautiful lake, with its island of S. Giulio and interesting church and lovely mountain background. We had another fine drive to Lago Maggiore from here, to Pallanza, and stayed by the lake, visiting Isola Bella, which in former years I had passed in the steamer, and next voyaging up the lake to Laveno, where we found an old-fashioned albergo, kept by an ancient dame, the front of the house hidden in a perfect bower of wistaria, over which hung the quaint metal sign, "Il Moro." "Il Moro" sheltered us for some nights, and we had many rambles by the lake or up the mountain paths, before going on to Como to take the steamer to Cadenabbia, where we made a longer stay and I made many sketches, excurting to Bellagio and Gravedona, where was a most interesting Byzantine church.

At Cadenabbia we met Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Story of Rome, and other friends. The hotels along the lake were filled with English and Americans, who make it a happy hunting-ground at this season of the year. But the time came to turn homewards, which we did by way of Lugano

and Bellinzona, where we broke our journey and admired the striking old fortress and the fine position of the town—which seemed undergoing a process of modernisation, however.

Starting for Lucerne, we fell in with another party of friends in the train returning from their holiday. At Lucerne we went across the lake to climb Pilatus by the new mountain railway. I never saw Lucerne look so dull. A heavy mass of grey cloud lay low down over everything and hid the mountains; but approaching the snowy summit, we emerged into clear air, climbing as it were out of a white sea of rolling clouds that broke like billows at our feet as we gazed across it to the Alpine peaks, which showed above it, exactly resembling rocky islands on a seacoast. A clear roseate sunset followed, and the next morning we saw an equally clear sunrise breaking over the same wondrous sea of white cloud. We had only one other fellow-traveller to the summit, and he was an Australian. Next morning, however, a train-load of tourists came up and filled the hotel; but the clouds followed them, and soon became a thick white fog through which nothing could be discerned—one might as well have been in the lowest valley. We felt ourselves rather fortunate to have had a clear peep before it rolled up.

We again broke our journey home at Basel, and I enjoyed a good look at the Holbein drawings, and also at the collection of Arnold Böcklin's pictures, which I had not before seen, and found them very original, romantic, and brilliantly painted, though often full of sharp contrasts.

The street fountains of Basel are extremely interesting. They generally consist of a central column or pedestal rising boldly from a wide and sometimes hexagonal basin with a flat stone edge about three feet from the ground. The water shoots from moulded leaden or iron spouts at the base of the column at a convenient distance for filling pitchers, to support which an iron grill is placed under each spout. The column or pedestal is surmounted by an image of some kind, generally of heraldic character—perhaps an armed knight or a lion. I made a note of one with a chamois at the top.

There is also a very interesting historical museum in the city, an old church having been annexed for the purpose. A

series of historic rooms illustrating different periods, complete with their proper furniture and accessories of all kinds, occupy the positions down each side of the nave which are usually occupied by chapels, and besides the antiquities in these there is a very rich collection of weapons, costumes, pottery, metal-work, carved wood, and decorative objects of all kinds illustrating the art of the country. Such a museum of national art—of the art of the people—is really understood and popular, and it seems to me that our Continental neighbours—whether Swiss, German, or French—in realising the importance and interest of such museums, and in understanding their arrangement, are in advance of us, as we have not a museum of national domestic art. It is to be hoped that it will be found possible to arrange a group of English mediæval art in the New South Kensington Museum building.

As the result of my work at the Turin Exhibition, I received early in the following year this letter from the British Consul at Turin:—

"TURIN, *January* 10, 1903

"SIR,—H.M. the King of Italy, under proposal of H.R.H. the Duke of Aosta, President of the First International Exhibition of Modern Art in Turin, has conferred to you the *Croce di Grande Ufficiale nell' ordine della Coronia d'Italia*, and has remitted to H.R.H. the Duke of Aosta the ensigns for being forwarded to you on my behalf.

"Please to fill up the enclosed form and return it to me in order to be able to compile the diploma.

"Under separate cover, registered, I am sending you the ensigns.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"GIACINT CASSINI, Vice-Consul

"WALTER CRANE, Esq.
Holland Street, Kensington, London"

This was a little surprise-packet for me. It was the first intimation I had had of anything of the sort, and the announcement and the order came tumbling in at the same moment.

In due course came the formal Diploma from "Sua Maestà Vittorio Emanuele III. per grazia di Dio e per volontà della

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

WALTER CRANE, 1901

Nazione Re d'Italia," etc., setting forth in beautiful language the why and the wherefore of the thing and signed by the Chancellor of the Order. This, too, was accompanied by a document from our King Edward VII., giving me "Greeting" and duly licensing me to "accept and wear" the order. "Given at Our Court at Sandringham the eighth day of January 1903 in the second year of Our reign."

The King's signature being at the head of the document and that of A. Akers Douglas at the foot.

I believe this direct method of conferring an order is a little unusual. Foreign orders to English subjects, except in the services, are seldom licensed by the Foreign Office, and it appears doubtful if they have any power to do so, such permission resting with the King.

The order in my case certainly came quite unsought, and was, as I have said, a surprise.

I had the King's signature to another document in the same month of the same year, curiously enough. This was the Diploma of my full membership of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, dated the 2nd day of January 1903.

I cannot say, either, that I am without honours in my own country, as in 1904 the Albert Gold Medal of the Society of Arts was conferred upon me, "in recognition of the services rendered to Art and Industry by awakening popular interest in Decorative Art and Craftsmanship, and by promoting the recognition of English Art in the forms most material to the commercial prosperity of the country." This medal has usually been won by men eminent in science and mechanical invention. Such names as Rowland Hill, Michael Faraday, Lord Kelvin, Lord Lister, Sir William Crookes, Professor Bell, figure in the list of past recipients of the medal, but I do not find any names of artists.

The medal was presented by the Prince of Wales on July 5, 1905, at Marlborough House, where I attended to receive it from his hands at the same time with Lord Rayleigh, on whom was conferred the same medal for the year 1905, one medal only in each year being conferred. A large number of the Council of the Society of Arts were present,

headed by Sir William Abney, the Chairman, and my former chief at South Kensington. My excellent friend Sir George Birdwood, chairman of the "Applied Art Section," was also there.

If a man may take such distinctions as the outward and official marks of public recognition of his work, they cannot but be gratifying as such, however far short of his ideals and aims he may feel his efforts to be. Every movement, too, depends upon the effective co-operation of many, and all social progress upon the efficient labour in the humblest sphere, quite as much as on those in the higher. The thought of the enormous indebtedness of the individual, however capable, to the community at large and to the fellow-workers who have constructed the ladder by which a man rises, or the scaffolding by means of which he is able to build, should keep his estimate of his own powers modest.

I did not intend these reminiscences to extend beyond the nineteenth century, but having noted such recent happenings as are covered by the date 1905, I cannot conclude my book without reference to the death of our great painter, G. F. Watts, who passed away in the summer of 1904. In him too I lost a generous and valued friend. I saw him at Little Holland House only about a fortnight before his death, one Sunday afternoon, when he sat in his usual nook, a recess at the end of his sitting-room, where he received his visitors, when not in his studio. He talked with his usual keen interest in art and life, and his artistic observation seemed as alert as ever, though he complained of some kind of trouble or pain in his face.

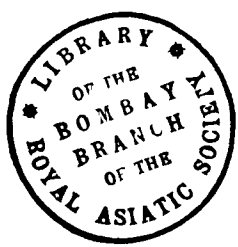
Shortly after this he went into the country to Limnerslease, where he died on 3rd July.

I was moved to offer the following tribute to his memory:—

Lo! regal death hath set his seal, and crowned
The Master's work, whose sentient hand hath limned
The shadow of Love's threshold, and with eyes undimmed,
Through life's prismatic veil, hath seen enthroned
That shape majestic, and his image zoned
In Art's rich record—by youth's fountain brimmed,
As foe, or gentle friend—his triumph hymned
To unheard music on celestial ground.

As in his great design, from noble strife
He rests at last, whom mourns a nation now;
His meed of honour, love, and praise well won,
In singleness of aim, in simple life,
Wrapt in high thoughts, as clouds enfold the sun,
And splendid with the mind's internal glow.

July 3, 1904



INDEX

Abbey, E. A., of America, 456
Abney, Sir William, 452, 496
Académe of Plato, 319
Academy, the Royal, Antique School, 4; position in 1857, 38; rejection of W. Crane's works, 160; attitude towards the Grosvenor, 175–76; the agitation of 1886 against, 286–98; Holman Hunt's letter to the *Times*, 289–94
Accademia, the, Venice, 122, 228
Achurch, Janet, in *A Doll's House*, 335
Acland, A. H. D., 461
Acropolis, Athens, 315–16
Acton, village of, 36
Adamites, the, 347
Æolian Hall, the, 323
Airlie, Countess of, 170
Aitcheson, George, 164, 165, 215, 217
Albano, 242
Albany, Duke of, death of, 280
Albugo Cappucini, Amalfi, 144
Alderley family, 3
Alderney, 437
Aldwych, 53
Alexandra, Queen, 283
Alford, Lady Marian, 164
All Saints', Margaret Street, 78, 79
—— Souls', Langham Place, 113
Allen, George, publication of the *Faerie Queene*, 429, 430
—— Grant, *The Woman who Did*, 335 *note*; Socialism, 420
Allingham, William, 164
Alma, Battle of the, 17
Alt Buda, 473
Alum Green, 69
Amalfi, description, 143–46
Ambas, Castle of, 120
Amberley Down, 99
Ambleside, 108–9, 432
Amendola, M., sculptor, 106
America, visit to, 360–409
Amiens Cathedral, 436
Ana Capri Steps, Edgar Barclay's picture, 128
Anagni, 147
Ancoats Brotherhood Hall, 417
Andrews, Miss Mary Frances (Mrs. Crane), 100; illness of, 110
—— Thomas, Esq., of Wynchlow Hall, 100, 111
Angelo, Michael, "David," 124; frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, 139
Anisquam (Mass.), 405
Ansdell, R., 38, "Donkeys on a Common," 40
Anstey's Cove, 26
Antwerp, 113–15; Cathedral, 115
Aosta, Duc d', 489
Applied Art, section of the Society of Arts, 299
Ara Cœli Church, Rome, 135
Arad, Hungary, 475
Arch of Titus, Rome, 126, 226
Archer, William, 282; translations of Ibsen, 335
Architectural League, New York, 389
Arena Chapel, Padua, 124
Arezzo, 125, 226
Argyle Square, 64, 73
—— Street, Socialist meeting in, 271
Arizona, 383
Arms, etc., of the Crane family, 6
Armstrong, Thomas, 164, 183, 186, 199, 246, 307, 308 *note*; letter to W. Crane, 246–47; retirement from South Kensington, 451
Arno, Bocca d', Rome, 239
Arnold, Matthew, 194, 249
Aros Bridge, Isle of Mull, 248
Art, Decorative, International Exhibition of 1862, 72; reaction against the Second Empire style, 103; development of, 156; wallpapers, 158; Turin Exhibition of, 486–92
—— Japanese, 152
—— Needlework, Royal School of, 164, 444
—— Workers' Guild, 224, 235, 296, 333, 418, 452; W. Crane's Mastership ends, 334; copied in Philadelphia, 401; the Manchester, 480
Artists' Club, Turin, 488

Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, 308, 326, 327, 331, 416, 439, 466, 480; first Exhibition, 296–99; first circular, 299–301; success of the, 302–4; the Liverpool Congress, 324–25; dinner to W. Crane, 335; finances of the, 348–49; Exhibition at Turin, 486–92
—— and Crafts, School of, Camberwell, 358
—— Club, 444; of Budapest, 470
Arundel Castle, 64, 235
Aschaffenburg, 117; sketch, 118
Ashbee, Mr. C. R., 454
Asquith, Mr., defence of the Socialists, 268
Assisi, 125, 226
Assmannshausen, 117, 426
Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, 131, 206
Athens, 315–18
Atrani, 144
Atreus, Treasure House of, 319
Attenborough (pawnbroker), 150
Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, 378
Audley End, 418
Austin, Alfred, 448
Austria, exhibits of W. Crane's work in, 430
Avalon, 418
Aveling, Dr., 256, 260
—— Eleanor Marx, 256, 257
Avricourt, 468
Ayres, Alice, 359

Babbicombe, 26
Baireuth, 422–25
Baker, Mr. James, 312, 318, 319; trip to Bohemia, 339–48
Bakounine, Michael, 258
Balfour, Mr., 217
—— Mr. Eustace, 162
Bamborough, 176
Bancroft, Mr., 423
Bannffy Hunyad, Hungary, 478
Barbari, riding of, 135–36
Barbarossa, Frederigo, 348
Barberini Palace, Rome, 127
Barbican, 63
Barclay, Edgar, 128, 130
—— the Misses, 132
Bare, Mr. Blomfield, 401
Barnacre, Lady Bective's house, 445–46
Barnard, Frederick, 81, 100
Barnard's Inn Hall, 334, 335
Barnes, G. N., 467
Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry, 130
Barrie, J. M., 481
Barrington, Hon. Mrs. Eric, 434
—— Mrs. Russell, 165, 359; letter to W. Crane, 232–33
Bartoldi, statue of Liberty, 189
Barwell, Mr. F., 206
Base-ball, 399
Basel, Holbein drawings at, 493; description of town, 493–94
Basilica Julia, of the Forum, 126
Basket, Thomas, printer, 3
Bateman, James, F.R.S., 98
—— Robert, 87, 481; "The Witch of Endor," 98
Bates, Harry, 301
Baths of Caracalla, Rome, 126
Batten, J. D., 481
Battersea, Lord, 212, 422
Baumann, Herr, 490
Bavaria, the bronze statue of, 119, 403
Bax, E. Belfort, 256, 257; *Time*, 271
Bayeux Cathedral and tapestry, 436
Bayley, Aldrich, poet, 371
Bayliss, Sir Wyke, 358
Bayswater Road, 36
Beaconsfield, Lord, 92, 305 *note*
Beales, Mr., 92, 93
Beardsley, Aubrey, 415–16
Beaulieu, 68, 69
Beaumont Lodge, 154, 165–66, 170, 410
—— Mr. Somerset, 106, 111; commission, "The Advent of Spring," 149–50, 155; M.P. for Wakefield, 222–23
Beauvais Cathedral, 435–36
Beavor Lodge, 177
Beck Common, 35, 40–41
Beck, J. W., 322
Bective, Countess of, 445, 446
Bedford, Duke of, 199
—— Park, 36, 40
Bedloe's Island, 402
Bedruthen Steps, Cornwall, 431
Beerbohm, Max, 480
Beesley, Professor, 80
Beethoven, birthplace, 115
Bell, G., & Sons, 418, 485
—— Hamilton, 390
—— I. Lowthian, 150
—— Miss. *See* Stanley, Mrs. Lyulph
—— R. Anning, 487
Bella, Isola, 492
Bellagio, 492
Bellamy, Edward, *Looking Backward*, 367; *The Nationalist*, 367–68
Bellini, Giov., 122
Bellinzona, 493
Bellosguardo, 155, 352
Benson, Eugene, 130
—— W. A. S., 283, 298, 301
Benthall Hall, Shropshire, 98
Beresford, Miss, 238
Berlepsch, Herr von, of Munich, 488
Berlin, exhibition of W. Crane's works, 430

Berry Head, 26.
Berry Pomeroy Castle, 26
Besant, Annie, in the Socialist movement, 94, 258, 267, 269, 270
Besnard, M., of France, 490
—— Mme., 491
Bettws-y-Coed, 101
Bewick, Thomas, 44, 47
Biddulph Grange, 98
Bierstadt, American landscape painter, 391
Biggar, Joe, 266
Bijou Theatre, 63
Bi-manual training, by Liberty Tadd, 400–1
Bingen, 117
Binyon, Mr., 141
Birdwood, Sir George, 496; *The Industrial Arts of India*, 299
Birmingham School of Art, 262
Birrell, Mr. Augustine, 247–48, 461
Biscay, Bay of, 312
Bistolfi, Signor, sculptor, 487
"Black Rabbit," Arundel, 64
Blackburn, Mr. Henry, 360
Blackdown, Surrey, 178
Blake, William, 347
Bland, Mrs. Herbert (E. Nesbit), 258
Blarney Castle, 483
Blickling Hall, 212, 213
Blomfield, Reginald, 449
"Bloody Sunday," 267
Blue-fish-catching, 407
Board of Education, relations with the South Kensington College of Art, 460–61
Boarzell, 156
Böcklin, Arnold, 456, 493
Bodensee, the, Constance, 425–26
Bodichon, Mme., 164
Bohemia, trip to, 339–48; exhibits of W. Crane's works in, 430
Bohemisch Aicha, 341
Bolas, Thomas, 271
Bologna, 124, 226
Bolsover Castle, 205
Bond Street Exhibition, 289, 360
Boni, Signor, 226
Bonn Church, 115
Borowsky, M., of Prague, 344
Bosham, 419
Boston, Customs at, 362–63; sights of, 363–75
—— Art Museum, 360; the W. Crane exhibition at, 368; Philippine and Japanese collection, 368–69
Botha, General, 463
Botticelli, 117; "Spring," "Venus," 125
Boughton, G. H., 199; artists' ball given by, 200
Bow Street, trials of Socialists, 268, 269
Bozen, town of, 120
Bradbury & Evans, *Once a Week*, 51
—— Mr., of *Punch*, 96
Bradlaugh, Charles, 94
Bramshill, 418
Brantwood, home of John Ruskin, 67 *note*, 445–48
Bray, 481
Brenner Railway, the, 120
Brenner-See, the, 120
Brewtnall, E. F., 223
Bridge House, Hammersmith, 157
—— of Boats, the, 117
—— of Sighs, Venice, 121
Bridges, Dr., 80
Bright, John, 95
Britannia, training-ship, 220
British Legation, Rome, 151
British Museum, Reading Room, 67
Brixham, 23, 26
Brock, Thomas, firework displays, 460, 465, 467
Brodrick, Hon. G. C., 193
"Brompton Boilers," 43–44
Brook Green, 36
Brooke, Lady (now Countess of Warwick), 413
—— Rev. Stopford, 106, 109, 150, 181, 182; *Riquet with the Tuft*, 221
Brookfield, near Hathersage, 76–77
Brooklyn Institute, 402
Brown, Dr. John, of Harper's Ferry, 371
—— Ford Madox, 72, 96; exhibition in Piccadilly, "Work," 82; frescoes in Manchester Town Hall, 201; letter to W. Crane and death of, 414; "English Worthies," 487
—— (Mrs.) Ford Madox, death, 353
—— Fredk., 295
—— Mr., of Selkirk, 71; death, 351
Browne, Hablot K., "Phiz" illustration, 32
Browning, 249
Brownlow, Lord and Lady, 216
Brozik, V. de, 456
Bruges, Nôtre Dame, 426
Brunswick Hotel, Boston, 363
Brussels, International Exhibition, 1897, 443–44
Bryce, Mr. James, 170
Budapest, visit to, 305–7; description of the city, 472–73; the W. Crane exhibition, 467–78
Budweiss, Bohemia, 346
Buller, Mr. Wentworth, tapestry work, 241–42
Bumpus, Mr. (bookseller), 61
Burden, Miss, 164
Burdett Road Cemetery, 269

Burford Bridge Inn, Dorking, 196
Burges, William, 72
Burgin, Mr., 461
Burgmair, "Triumphs of Maximilian," 44*
Burn, James, 275
Burnand, Sir F. C., offer regarding a Christmas book, 184
Burne-Jones, Lady, 132, 358; MS. of the Rubaiyat, 163, 251 *note*
—— Sir Edward, 72, 160, 199, 456; works, 82–84, 104–5; personality, 105; letters to Walter Crane *quoted*, 161, 209; frieze of Palace Green House, 167–70; pictures at the Grosvenor, 175; design at home of Birket Foster, 178; "Venus's Mirror," 200; exhibition at the New Gallery, 322, 323; "The Depth of the Sea," 323; "Windows," 374–75; death of, 450
Burns, John, Socialistic meetings, 256, 261, 262, 263–64; arrest, 267; trial, 268; release, 271; the dock strike, 332; anecdotes, 357
Burnum, Mr., 377
Burr, John, 81
Burtchaeli, Mrs., School of Embroidery, 242
Burton, Sir Frederick, 84
—— Sir Richard, personality, 195–96
—— W. K., 271, 458
Butler, Lady Elizabeth, 150
—— Samuel, book on Varallo, 491–92
Butterfly-catching at Torquay, 24
Buttevant, 484
Byron, Lord, 202; house in Venice, 121; sketch, 122
Bywell Castle, 112

Cadenabbia, 492
Cadness, Mr. Henry, 417
Caen, 436
Cæsars, Palace of the, Rome, 126, 149
Caius College, Cambridge, 247
Calandra, Signor, 491; bronze statue of Duke of Savoy, 489
Caldecott, Alfred, of Cambridge, 247
—— Randolph, "Children's Books" of, 183, 184; letter to W. Crane, 245–46; death of, 246–47; grave of, 394–95
Calshot Castle, 70
Cambridge (Mass.), 371
—— School of Art, 247
Campagna, plain of the, 125
Campbell, Lord Walter, 264
Campbell, Paul, *Christian Socialist*, 257
Campden Hill, 36
Canterbury Cathedral, 426
Canterbury Music Hall, 62
Cantor lectures at the Society of Arts, 327, 415
Capel Curig, 101
Capello, Venice, 352
Capo le Case, Rome, 147, 237
Cappucine Convent, Amalfi, 145
Capri, 128, 130; description, 141–42; water-spouts of, 143
Cardiff, 5
Carfax, 481
Carisbrooke, I. of W., 108
Carlisle, Earl of (1871), 112. *See also* Howard, Hon. George
Carlton House Terrace, 216, 217
Carlyle, Thomas, 208; *Shooting Niagara*, 94
Carmel, Mount, Religious Colony of, 314
Carnforth, Arts and Crafts Exhibition at, 445
Carnival in Rome, 135–38, 151
Carolina, 393
Carpaccio, 122
Carpenter, Edward, *England's Ideal*, 260; letter to W. Crane, 261–62
Carr, Comyns, 164, 176, 199; editor of *English Illustrated Magazine*, 163, 249; resignation from the Grosvenor, 321–22
Carrara, mountains of, 225; wine-making in, 349–50; quarries of, 351
Carroll, Lewis. *See* Dodgson, Mr. C.
Carte, Mr. D'Oyley, 236
Cashel, Rock of, 484
Cassell, Messrs., 195, 429; *Æsop's Fables*, 59; *The Merrie Heart*, 100
Cassini, Giacint, Vice-Consul, Turin, 494
Castellamare, 140
Castello Mediæviale, Turin, 488
Castle Howard, 222
Castleton, 74, 78
Cava dei Terreni, 146–47
Cave, Walter, 323
Cawsand Bay, 91
Cennino, methods of, 481
Central London Railway, 360, 410
Century Club, New York, 129
Century Guild, the, 371
Cephalonia, ss., 361, 408
Cervaro Caves, Rome, 137
—— Festival, Rome, 136–37
Chambers's *Encyclopædia*, 67
Champion, H. H., 256, 263
Champneys, Basil, 103
Chandos Street, 113
Charing Cross Hotel, 298
Charrington, Charles, in *A Doll's House*, 335
Charter House, 338
Chartists, 45

Chase, Colonel, of Boston, 362
—— Miss, 362
Chatsworth, 78
Chavannes, Puvis de, 456
"Chelsea Conspirators," the, 295, 298
Cheong Sue, Chinese guide, 385–86
Chester—
  Art School, 420–21
  Cranes of, 2–5
  Infirmary, 2–3
  Musical Festival of 1829, 3 *note*
  Visit to, 64–65
Chiaia, the, Naples, 139
Chicago—
  Art Institute, 380
  Description of the city, 378
  Exhibition of 1903, 95
  Labour Party, 266, 364–66
  Socialism in, 380–81
  Walter Crane's collection at, 380
  Women's Temperance Building, 405
  World's Fair, 376–78
Children's picture books, development of colour printing for, 74–76, 107, 148, 155, 157
Childs, Professor, 442
Chilton Church, near Sudbury, 5, 6
China Town, San Francisco, 385–86
Chinese quarters in Californian towns, 384
Chiswick Press, 429
Chowdowiechi, artist, 181
Christchurch College, 234
Christian, H.R.H. Princess, 164, 444
—— Socialists, 257
Christie, Mrs., 460
Christie's Rooms, 133, 460
Christ's Hospital School, 35, 39
Church Farm, 111
Cia-Venezia Murano, 241 *note*
Circuses at Torquay, 19–20
City of Chicago, 409
Civil War, the American, of 1861, 66
Clare Lawn, East Sheen, 308
Clark, R. & R., 229, 354
Clarke, Joseph, of Saffron Walden, 52
—— Miss, governess, 27, 52
—— Sir Caspar Purdon, 392
—— Somers, 301
Clausen, George, 299; movement for the National Exhibition of Art, 286–88
Clifford, Edward, 87, 150
Clifford's Inn Hall, 334
Clubs, the Boston, attitude towards W. Crane, 365–68
Cobden-Sanderson, T. J., 298, 439, 466; connection with the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, 301, 302; Socialist work, 327; lecture on bookbinding, 458
Cobham Hall, 418; sketch of, 419
Coblenz, 115–16
Cody, Colonel, 310
Coglan, John, 5
—— Mrs. (Aunt Emma), 5
Coke, A. Sacheverell, 88, 223
Cole, Alan, 445, 459
Coleman, Charles Caryl, 129
—— John, 130
—— W. S., 91, 92
Coliseum, Rome, 126, 152
Collegium Urbanum, Rome, 125
Collier, Hon. John, 191, 192
—— Leicester, 432
Collins, Professor Churton, 480
Collinson & Lock, Messrs., 237
Colnaghi, Messrs., 39
Cologne, 115
Colonnos, 319
Colour-printing, development of, 74–75, 107
Colvin, Professor Sydney, 104, 196
Combe Bank, near Sevenoaks, 190, 192–93, 218, 219
Comet of 1861, 64
Commune, the Paris, 102; refugees in Lordon, 106
Compton-Wynyates, 418
Comte, Auguste, 80
Concord, 369–75
Congress of—
  Architects of Boston, 368–69
  Art, at Liverpool, 324–25; at Edinburgh, 325–27
  Oriental Scholars, Vienna, 306
  Painters, at St. Louis, 382
Coningsbee lightship, the, 409
Coniston, 446, 448
Constance, Lake, 425
Conway, Moncure D., 101, 194, 391, 414, 461
—— Sir Martin, 324
'Coon of Nantucket, the, 406–7
Cooper Institute, New York, 402
Copley Collection, Boston, 368
Coppi, Signor, 454
"Corbans," the, 23
Corbett, M. Ridley, A.R.A., 127, 239
—— Mrs. Ridley. *See* Edenborough, Miss
Corinth, 315; the canal works, 319
Cork, 483
Coronio, Mme., 218, 319
Corpo di Cava, 147
"Corsican brothers," the, 200
Corso, the, Rome, during Carnival, 135–36, 151
Corvinus, Mattias, 473; castle of, 475–76
Cosmopolitan Club, 292

Costa, Giovanni, 105, 127–28, 131, 149, 239
Coulon, police spy, 260
Council of Advice on Art, to Board of Education, 459
Courbet, French artist, 106
Courtney, Mr. Leonard, 463
Coutances, 436
Craig, Mr., 262
Craigie, Mrs., 480–81
Craik, Mr. G. L., 157, 214
Crane, Beatrice, 157, 193, 283; birth, 151; poems of, 195; sketch, 234; visit to America, 361; Baireuth tour, 422
—— Henry, engraver for *Fun*, 97
—— Lancelot, 210, 381, 407; sketch, 211; goes to America, 361; poster for the Budapest Exhibition, 470
—— Lionel, birth, 165; sketch, 166; in Florida, 283, 397–98; coming of age, 449
—— Lucy, death of, 229–30
—— Mrs. (Walter), 242–43, 283, 377, 422, 431, 490, 491
—— Mrs. (mother of Walter Crane), 1, 31–32, 157
—— Parson, cousin, 2 and *note*
—— Sir Francis, of the Mortlake Tapestry, 5; his arms, 6
—— Sir Richard, 5
—— Sir Robert, 5; his arms, 6
—— Thomas (father of Walter), arms, 1, 6, 14, 29, 39, 53–54
—— Thomas, brother of Walter, 30, 275; work of, 159–60
—— Walter—
Books—*Walter Crane's Picture Book*, 156; *Mrs. Mundi at Home*, 158–59; *The Baby's Opera*, 178, 179, 180, 184; *The Baby's Bouquet*, 189; *Pan-pipes*, 229; *Baby's Own Æsop*, 276–78; *The Claims of Decorative Art*, 354; *A Floral Fantasy in an Old English Garden*, 452
Caricatures—86, 87, 193
Designs—for the Silver Cup chasing, 186–87, 245, 246; of tableaux for Prof. Warr, 284–86; panels for the *Ophir*, 323; for Seal of London County Council, 332–34; "The Triumph of Labour," 354–55; panels for Red Cross Hall, 359–60; for window at Newark, N. J., 389
Friezes, etc.—Frieze for Mr. De Murietta, 156; for Mr. Eustace Smith, 166; at Palace Green, 167–70, 188, 189; the Newport frieze, 239–40, 243, 373–75; for Sir F. Wigan, 308; for Chicago World's Fair, 389; for Sir Weetman Pearson, 444–45; ceiling for Dr. Spottiswoode, 189–91; mosaic design for house of Mr. Hodgson, 217
Frontispieces—for Robert L. Stevenson, 196–98; for *Chants of Labour*, 261–62; designs for various covers of magazines, 271; Frontispieces for Elkin Mathews' publications, 353–54; for "England to her own Rescue," 426
Illustrations and Cartoons—for *Entertaining Things*, 66; for children's books, 74, 76, 107, 148, 155, 157, 178–80, 183; for *The Merrie Heart*, 100; for wallpapers, 158; Christmas cards, 159; illustration for *The First of May*, 209; cartoon for *Justice*, 263; illustration of Hawthorne's *Wonder Book*, 396; of Edmund Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, 429–30; to the *Shepheard's Calendar*, 443; cartoon, "Peace," 464–65; Bible illustrated, 486
Lectures—on "The Architecture of Art," 235; "Why Socialism Appeals to Artists," 371; "Design in Relation to Use and Material," 373; "Art and Modern Life," 380; "Impressions of America," 414 *note*; "Line and Form," 418; "The Bases of Design," 418; "Needlework as a Mode of Artistic Expression," 444; "The Language of Line," 470, 480
Masque—*Beauty's Awakening*, 452–54
Poems—*A Herald of Spring*, 249; *Thoughts in a Hammock*, 249; *The Sirens Three*, 249–52, 276; book of poems, *Renascence*, 353, 365, 400; verses of *Flora's Feast*, 354
Portraits—Mrs. Fred. Harrison, 164; Mrs. Lyulph Stanley, 164
Sonnets—to William Morris, 251; on Watts' "The Soul's Prism," 252–53; written in Wales, 311; on Lord Leighton's grave, 435; on death of William Morris, 439–40; to accompany "Britannia's Vision," 445; on Kilcolman Castle, 483–84; on death of G. F. Watts, 496–97
Works—"The Lady of Shalott" (R.A. 1862), 70–71, 70 *note*; "La Belle Dame sans Merci" (1865), 71, 244, 430; "The Eve of St. Agnes" (1864), 71; "Twilight," 85; "Freedom," 95, 276; "Red Cross Knight in Search of Una," 106; "Arch of Titus," 131; "The Grotto of Egeria," 131; "At

Crane, Walter—*continued*
Works—*continued*
Home: A Portrait," 133; "A Herald of Spring," 138–39; "Annunciation," 149; "The Death of the Year," 149; "The Advent of Spring," 150, 155, 217; "Keats' Grave," Rome, 151–52; "Triptych from Winter's Tale," 156–57; "Amor Vincit Omnia," 160; "Winter and Spring," 161–62; "The Sirens Three," 163–64, 206; "The Earth and Spring," 165; "Medmenham Abbey," 166–67; "The Renascence of Venus," 174 and *note*, 231, 467; "The Laidley Worm," 176; "The Fate of Persephone," 188; "Venus," 189; "Europa," 216–17; "The First of May," 217; "Truth and the Traveller," 217, 410, 430; "The Roll of Fate," 230–31; "Diana and Endymion," 243 and *note*, 410; "The Viking's Bride," 243; "The Viking's Wooing," 243; "Beauty sat Bathing by a Spring," 244; "The Bridge of Life," 244–45, 431; the blunder regarding, 356–57; "In a London Garden," 244; "Pandora," 273, 368; "The Riddle of the Sphinx," 276; "The Chariots of the Hours," 311, 430, 432; "Flora," 321; "Pegasus," 321; "A Water Lily," 322; "A Diver," 334; "Madonna of the Vineyards," 351; "Flora's Feast," 368; "Neptune's Horses," 408, 415; "The Swan Maiden," 429; "England's Emblem," 431–32; "Britomart by the Sea," 432; "Britannia's Vision," 445; "The Fountain of Youth," 481; "The Mower," 481; "The World's Conquerors," 489
Cranes of Chester, 2–5
—— of East Anglia, 5
Cremer, Mr., 92.
Crimean War, 25
"Cripples' Guild," of Stoke, 480
Cromer, 210
Crook, Mr., the *Echo*, 462
Crookes, Sir William, 495
Crosthwaite, 449
Crowe, Mr. Eyre, A.R.A., 206
Crowninshield, Mr., 129
Crystal Palace, Labour May Day, 466–67
Culoz, 349
Cundall, Mr., of South Kensington, 467
Curran, Pete, 467.
Cwm Bycham, lake of, 310
Cycle-riding, early, 434

"Daddy's (or Devil's) Hole Plain," Torquay, 25–26
Daguerre, 13
Dale, Miss, *First Steps to Reading*, 443
Dalgetty, Major, 15
Dalkey, 481
Dalou, M., sculptor, 106
Dalpeyrat, M., 308 *note*
Dalziel Bros., *The Arabian Nights*, 96
—— Edward, engraver, 96, 142
Damien, Father, 87
Dana, R. H., 194
Dante, tomb of, 227
Darmstadt, Walter Crane exhibition at, 486
Darnley, Lord, 418
Darwin, Charles, 80
Davies, Louis, 249, 454
—— William, poet, 238
Davitt, Michael, 266, 272, 481
Dawson, Mr., a Nottingham painter, 40
—— Nelson, 442
Day, Lewis F., 298, 301, 329; starting of "The Fifteen," 223–24
De Cesnola Collection, New York, 392
Deal, 203
Dean, Forest of, 171
Decorative Art. *See* Art
Delamere, Lady, of Vale Royal, 3
Deland, Mrs. Margaret, 371; *Old Garden*, 415
Delarey, General, 463
Dene, Dorothy, letter to W. Crane, 284–85
Denmark, Walter Crane exhibits in, 431
Dent, Messrs., 415
Denver City, 388
Derby, Earl of, 171, 446
Derbyshire, painting in, 76–78
Deschamps, C. W., 281
Deuart Castle, 248
Deva, the, 4
Devonshire, Duke of, 77, 78, 205, 452, 461
Dickens, Charles, and "The Casuals," 165
Dickinson, Mr. Lowes, 70
Dicksee, Frank, 456
Dilke, Sir Charles Wentworth, 95, 164, 166–67
Dinan, 437
Dinard, 437
Dinas Bran, 65
Dionysos, Theatre of Athens, 316
Dipylon tombs, Athens, 316
Disraeli. *See* Beaconsfield, Lord
Dixon, Colonel, 92
Dock strike, formation of the Union, 332

Dodgson, C. L., of Christ Church, Oxford, letter to Walter Crane, 184–86
Dolmetsch, Arnold, 454–55
Donatello statues, 124
Doneraile, 484
Donnelly, Sir John, 459, 466
Doré, Gustave, illustration of *Don Quixote*, 165
Douglas, A. Akers, 495
"Doves (The)," 153
Dowdeswell, C. W., 284; (firm) 348
Drachenfels, the, Cologne, 115
Dresden, 339
Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, 401
Drury Lane, 53
Dublin, sights of, 484–85
Ducal Palace, Venice, 121, 122
Dudley Gallery, exhibitions at the, 85–86, 92, 98, 99, 106, 107, 131, 138, 139, 160, 162, 164
Duncombe Park, 202
Dunloo Gap, 482
Duomo, Florence, 124–25
Dürer, Albert, 14, 15; "Ritter Tod und Teufel," 44, 348; "Adam and Eve," 117; "Apostles," 119
—— Haus, Nuremberg, 478–79
Durham Cathedral, 432
Dusseldorf, Crane exhibition at, 486

East Runton, 212
Eastlake, Sir Charles, 70 *note*
Easton Lodge, 413
Eaton Hall, 421
Ecclesiological Society, the, 72
Edenborough, Miss, 127, 142, 239
Edgewater, 376, 378
Edinburgh, the Congress at, 325–26
Edlin, Sir Peter, 273
Edward VII., King, 283, 442; greeting to W. Crane on reception of the Italian honours, 495
Edwards, Mr. Passmore, libraries of, 358
Edwinstowe, 203, 204
Eger, Bohemia, 347; Black Tower of, 348
Egyptian Hall, 63
Ehreinbreitstein, fortress of, 115
Elbe, the, 339–40
Elcho, Lord. *See* Wemyss, Earl of
Electric lighting, early, 378
Eleusis, temples, 317.
Eliot, George, 73, 80
Elizabethan Stage Society, Mr. Poel's direction, 337–38
Elko, 388
Ellesmere, Earl of, 38
Elliott, Mrs. John, 371
Ellis, F. S., *Reynard the Fox*, 328
Elvet Bridge, Durham, 432; sketch, 433
Emanuel, Victor, 102, 126, 489; popularity of, 138; honour bestowed upon W. Crane, 494–95
Emerson, Dr. Edward, 369
—— Mr., architect, 370, 403
—— Ralph Waldo, 78, 369
Enamelled jewellery of Budapest, 473
Enamelling, revival of at South Kensington, 308 *note*; lecture by Alexander Fisher, 458
Engraving (*see* Wood), Kerographic process, 56–58
Erroll, Lady, 434
Espinosa, Signor, 454
Essex, farmhouses of, 110
—— Street, Strand, Mr. Linton's office, 47
Evans, Marian. *See* Eliot, George
—— Edmund, children's picture book, 74–76, 107, 148, 155, 183; *The Baby's Opera*, 178, 179, 180
—— Mr. Wilfred, 74
Exeter Cathedral, 34
—— College Chapel, Oxford, cartoon for Windsor, 179
Eyam Moor, 78

Fabian Society, the, 257–58, 464
Fahey, E. H., 87
Fairchild, Mrs., 371
Fairlight Glen, 113
Fall River, 402, 403
Fanueil Hall, Boston, 364
Faraday, Michael, 495
Farago, Hungarian artist, 478
Farge, John La, 389
Farraglione rocks, Capri, 130
Fastness Lighthouse, 409
Faulkner, Charles, of University College, Oxford, 275
Faversham, Lord, 202
Fawcett, Henry, 94–95
Fenelloza, Professor, 368
Ferguson, Mr., architect, 112
Ferrari, Gaudenzio di, 491
Feveray, Countess, 474
Fields, Mrs. James T., 371
"Fifteen," the, 303
Fildes, Luke, 85, 160, 164; "The Casuals," 165
Fine Art Gallery, South London, Council of Management, 357–58
Fine Art Society, Bond Street, a Walter Crane exhibition at, 356
Firth, Mr., 333
Fisher, Mr. Alexander, 308 *note*
Fitzgerald, Edward, translation of the Rubaiyat, 163

Fiume del Morte, 225
Fleming, George. *See* Fletcher, Miss
Fletcher, F. Morley, 442
—— Miss, 130, 352
Florence, Mrs. Sargent, 481
—— visits to, 124–25, 153, 225–26, 351
"Florence House," Shepherd's Bush, 154, 164
Florida, visit to, 393–98; flies of, 395–96; fauna and flora, 396–97; a log hut in, 397
Flower, Mr. Cyril. *See* Battersea, Lord
Foggia, 314
Folcka, M., 491
Foligno, 125
Foljambe, Mrs., 150
Foottit, Frederick, R.B.A., 410
Ford, E. Onslow, 301, 322, 459; death, 460
Forum, Rome, 126, 226
Foster, Birket, 178
—— Messrs., Salerooms, 53
Fountain Court, Temple, 51
Fox-hunting in Rome, 137–38
Francesca, Piero della, frescoes, 226
Franchise extension, the agitation for, 92–95
Franco-German War, 101–2
Frankfort, Walter Crane exhibition at, 486
Franklin, John, 50
—— Park, Boston, 372
Frascati, 242
Frauen Kirche, Munich, 119
Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. George, 247
French, Mr., "The Minute Man," 370
Friuli mountains, 124
Froude, Hurrell (Henry Brown), 202
Froude, J. Anthony, historian, 69
Fry, Mr. Roger, 481
Fulford, Mrs., 121
Furniss, Mr. Harry, 186
Fyfe, Miss, 237

Gaiety Restaurant, 101
Gallienne, Richard Le, 373 *note*, 426
Galloway, Miss, of Manchester, 283
Garibaldi, popular enthusiasm for, 50
Garnett, Dr. Richard, 480
Garonne, the, 312
Garrick Club, 184
Garrison family, 371
Gaskin, Arthur, 481
Gaudens, St., 392
Geddes, Professor Patrick, 326
Gellibrand, Miss Edith, 220
General Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings, 1866, 84
Genoa, 224–25
George, Ernest, 449
Gerard, Sir John, 2
Gere, Mr. C. M., 481
Germany, British Art appreciated in, 309; Crown Prince of, 309; Walter Crane's works exhibited in, 430
Gerome of France, 456
Gerrard, F., 301
Gesso work, 304, 305, 307–8; article on, by W. Crane for *The Studio*, 415
Gevaerts, M. Ferens, 490
Ghiberti gates in the Duomo, Florence, 125
Gibson family, 157–58
Gilbert, Alfred, sculptor, 239, 322
—— Sir John, 9–10; illustration for the *London Journal*, 50
—— W. S., *Patience*, 236
Gilchrist, *Life of William Blake*, 57
Gill, Thomas P., 331–32
Giotto frescoes, 226
Giotto's Tower, Florence, 124
Gipsies of Hungary, 477
Giustiniani Palace, Venice, 121
Gladstone, Mr., 7, 39, 422; "our admirable police," 267; golden wedding presentation, 329–30
Glasgow, visit to, 327–28
Glasier, Bruce, 327
—— Richard, 417
Glastonbury, 418
Glendalough, 481
Glengariff, 482
Glennie, Mr., member of the R.W.S., 130
Gloucester (Mass.), 404
Glyptothek Gallery, Munich, 119
Goat Island, Niagara, 375
Godfrey, Thomas, 301
Godin, Herr, 490
Golden Gate, San Francisco, 387
Goldhawk Road, 35
Gompers, Mr., Labour leader, Philadelphia, 400
Goodall, Howard, 130, 141
Goodhue, Mr., 371
Gore, Sir Francis, 160
Gorloff, Madame de. *See* Greatorex, Miss
Gorst, Sir John, 461
Gosse, Mr. Edmund, 280, 282, 324
Gould, *Birds*, 60
—— Mr. and Mrs., 391
Goupil & Co., 203
Graham, Cunninghame, 262; arrest, 267; trial, 268; release, 271
—— Mrs. Cunninghame, the "At Home" at Bow Street, 268–69
—— William, patron of Burne-Jones, 161–62
Grand Canal, Venice, 121, 307

Grand Junction waterworks, 36–37
Grange, The, home of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, 104, 154, 163, 213
Gravedona, 492
Gravelotte, 343
Gray's Inn Hall, *Comedy of Errors* played in, 337
—— Inn Square, 56
Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, 214
Greatorex, Miss, 164
Greece, visit to, 312–20
Greek Easter customs, 316–18
Greenaway, Miss Kate, 159, 229; *Under the Window*, 180
Gregory, E. J., letter to Walter Crane, 281–82
Grein, Mr., of the *Independent Theatre*, 336
Grey, Hon. Brownlow de, 150
—— Lady Louisa, 3
Greys of Groby, 3
Griffith, Mr., of Chester Art School, 420
Grimm, the Bros., *Haus Marchen*, 214
Griset, Ernest, 59–60
Grolier Club, New York, 402
Groser, Mr., editor *Western Morning News*, 312
Grösss, Professor, of Germany, 490
Grosse Skal, Turnov, 342
Grosvenor Gallery, Bond Street, Exhibitions in the, 95, 161, 174, 175, 188, 206, 214, 243, 244, 252, 276, 289, 321, 432; management of the, 160, 176; close of the, 322–23
—— Hon. Richard, 273
—— House, 324
Grove of Egeria, Rome, 131
Gruchy, Mrs. de, 353–54
Grünland, Maurice, *The Co-operative Commonwealth*, 255
Guards, the, called out on "Bloody Sunday," 267
Gueraud, M., mounter of drawings, 106
Guernsey, 437
Guild of St. Matthew, 257
Guildhall, London, the masque, *Beauty's Awakening*, 452–55
Guiliano, C., 301
Guldener, Hirsch, Rothenburg, 423
Gunn, Michael, 236
Gurlitt, Herr F., 309 *note*, 430
Gurney, Mrs. Russell, 451
Gustafson, Mr. and Mrs., *The Foundation of Death*, 271
Gutenburg, monument to, 117
Gyory, Mlle. (now Mme. Ginever), 471

Haddon Hall, 78; sketch, 79
Haggard, Rider, 295
Haig, Captain, 135
Haig, the Misses, of Bemerside, 134–35
Haité, G. C., 310
"Half Moon and Seven Stars," Starch Green, 36
Hallé, Chas. 176, 321–22, 416–17
Halswelle, Keeley, 167
Hamer, John, *The Smoker's Text Book*, 100
Hamilton, Philip Gilbert, *Painter's Camp in the Highlands*, 431
Hammer, village of, 340
Hampshire, Hog Lane, 36
Hancock, association with Mr. Linton, 56
Hanley, 480
Hanover, 339
Harcourt, Sir William Vernon, 94
Hardie, Keir, 262
Hardwicke Hall, 205
Harewood, Earl of, 93
Harlech Castle, 310
Harper, Messrs., 443
Harrison, Frederick, 80, 134, 163, 164: letter to W. Crane, 303; one of London's first Councillors, 332–33
—— Mrs. Frederick, portrait, 164
—— Jane E. (Greek vase specialist), 315
—— T. Erat, 177, 223, 235
Hart, Solomon, R.A., 206
Hartington, Marquis of. *See* Devonshire, Duke of
Harvard College, 371–72
Harvey, Dr. William, 110
—— William, illustrations, 59
Harwich, 113
Hastings, 113
Hatfield House, 418
Hatton Garden, Linton's office in, 57–58
Haweis, Rev. H. R., 165
Hawkes, Miss, governess, 22
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, *Wonder Book*, 372, 396
Haydon, B. R., 37, 62
Hazelford Hall, Derbyshire, 77–78, 87, 109
Headlam, Rev. Stuart, 257
Heal, Messrs., 60
Healy, Tim, 134, 266
"Heatherley's" School, 80–81
Heber, Rev. Reginald, Bishop of Calcutta, 3 *note*
Heidelberg Castle, 426
Helbig, Madame, 238
Helmsley in Yorkshire, 202
Hempstead Church, 412—
Harvey Chapel, 110
House at, 110–11
Hemy, C. Napier, 323

Henley, W. E., *Scots Observer*, 325; *National Observer*, 326
"Her Majesty's" Theatre, 63
Herbert, Hon. Sydney (present Earl of Pembroke), 216
Herkomer, Professor, 322; letters to Walter Crane, 179, 228–29
Herring, J. F., 38
Herringham, Mrs., translation of *Cennino Cennini*, 481
Heseltine, Mr. J. P., house in Queen's Gate, 165
Hesse-Darmstadt, Grand Duke of, 488
Hever Castle, 418
Hexham, 112
Highgate Cemetery, 414
Highlow Hall, 77
Hill, Lord Arthur, 445
—— Miss Octavia, Settlement of, 359
—— Rowland, 495
Hine, Mr., 211
Hobby Horse, the, 371
Hobhouse, Miss, 462
Hodgson, Mr. Stewart, 217
Hofmann, Professor, of Germany, 490
Hogarth, *quoted*, 293
Hogg, James, *London Society*, 67–68
Holbein, altar triptych, Munich, 119
Holborn Restaurant, 461
Holiday, Henry, 223, 284, 329, 331
Holland Park Road, Lord Leighton's house, 127, 215
Holland, Rev. Scott, 257
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 371
Home Rule, question supported by the Socialists, 266, 272; demonstration in St. James's Hall, 331
Honfleur, 436
Hood, Tom, editor of *Fun*, 97
Hooghe, De, 115
Hooper, W. H., 333
Hore Abbey, 484
Horniman's Museum, 449
Horticultural Society, gardens of the, 44
Hotel de Holland, Le, Cologne, 115
Hôtel des deux Tours, Verona, 121
Hotel Molaro, Rome, 134
Houghton, A. B., 96
—— Mifflin, & Co., 371, 396
—— Mrs. (*née* Bolton), 160, 276
"House of the Seven Gables," 404–5
Howard, Chas. (now Lord Morpeth), 203, 221
—— Hon. Chas., 112, 203; death, 222
—— Hon. George (now Earl of Carlisle), commissions, etc., from, 105–7, 112, 151–52, 203; visits Walter Crane in Rome, 133–34; letters to Walter Crane, 188–89, 222
Howard, Hon. Mrs. George (now Lady Carlisle), the frieze at Palace Green, 167–70
—— Lord William, "Belted Will," 112
—— Stafford, 170
Howe, Mrs. Julia Ward, 371
Howell, George, 92
—— Mortimer, 35
—— Mrs., School of, 35
Howells, W. D., *Cosmopolitan*, 389
Hoy (Sir James), Councillor, afterwards Lord Mayor of Manchester, 416
Hoytema, Van, Gallery, Bond Street, 456
Huard, Louis, succeeds Gilbert on the *London Journal*, 50
Hueffer, Ford Madox, 450
Hugbrooke Park, 9
Hughes, Arthur, 88
—— Edward R., 88, 221, 235, 283
—— T. Cann, M.A., F.S.A., of Lancaster, 2
Humbert, King, 136, 138
Hungarian Society, of Industrial Art, 469
Hunt, Alfred W., R.W.S., 4–5
—— & Roskell, 187, 246
—— Violet, 5
—— W. Holman, 96, 113, 160, 175, 322; caricature, 38; movement for the National Exhibition of Art, 287–89; letter to the *Times*, 289–94
—— William, Bostonian painter, 370
"Hurricane Tuesday," 224
Hurst Castle, 70
Huss, John, house of, Winterburg, 347
Huth, Louis, 199
Huxley, Professor, 73, 192–93
Hyde Park, the incident of the railings, 92–93; Socialist meetings, 263–64
Hyndman, H. M., 467; *Historic Bases*, 255–56; Socialism of, 267, 268, 272; *To-Day*, 271
Hythe, 68, 157

Ibsen, Henrik, 237–38; plays in London, 335–36
Ightham Mote, 418
Il Gombo, forest of, 225
Image, Selwyn, 454
Imperial Institute, 444
Inchbold, Mr., 202
Independence Hall, Philadelphia, 399
Indian Mutiny, 41 and *note*
Ingres, "La Source," 72
Inkermann, 17
Innsbruck, 119–20
Institute of Painters in Oil, 244
—— of Painters in Water Colours, 228, 244

International—
Exhibition of 1862, 71–72
Exhibition of Art in Berlin, 309
Fine Art Exhibition at Venice, 95
Socialist School of Louise Michel, 258
Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers, 488 *note*
Ionides, Aleco, house of, in Holland Park, 218–20
Iparmuveszeti Museum, Budapest, 467
Ireland, Mr. and Mrs., 42–43
—— visit to, 481–85
Irving, Sir Henry, letter to W. Crane, 284
—— Washington, *Old Christmas*, 183
Isle of Man, 434
Israels, Joseph, of Holland, 456
Italy, visits to, 113, 120–53, 224–28, 349–52, 486–92
Ithaca, 319
Ives, Mr., of St. Louis, 382

Jack, George, 460
Jackson, Messrs., of Rathbone Place, 190
—— T. Graham, 459
Jacksonville, 394
James, Henry, 170
Jameson Raid, 462
Japanese colour prints, 76, 107
Jarvis, Lewis, 281
Jeffrey & Co., wallpapers, 158, 191
Jersey, 437
Jervoise, Mr. Harry Clarke, 144
Jessen, Dr., of Berlin, 430
John of Nippelmück, St., Bohemian observation of his feast, 343, 346
Johnny Ludlow. *See* Wood, Mrs. Henry
John's Wood, Torquay, 13
Johnson, Mr., 460
—— Miss Effie, *In the Fire*, 354
Jokai, Maurice, 470; sketch, 471
Jones, Inigo, 216.
—— Miss Augusta, 88
Jupiter Olympus, Roman temple, Athens, 316

Kalandri, 316
Kansas, 381, 382
Karlsruhe, 188
Kearsley, Edward (uncle), 5, 54, 63
Keats' grave, Rome, 151
Keene, Charles, 165; *Punch* cartoons, 51
Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 196, 249
Kekewich, Sir George, 461
Kelmscott House, 153, 257, 264, 414 *note*; Socialist meetings at, 235
—— Manor, 440
—— Press, first projected, 327–28; the *Chaucer*, 439
Kelvin, Lord, 495
Kenmare, 482
Kennedy, H. Arthur, 223
Kennington, T. B., 295
Kensal Green, 42, 228
Kensington, 13 Holland Street, 411; house-warming, 414
—— Square, 177
"Kents Cavern," 26
Keswick, 432
—— Arts and Crafts School, 449
Khayyam, Omar, Rubaiyat of, 129, 163
Kidderminster, Municipal Art Gallery, 40
Kilcolman Castle, 483–84
Killarney, 482
—— Florida, 397
Killiney, near Dublin, 481
Kipling, Rudyard, 390
Kleiner Skal, Turnov, 342
Klinger, Max, of Germany, 456
Knight, Charles, 10
Knole, 418
Kolosvar, Hungary, 477
Konody, P. G., book of, 485–86
Kost Castle, 342–43
Kovacs, Professor, 477
Kropotkin, Pierre (Prince), 255, 258, 480
Kufste, 120

La Cucumela hotel, Sorrento, 140
La Farge, 369
"La Zisa" palace, Palermo, 215–16
Labour May Day, 466–67
—— Question, in Chicago, 266, 364–66; in Philadelphia, 400
Ladbroke Hall, 260
Laird, Messrs., Liverpool, 325
Lamb, Charles R., 389, 391
—— Fred., 389, 391
—— J. R., of New York, 388–89
Lambshead, schoolboy, 32
Lamington, Lord, 240
Lancaster, gun-maker, of Bond Street, 43
"Land's End," 26
Landseer, Sir E., 53; "The Hawking Party," 38
Lane, *Arabian Nights*, 59
—— Joe, 351
—— John, publisher, 373 and *note*; *Yellow Book*, 416
Lanercost Priory, 112
Lanerton, Lord, death of, 222
Lansdowne, Earl of, 39
Lanteri, Professor, 457, 460
Lascelles, Hon. Arthur, 93
—— Hon. Gerald, 171
Latchleys, 414
Laurium, Greece, 318
Laveno, 492

Law Courts, at Westminster Hall, 61–62
Lawn tennis, 157
Lawrence & Bullen, 354
Lawson, Cecil, 160
—— Malcolm, 229, 269, 454; *Songs of the North*, 248
—— Sir Wilfrid, 222
Layard, Sir Henry, 157, 352
Lead Mill, on the Derwent, 73, 243
Leam Hall, Derbyshire, 77
Lechlade Churchyard, grave of Wm. Morris, 440–41
Lee, Francis Watts, 371
—— Mr., of Worcester, 156
—— Sir Edwin, the question of a National Exhibition, 296
Leech, John, *Punch* cartoons, 23, 50
Lees Priory, Felstead, 413
Legros, Alphonse, 105–6, 149, 160; pictures at the Grosvenor, 175
Lehmann, Miss Lisa, 283
Leighton, Lord Frederick, 96, 107, 175, 284, 352, 357, 358, 422; *Romola* illustrated, 60–61, 124; "Cimabue's Madonna carried through Florence," 72; personality, 126–27; letters to Walter Crane *quoted*, 131–32, 282–83, 309; meeting with W. Crane in Rome, 148–49; portrait of Sir R. Burton, 196; his Arab Hall, 215–16, 240–41; the Royal Academy agitation, 291; death, 434; buried in St. Paul's, 435
Leiningen, Prince, 486
Leinster Square, 47, 53; art class at, 91
Leland, Chas. G., "Hans Breitmann," letter to W. Crane, 296, 304–7
Leslie, Mr. G. D., 84, 160; "The War Summons," 82
Lessore, M., 93
Lethaby, Prof. W. R., 301, 460
Leverett, A. & E. (cousins), 328
Lewes, George Henry, 73, 80
Leyland, Mr., of Prince's Gate, 199; his collection, 200
Liberty, statue of, on Bedloe's Island, 402–3
Liebermann, of Germany, 456
Light Brigade Charge, 17
Lilian, the, 405–6
Limnerslease, 496
Lincoln, Abraham, death, 66
—— Park, Chicago, 379
Lindau, 425
Lindsay, Lady, 161, 176
—— Sir Coutts, connection with the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibitions, 160, 161, 174–76, 321–23; attitude towards W. Crane, 276
Linnell, who died on "B. Sunday," funeral, 269, 270, 273
Linton, Mrs. Lynn, 239; *The True History of Joshua Davidson*, 47
—— Sir James D., 223, 280, 283, 284, 358; letter to W. Crane, 309
—— W. J., apprenticeship of Walter Crane to, 1858–62, 45–65; personality, 46–47; connection with the Garibaldi movement, 50–51; Kerographic process invented by, 56–58; other work by, 68, 73; letter to W. Crane *re Baby's own Æsop*, 276–78; letter to W. Crane *re* the Arts and Crafts, 302–3; meeting in New York, 390–91; proposed pension from Civil list, 421–22
—— W. W. (son of W. J.), 47, 53
Lisieux, 436
Lissa, 320
Lister, Lord, 495
Little Holland House, 496
—— James Stanley, 295, 419
—— Leon, 295
Littlehampton, 63–64, 235
Liverpool Academy of Art, 4—
Art Congress of 1888, 324–25, 432; W. Crane in 4 *et seq.*
Llangollen, 65
Lloyd, Henry D., of the *Chicago Tribune*, 365–66, 380–81
Locker, Frederick (after Locker-Lampson), 180–81, 248; letter from, 181
—— Miss Eleanor, 180
London, Exhibition of 1851, 9–10; removal of the Crane family to, 1857, 34–44
London County Council, Common Seal designed by W. Crane, 332–34; deputation *re* St. Mary le Strand, 328; first members, 332; School of Art, 442
Londonderry, Lord, 461
Long Melford Church, Suffolk, 5, 6
Longden, Henry, 298, 301
Lonsdale, W. H., 301
Lorillard, Mr., 374
Loring, General, 360, 364, 402–3
Los Angeles, 383–84
Lothian, Marchioness of, 212, 213
Loughton, Epping Forest, 47
Louis Napoleon, 25
Louisiana Purchase Exhibition, 382
Louvre, the, 91
Lovelace, Countess of (Miss Stuart Wortley), 177
Low, Will H., 389
Lowe, Hon. Robert, 94
Lowell, James Russell, 370–71

Lowther, Mr., 448; rhyme by, 449
Lucerne, 242, 493
Ludwig, King of Bavaria, 425
"L'Ufficiale Sanitario," Rome, 151
Lunn, Mr., 460
Lupus, Hugh, 1st Earl of Chester, 421
Lyndhurst, 69
Lyceum, 336
Lyons, Gulf of, 313
Lysicrates monument, Athens, 316

Macartney, Mervyn, 301
Maccoll, D. S. (director, Tate Gallery), 315
Mackail, Mrs. J. W., 105
Mackenzie, Mr., 154
Mackim, Meade, & White, New York, 369
Mackinder, late Principal of Reading College, 441–42
Mackintosh, Dr., 31, 91
Maclaren, Mr., 130, 141
Macmillan & Co., 157, 163, 183, 214, 249, 250
MacMurdo, Arthur, 236
Macon, 153
MacWhirter, John, 329
Maggiore, Lago, 492
Magyars, 477
Mainz Cathedral, 117
Malisic, village of, Bohemia, 345–46
Mall, the, Hammersmith, 36, 157
Mallory, Sir Thomas, *Morte d'Arthur*, 415
Mallow, 483
Manchester School of Art, Directorship given to W. Crane, 416–18; Directorship resigned, 441
Manchester Town Hall, 201
Mann, Tom, 256
Mansfield, 205
Mansion House, 283
Mantegna, 121
Manvers, Earl, 204
Mapleson, Madame Caralozzi, 454
Marathon, plain of, 316
Marblehead (Mass.), 402, 404
Margharita, Princess, 138
Marillier, Mr., *Liverpool Painters*, 54
Marina, Capri, 141
Mark, Dr. Willie, of Frankfort, 311
Marks, H. S., 84, 160, 181, 421
Marlborough House, the collection at, 39
Mars Hill, Athens, 316
Marsden, Mr., vicar, 65
Marshall, Mr., *King Gab and his Story Bag*, 100
Marx, Karl, 253; *Das Capital*, 255
Marzials, Mr. Theo., *Pan-pipes*, 229
Massey, Gerald, the poet, 47 *note*
Massingham, H. W., *Daily Chronicle*, 462
Matches, the tax upon, 94
Mathews, Brander, of New York, 389–90
—— Chas., 63
—— Elkin, 303, 353
Matsys, Quentin, 115
Mattias, King, 478
Maurier, George du, *Punch*, 66; sketch of Frederick Locker, 181; work on the silver cup, 186–87, 245, 246
Max, Gabriel, 340.
Maximilian, monument in Munich, 119; tomb of, 120
Mayday at Torquay, 22
Mayhew Bros., *Huan and Anthy*, 100
Mazzini, Giuseppe, funeral of, 138; tomb, 224–25
McClure, Mr., afterwards Dean of Manchester Cathedral, 79
Mead, Edwin T., 367
Meadfoot, 25, 26
Medmenham Abbey, 166–67
Megara, peasants' dance at, 317
Meiklejohn, Professor J. M. D., *The Golden Primer*, 198–99
Melani, Signor, 491
Mercers' Company, 334
Merriman, Mr., 463
Merritt, Mrs., 232
Merseburg, 425
Merton, 214
Messina, Giov. Da, 115
Metropolitan Museum, New York, 392
Metz, 102
Mewstone, 26
Michel, Louise, school of, 258–59
Michelino, Dominico di, 124
Michetti, of Italy, 456
Mill, John Stuart, 69, 80, 94, 95
Millais, Sir J. E., 175; the R. A. agitation, 291; death of, 438; "Sir Isumbras Crossing the Ford," 38; "The North-West Passage," 152; "Ferdinand and Ariel," 212
Millar, *Plastering, Plain and Decorated*, 190
Minnicombe, 26
"Minor Arts," use of the term, 304 and *note*
Minori, 144
Minton, Messrs., Majolica fountain by, 72
"Moccoletti" in the Roman Carnival, 136
Models, Roman, 130–31
Moira, Professor, 460
Mole, J. H., R.I., 283
Molesworth, Mrs., children's series of story-books by, 157, 186, 278

Monarch, the, 2
Monk, Miss, 149
Mont Cenis tunnel, 153
Mont St. Michel, 436–37
Monte Prioli, Rome, 134
Monte Rosa, 491
Monte Vergine, festival of, 139
Montreal, exhibition of W. Crane's works, 430
Moore, Albert, 175, 177
—— George, 337–38
—— Henry, R.A., 177
—— J. C., 177
Morelli, of Italy, 456
Morgan, American artist, 88
—— Miss Mary De, *On a Pincushion*, 213; *The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde*, 214
—— vintner, 350
—— Wm. De, 104, 213, 301
Morley, John, 163; *Fortnightly Review*, 99
Mormon city, 388
Morpeth, Lord. *See* Howard, Charles
Morris, May, 256, 258, 260
—— William, 36, 72, 153, 158, 164, 249, 251; arras tapestries of, 214, 468, 487; engravings for "The Earthly Paradise," 167–69; wallpapers, 374; Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, connected with the, 301, 302; Grosvenor, his attitude towards the, 176; lectures at Society of Arts, 327; letters to W. Crane, 273–74; to Mrs. Crane, 215; Liverpool and Edinburgh Congress, 324–26; personality, 103–4, 414; illness and death of, 438–39; his burial at Lechlade, 440–41; sketch of Tennyson, 183; Socialism adopted, 253–57, 273–74, 327; Trafalgar Square meeting of Nov. 13, 1887, 266
Works—
The Earthly Paradise, 102; *Script of the Rubaiyat*, 163; *Art and Socialism*, 254–55; *Dream of John Ball*, 254; *News from Nowhere*, 254; *The Tables Turned*, 260–61; *The Commonwealth*, 263–64; *Song on death of Linnell*, 269; poem, *The Hall and the Wood*, 328; *Story of the Glittering Plain*, 328
Morse, Professor, 368
Mortlake Tapestry, the, 5
Morton, Chas., 62
Moschelles, Felix, *Concord*, 262
Mosel, confluence with the Rhine, 115–17
Moss, Hugh, 454
Mount Edgecombe, 91
Muckley, Mr., 417
Muckross Abbey, 482
Mudie's, 80
Mull, Isle of, 248
Müller, Max, *Chips from a German Workshop*, 98
Mulock, Miss, 214
Mulready, 44
Muncaster, Lady, 434
Munich, 117–19
Munich Academy, W. Crane made honorary member, 432
Munkacsy, tomb of, 474
Murano Company, Venice, 217
Murch, Arthur, 142, 239
—— Mrs. Arthur. *See* Edenborough, Miss
Murray, Fairfax, 163, 213
—— Lady Mary, 221
Murrayfield, 327
Murrietta, Mr. De, house in Palace Gardens, 156
Muséo de Lepidaria, Verona, 121
Museum of Casts, 458
—— of Irish Antiquities, 484
—— the Naples, 140
Mycenæ, 318–20

Nantucket, 405–7
Naples, visit to, 139–40, 141; Bay of, 314
Napoleon III., fall of, 102
National Art Library, 458
—— Art Training School. *See* Royal College of Art
—— Association, 432; movement in favour, 324; Congresses, 324–27
—— Exhibition of Art, movement for, 286–98
—— Gallery, 1857, 38
—— Liberal Club, 329, 480
"Nationalists" of Boston, 366–67
Natural History Museum, 71
Nauplia, Greece, 318
Naworth Castle, 112, 177, 202, 203; the proposed play at, 221–22
Nether Hall, 77
Nettleship, J. T., 223
Nevin, Dr., 239, 241; death of, 241 *note*
New Art, the, 487, 488
—— Bedford (Mass.), 405
—— Cut, Lambeth, 62
—— English Art Club, 85, 286
—— England, landscape, 372
—— Forest, Mr. Wise's book on the, 68–70, 73
—— Gallery, 296, 298, 301, 408, 416, 466; first exhibition, 1888, 321–23
—— Museum, South Kensington, 466

New Quay, Cornwall, 431, 449
"New Vagabonds," 461
New York, visit to, 372–73, 388–93; overhead railway, 391–92; street signs, 392–93; harbour, 403
"Newcome, Clive." *See* Suker, Fred
Newdigate prize, Oxford, 194
Newfoundland fogs, 362
Newgate Street, the school at, 2
Newhaven, Connecticut, 47
Newman, F. W., *Phases of Faith*, 80
Newport, R.I., 373–75; Miss Wolfe's house, 239–40; Mr. Vanderbilt's house, 373
Newstead Abbey, 202
Newton Abbott, 11
—— Mr., police court magistrate, 273
—— Professor, 80
Niagara Falls, 375–76
Nichols, Mr., 370
Nicholson, the Misses, 12
Niemes, Bohemia, 340
Nineteenth Century Club, New York, 389–90
Norfolk Broads, 210
Norley Bank, 93
Normandy, trip to, 435
North, J. W., 322
Northumberland, sketches in, 111 *et seq.*
Norton, Mr., 142–43
Norway, Crane's exhibits in, 431
Notting Barn, 42
—— Hill, 35–37
Novaro, 491
Nuremberg, 348, 423
Nutt, David, 328

O'Brien, William, 266, 272
Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, 387
O'Connor, John, 283
"Odd Volumes," 163, 310, 373 *note*
Odger, George, 92
Ogilvie, Lord, 170
Olbricht, Herr, of Darmstadt, 489
Old Canterbury Music Hall, 37
—— Egyptian Hall, 85
—— Moreton Hall, 97
—— Oak Common, 42
—— Society of Painters in Water Colours, 160, 311, 408; 1865 Exhibition, 82–84; Walter Crane proposed for, 320–21
Olivier, Sydney, 258
Ollerton, 203
Olympia, 311
Olympus, Mount, 314
Orange House Pottery, 214
Orestone, 26
Orr, Mr., 67
Orta, 492
Orvieto, Cathedral and frescoes, 226
Oscar, King, as Crown Prince, visit to Walter Crane, 443
Oxenbridge, Lord, 330
Oxford, 108
—— Music Hall, 62

Paddockhurst, 444
Padua, 124
Pæstum, 144
Paganini, violinist, 3 *note*
Page, Henry, 223
"Page's School," 30–33
Paget, H. M., 223
—— Lady, 240–41
—— Sir Augustus, 240
Paignton, 26
Paine Hall, Boston, the memorial at, 364–66
Palace Green, No. 1, 104–6, 167
Palatine, Rome, 126
Palazzo Vecchio, Florence, 124
Palermo, La Zisa palace at, 216
Palmer, Sir Walter, 442
Pantheon, Oxford Street, 37
Paris—
Commune, the, 102
Exhibitions, 93, 189, 334, 444, 468
Sketches at, 89, 90
W. Crane's first visit to, 88–91
Park Place House, Torquay, 13–33
Parliament Street, scene on "Bloody Sunday," 267
Parnell, Mr., 266, 331
Parsons, Alfred, 322, 329
Parthenon, Athens, 315
Parton, Ernest, 282
Passamaquoddy Indians, 305
Pattison, Mark, 73
Peabody, Mr., of Boston, 374
Peak District, sketches of the, 73–74; Peak Cavern, 78
Pearson, Lady, 444
—— Sir Weetman, 444
Pécs, Budapest, 474
Peel, Hon. George, 480
Pembroke, Lady, 216
—— Lord, 216, 217
Pengelley, Mr., local geologist, 26
Penlee Point, 91
Penn, William, 398
Pennell, Joseph, 458
—— Mrs., 306
Penshurst Place, 418
Pent Farm, Kent, 450, 451, 452
Pentelicus, Mount, 316
Perran Porth, Cornwall, 431
Perugia, 125, 226
Petrarch of 1492, in the monastery at Cava dei Terreni, 147

Petrie, Graham, 481
Pheasant-shooting at Wortley, 171–72
Philadelphia, 164, 398–402; Labour question in, 400
—— Art Club, Walter Crane exhibition at, 398, 401
Philharmonic Hall, Islington, 62–63
"Phillimore Philomels," the, 275
Phillips, Lady, 35
Photography employed in wood-engraving, 148
Piale's Library, Rome, 126–27
Piazza Colonna, Rome, 151
—— del Popolo, Rome, 138
—— della Signoria, Florence, 124
Piccadilly Art Gallery Co., 244
"Picts," the, 156
Pig-washing at Amalfi, 145–46
Pilatus, 493
Pilgrim, the, 403
Pinacothek Gallery, Munich, 119
Pincian Hill, Rome, 127
Pincio, the, Rome, 138, 238
Pinker, H. R., 455
Pinwell, artist, 80
Piræus, the, 318
Pirne, 339
Pisa, leaning tower, 225
Pistoia, 124
Pistrucci, designer, 133
Pite, Professor Beresford, 460
Pitti Gallery, Florence, 125
Players' Club, New York, 390
Plymouth Sound and Breakwater, 91
Pocock, Mr., tutor, 398
Poel, William, Director of the Elizabeth Stage Society, 337–38
Pollen, J. Hungerford, 104, 301
Pollock, Sir Frederick, 193
Pompeii, 140, 314
Pond, Major, 373
Porta del Popolo, Rome, 134
—— San Sebastino, Rome, 131
Positivists, Society of the, 80
Powell, Professor York, 234, 235
Powerscourt, 481
Poynter, Lady E. J., 154
—— Sir E. J., 96, 104, 105, 154, 199, 444; house at Beaumont Lodge, 165–66; "Atalanta's Race," 171, 173; decorations at Wortley Hall, 173; letters to Walter Crane *quoted*, 206, 320
Pracatic, Bohemia, 346–47
Prague, 343–45
Prang, L., of Boston, 366–67, 404–5
Prebenic, Castle of, 345
Pre-Raphaelites, the early, 38–39, 72, 84
Pretyman, Mr., 376–77, 405
Pride's Crossing, Beverley, 402–3
Primary Schools, Syllabus on drawing, 460
Prince, of the Wigmore Street shop, 149–50
Prince's Gate, 44
—— Hall, Piccadilly, 283, 284
Prinsep, Val, 199
Protestant Cemetery, Rome, 151
Pugin the architect, 72.
Pulsky, scholar, 305
Pyle, Mr. Howard, 401

Quail-catching at Cava dei Terreni, 147
Quaritch, 163; "Odd Volumes," 310
Queen Square, Morris & Co., 103
Queen's Gate, 165
"Quibblers (The)," 156
Quilter, Cuthbert, 324
—— Harry, criticisms, 243 *note*

Radford, Mr. Ernest, *Chambers Twain*, 303, 354
Radiscics, M., of Budapest, 467, 470, 490
Railways, early, 34
Ralli, Mr., 220
Ramsey Island, 280
Ranking, Benjamin Montgomerie, poet, 87
Raphael, 115; Vatican frescoes, 149
Rathaus, the, Bruges, 426
Ravello, 144
Ravenglass, 434
Ravenna, 226–27
Rawlinson, Sir Robert, 39–40, 53–54
Rawnsley, Canon, Rector of Crosthwaite, 432, 448–49
Rayleigh, Lord, receives Albert gold medal of Society of Arts, 495–96
—— Sir W., house at Youghall, 483
Read, Samuel, 51–52
Reade, Chas., *The Cloister and the Hearth*, 51
Reading, College and School of Art at, opening of the new buildings, 441–43
Red Cross Hall, 359
Redgrave, Mr. Gilbert, 81
Regatta, the Torbay, 20–21
Reid, Mr. Andrew, *Vox Clamantium*, 426; *The New Party*, 427–29
Reinhardt, American sculptor, 129
Religious Tract Society, 10, 27
Renaldi, Miss, teacher of dancing, 24
Repin, Ilya Yegemvitch, 456
Rethel, Alfred, Death series, 44
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 76
Rhine, confluence with the Mosel, 115–17
Rhumeshalle, the, Munich, 119
Rialto, Venice, 121
Rich, Sir Richard, 413

Richardson, Dr. B. W., 58
Richardson's Church, Boston, 369
Richmond, George, 177
—— Sir W. B., 175, 177, 201, 217, 322, 459; letter to W. Crane, 209–10
Richmond in Yorkshire, 220
Ridley, Lady, 217
Rievaulx Abbey, 202
Rifle Volunteer movement, 24–26, 52, 58–59
Rio Marin, Venice, 130
Ritter, Mme., 422
—— William, critic, 430
Ritualistic revival, 79–80
Robbia, Luca della, reliefs, 124
Robertson, Forbes, 280
—— Graham, 206
Robin, M., of the Egyptian Hall, 63
Robins, Elizabeth, in *Ghosts*, 336
Robinson, G. T., 223, 301
Robinson, Professor Edward, of Boston, 362, 364, 368
Robson, E. R., 322
Roche Abbey, 204
Rockies, the, 382, 388
Rode Hall, Cheshire, 93, 97, 107, 109
Rodin, Mr., 488 *note*
Rodway family, neighbours in Torquay, 24
Rogers, *Italy*, 39
Roland, Mr., 157
Rome, visits to, 125–39, 147–53, 237; Carnival in, 151
Rooke, T. M., 223
Rosa, Signor, Minister of Public Works, Rome, 126
Rosebery, Lord, 332, 333; letter to W. Crane, 422
Rosenheim, 119
Ross, Mr., Norwegian painter, 226, 238
—— Mrs., of Poggio Gherardo, 351–52
Rossetti, D. G., 83, 200, 480; designs and caricatures, 38, 60; sonnets and rhymes, 100, 102, 208; regarding the "Renascence," 174 *note*
—— Miss, *Goblin Market*, 60
Rossiter, W., 358
Rothenburg, 423
Rothenstein, William, 480
Rouen, 436
Roumanians, 477
Rousell, Theodore, 201
Routledge, Edmund, 180
—— George & Sons, 76, 107, 155, 178
Rowley, Chas., of Manchester, 201, 353, 416, 419, 422, 441, 480
Royal College of Art, South Kensington, post of Principal offered to W. Crane, 451–59; reorganisation, 460–61
Royal College of Surgeons, 110
—— Crescent, Notting Hill, 35, 36
—— Institute of Painters in Water Colours, fancy dress ball to inaugurate reorganisation, 280–84; resignation of W. Crane, 308–9
—— Society of Painters in Water Colours Exhibition, 128; diploma of full membership for W. Crane, 495
—— Society of British Artists, 410
Rozsynay, M. De, of Hungary, 467, 470
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, 163
Rubens, 115
Rudesheim, "Wacht am Rhein," 117
Rufford Abbey, 204
"Rufus Stone," 70
Ruskin, John, 38, 45, 57, 58, 254, 429; at Brantwood, 47 *note*, 445–48; Whistler's action against, 175, 199–200
Russell, Lord John, 199
—— William, 199
Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's house, 448
Rye, port of, 339

Sable Island, 362
Sabotka, Bohemia, 343
Sagra, Monte, 350–51
Saher, M. von, 490
St. Albans, Duchess of, 211
—— Holborn, 78
S. Anastasia, Verona, 121
St. Andrea della Frate, Rome, 125
St. Augustine, Florida, 246, 394–95
St. Bee's Head, Cumberland, 434
St. Clement Danes, 53
St. David's Cathedral, Wales, 278–80
St. Helier, Jersey, 437
St. James's Hall, political meetings at, 94–95, 331
—— Restaurant, 88
St. John's, Chester, 4, 65
St. Lô, 436
St. Louis, W. Crane's collection at, 381
—— Exhibition of 1904, 444
St. Malo, 437
St. Mark's, Venice, 121, 228, 320; sketch, 123; Campanile, 124
St. Mary Abbott's Church, 411
—— le Strand, 328
St. Mary's, Youghal, Boyle Monument, 483
St. Oswald's, Chester, 2
St. Pancras' Church, 79
St. Peter's, Rome, 134
St. Werburgh, parish of, 2
SS. Trinita della Cava, monastery of, 146–47
Salem, 372
Salerno, Andrea da, 147

Saling, 412
Salisbury, Bishop of, 61–62
—— Cathedral, 419
—— Marquis of, 217
Salt Lake City, 388
Salvin, 204
Salvini, visit to London, 336–37
Sambourne, Mr. Linley, of *Punch*, 159, 184
Sambuy, De, Count of Turin, 489
San Francisco, 385–87
San Gimignano, town of, 227
San Giorgio, island of, 228
San Giovanni Laterano Church, Rome, 135
San Giulio, Isle of, 492
San Liberatore, hill of, 147
San Nicolo Tolentino, Rome, 126, 128
Sanderson, T. J. Cobden-, 221
Sandsend, Whitby, 162
Sandwich, 203
Sandys, Frederick, caricature by, 38–39; "The Portent," 60; "Medea," 326
Sanford, 395
Santa Barbara, 384–85
Santa Croce, Florence, 125
Sta. Maria della Pace, frescoes, 149
Sta. Maria Maggiore, Church of, Verona, 121, 135
Santa Maria Novello, Florence, 125
Sargent, J. S., of America, 456
Sark, 437
Sauer, Mr., 463
Savile Club, 197, 198
Scaligeri tombs, Verona, 121
Schaffhausen Falls, 425
Scheu, Henry, 354
Schiller, monument to, 117
Schlieman, Dr., excavations, 318
Schlienitz, Baron von, 485
Schneider, Sascha, 456
Schreiner, Mr. Cronwright, 463
—— Olive, 463
Science and Art Department, South Kensington, 206
Scott, David, 206
—— Gilbert, 278
—— Sir Walter, 7
—— William Bell, 206
Scudder, Horace, *Atlantic Monthly*, 371
—— Winthrop, 371, 372
Seal Rock, San Francisco, 387
Sears, Mr., of New York, 389
Seascale, 432
Seccombe, Captain, 361, 371, 408
"Secessionist" bodies, on the Continent, 297, 478
Sechiari, Miss, 220
Second Empire, Paris under the, 90–91, 101–2
Sedan, 102
Sedding, J. D., 223, 224, 298, 301, 303–4, 334
Seddon, J., architect, 72
Seeger, Herr Ernest, of Berlin, 311, 430; buys "The Bridge of Life," 431
Seeley & Co., the *Portfolio*, 212
Segantini of Italy, 456
Segni, 147
Serafina, Capri maid, 143, 151
Sevastopol, fall of, 17
Sevenoaks Weald, 228
Severn, Arthur, 47 *note*, 84, 329, 445–48
—— Walter, 84
Seymour Place, Socialist meeting, 271–2
Sferisterio, Italian game of, 157
Shaftesbury, Lord, 39
Shandon Bells, 483
Shark-fishing, 406
Shaw, Mr. Bernard, 260, 480; *Fabian Society*, 257–58; "Cashel Byron's Profession," 271; the Stage Society, 336; note to W. Crane, 415; attitude towards the South African War, 464
—— Norman, 165, 328
Sheepshanks Collection, South Kensington, 44
Shelley, 80, 139; *Prometheus Unbound*, 126; tomb of, Rome, 151–52; Society, 295
Shepherd's Bush, 34–36
—— Bush Green, 36
Sherman, General, 134
Sherringham, 210
Shields, F. J., 328, 421, 480; letter to W. Crane, 450
Short, Frank, 460
Shortlands, Kent, 214
Shute, Dr., 13
Shuttleworth, Squire of the Hall, 76
Siena, Cathedral, 227
Sierra Madre range, 383
Signorelli, Luca, frescoes, 226
Signoria, Tower of the, Florence, 125
Silhouette portraits, 54, 55
Silsbee, Captain, 152
Simonds, George, sculptor, 163, 223, 224, 304, 334
Sirens, islands of the, 143
Sistine Chapel, Michael Angelo's frescoes, 139
Skiddaw, 432
Slade School at University College, 166
—— Professorship, 45, 210 and *note*, 295
Sladen, Douglas, 461
Smetham, Mr., 238
Smith & Elder, Messrs., 66, 68
—— Edward Blount, 130, 220–21, 224

Smith, Harvey Orrin, personality, 47–49; letter to W. Crane, 274–75
—— Mr. Catterson, 262
—— Mrs. Eustace, 164, 166
Smith-Williams, W., 68
Smythe, Lionel, 80–81
Snowdon, 101
Social Democratic Federation, 255–57; *Justice*, 256
"Socialist League," 257
Socialists—
Andrew Reid's efforts for "A New Party," 426–29
Art Congresses, Socialist group at the, 324–27
Hyde Park and other meetings, 263–66, 271–74
Labour May Day, 466–67
Methods and principles, 257 *et seq.*, 274–76
South African War, their attitude towards, 463–64
W. Crane and William Morris join the, 253 *et seq.*
Society of Arts, 299; lectures, 327, 401, 415; Albert Gold Medal bestowed upon W. Crane, 495–96
—— of Painters in Tempera, 481
—— of "The Fifteen," 223–24
Socrates, prison of, Athens, 316
Solomon, S. J., 295
—— Simeon, 86, 96
Sonnenschein, publisher, 262
Sorrento, 140–41
Sotheby, Mr., 132
Sotheran & Co., 209
South African Conciliation Committee, 463
—— African War, divided opinion on, 462–65
—— Creke, Norfolk, 7
—— Kensington Museum, 43–44
—— London Art Gallery, 358
Southall, Jos. E., of Birmingham, 481
Southern California, visit to, 382–88
Spanish quarters in the Californian towns, 384
—— Steps, Rome, 130
Sparkes, John, 451
Sparling, Halliday, 262
Sparrow, J. S., windows, 458
Speech House, Forest of Dean, 171
Spencer, Augustus, 461
—— Herbert, 69, 80, 193
Spender, Mr., 462
Spenser, Edmund, Castle at Kilcolman, 483
Spielmann, M. H., 324, 486; letters in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 295
—— Sir Isidore, 444
Spiers, R. Phené, 156
Spindleston Heugh, 176
Spottiswoode, Dr. William, 192–93, 241; commission to Walter Crane, 189–91; letters of, 191–92
Stafford House, 217
Stage Society, the, 336
Stamford and Warrington, Earl of, 3, 54
—— Brook, 35
Stanhope, R. Spencer, 154–55, 160, 175, 199, 352
Stanley, Col. *See* Derby, Earl of
—— of Alderley, Dowager Lady, 170
—— Hon. Lyulph, 150, 164
—— Mrs. Lyulph, 150; portrait, 164
Stannus, Hugh, 223
Stansfield, Mr. James, 422
Stanzi of the Vatican, Raphael frescoes, 149
Starch Green, Alfred Villas, 34, 35, 39
Starr, Miss Louise, 81
Starr-Canziani, Mme. *See* Starr, Miss Louise
Stead, W. T., 271, 462
Steadman, Edmund Clarence, 371
Steele, Robert, 262
Stephens, F. G., art critic, 211–12, 253
—— Holly, 211
Stepniak, M., 255
Stevenson, Robert Louis, letter to W. Crane, 196–97; personality, 197–98
Stillmann, Miss Lisa, 283
Stock, Mr., R.I., 283
Stockdale, the Bros., 11.
Stokes, Adrian, 481
Stone, Marcus, 329
Stoney Cross Inn, New Forest, 70
"Stop the War Party," 462–63
Story, W. W., American sculptor, *Roba di Roma*, 127
Stothard (artist), 181
Stott, Edward, of Oldham, 434
Strasbourg Cathedral, 468
Street, Mr. G., 239
Stroud in Gloucester, 99
Stuart, Mr., Latin master, 31
—— Professor, 272
Stuart-Wortley, Archibald, 171
Stuttgart, 468
Suffield, Lord, 211
Suker, Fred, 101
Summers, Chas., sculptor, 126, 128
Sumner, Heywood, 249, 298, 301
Sunium, Greece, 318
Superga, 491
Sussex House, 153, 157
Sutherland, Duchess of, *The Winds of the World*, 479–80
Sutton Place, 418

Swain, Mr., engraver, 96
Swanage, 157, 248
Sweden, W. Crane exhibits in, 431
Swinburne, 249
Swinchatte, Miss, 27
Switzerland, exhibits of W. Crane's works in, 430–31
Swynnerton, J. W., sculptor, 128, 349–51, 412
—— Mrs., "St. Catherine," 351
Symington, A. J., book on Iceland, 104
Szalay, M., Budapest, 470
Szeged, Hungary, 475
Szolnay, the Hungarian potter, 474–75

Tabor, Bohemia, 345
Tadd, Mr. Liberty, bi-manual training, 400–1
Tadema, Sir L. Alma, 164, 175, 322, 456
Talfourd, Field, 11
Tangier, 313
Tarpeian Rock, 238
Tarver, E. J., 156
Tate Gallery of British Art, 233–34
Tavistock Square, Bloomsbury, 100
Taylor, A., Hogarth Club, 281
—— Frank, 15
—— Miss Una, 331–32
—— Tom, of the *Times*, 70 *note*
Teatro Valletta, Rome, performance at, 150–51
Tedesca, Count, 491
Teignmouth, 26
Telephone, early use of, 378–79
Tempera, painting in, 217, 232; Society for, 481
"Ten Pound Island" (Mass.), 404
Teniers, 115
Tenniel, John, *Punch* cartoons, 50, 263; relations with Mr. Dodgson, 184–86
Tennyson, Hallam, 182
—— Lionel, 180, 248
—— Lord, 249, readings of his poems by himself, 182–83
Teserone, Signor, 491
Thackeray, W. M., as editor *Cornhill Magazine*, 72–73
Thangue, H. H. La, 295, 419
"Thanksgiving Day," Boston, 375
Thaw, Mr., 369 *note*
"The Hard," Plymouth, 91
The Margaret, Torquay, 18
Thomas, J. H., 288
Thoreau, Henry D., *Walden*, 369
Thoresby Park, 204
Thorneycroft, Hamo, 86, 282
Thynne, Col., 171
Tiepolo, ceiling by, 352
Tietschen, 339, 340
Tillet, Ben, 467
Tintern Abbey, 171
Tintoretto, 117
Tiocca, Herr, 490
Tissot of France, 456
Tite Street, 195
Titian, 117, 119; "Assumption," 121
Tivoli, 242
Todhunter, Dr., 255, 310; *Sicilian Idyll*, 353
Tor, Beanland Place, 7–8
—— Abbey fields, 22
Torbay, the Regatta, 20–21
Torquay, early life at, 7–33; visit to, 220
Totnes, 220
Tower of London, Armoury, 81
Townsend, C. Harrison, 454, 487
—— Mr. Chambery, 158
Toynbee Hall, 357
Trafalgar Square, Socialist meetings, 263; "Bloody Sunday," 266–69
"Trained Bands," 2
Transylvania, 477
Traquair, Mrs., 326
Trasimeni, 125
Trelawney, Captain, 152
Trentham, 479, 480
Tricoupis, Mme., 319
Trinity College Library, 484
Trocadero, Paris, 189
Trosky Skal, Turnov, 342
Trübner firm, 307
Tucker, Mr., of Boston, 365
Tuileries, Palace of the, 90
Tunbridge Wells, 234–35
Turin, 153; Exhibition of Decorative Art at, 486–92; the Exhibition honours for W. Crane, 494
Turnbull, Mr., 243, 248
Turner, J. M. W., 39, 77
—— Mr. Ross, 372
Turnham Green, 35
Turnov, Bohemia, 341–42
Tusculum, 242
Twentieth Century Club, Chicago, 380
Tyndall, Professor and Mrs., 193
Tyrol mountains, 119

Uffizi Gallery, Florence, 125
Uhde, of Germany, 456
Ulm Cathedral, 425
University College, Slade School, 166
Unwin, T. Fisher, 335
Upton, village of, 8
Urquhart, book on Lebanon, 157

Vaidi Hunyad, Hungary, 475–77
Van Dyck, 115, 119

Vanderbilt, Mr., house at Newport, 375
Varallo, the Sacro Monte at, 491–92
Vatican, frescoes, 149
Vaughan, Mr., 269
Vedder, Elihu, 226; "The Lair of the Sea Serpent," 129
Velasquez, 115
Vendôme Column, 90
Venice, 121–24, 227, 320, 352
Venus of Milo, 91
Verhasen & Klasing of Leipzig, 485
Vernon Collection, 39
Verona, 120
Veronese, 119
Vesuvius eruption, 140
"Via dei represi di Barbari," Rome, 136
—— Gregoriana, Rome, 133
—— Latina, Rome, 126
—— Margaretta, Rome, 127
—— Reggio, Leghorn, 127
—— San Giuseppe, Rome, 147
—— Sistina, 239, 240
"Vic" Theatre, Surrey side, 283
Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, 214
—— Embankment, 53
—— Queen, 466; Jubilee of, 1887, 309–10
Vienna, Imperial Museum, 468
—— W. Crane exhibits at, 486
Vietri, town of, 146
Villa Pamfili Doria, Rome, 150
Villégas, José, of Spain, 456
"Vinland," Newport, 374–75
Volunteers, the Chester, 2
Vrieult, De, of Belgium, 456

Wade, Fairfax, 164
—— Miss, 164
Wagner festivals at Baireuth, 423–25
Walden Hill, 8, 16
—— Woods, 369–70
Waldstein Castle, 342
Walford, Rev. E., editor of *Once a Week*, 96
Walker, Dr., 41
—— Emery, 156, 256, 257, 262, 298, 301, 327, 422
—— Frederick, 80, 178
Wallas, Graham, 258, 262
Walmer Castle, 203
Walpole, Mr., the Franchise Bill, 92
—— Hon. Mrs., 150
Walton, Frank, 85, 160
Wantage, Lord, 442
Warburton, Roland, "Hunting Songs," 3
Ward, John, letter to W. Crane, 321
—— Marcus, & Co., 159, 285
Wardle, Sir Thomas, 301
Waring, Mr. Herbert, in *A Doll's House*, 335
Warne, Messrs., 76
Warner, Mr. Metford, 158, 301
Warr, Professor, 284, 285
Warren, Sir Charles, policy towards the Socialist meetings, 266–67
Warwick, Countess of. *See* Brooke, Lady
Washington, State House, 398
Wastwater, 433
Waterhouse, Alfred, 201, 421
Waterlow, Sir Ernest, 85, 160
Waterspouts of Capri, 143
Watson, Peter, 458–59
Watteau, 115
Watts, G. F., 175, 182, 235 *note*, 284, 431; letters to W. Crane, 231–32, 233–34, 252; "The Soul's Prism," 252–53; mistake regarding the "Bridge of Life," 356–57; portrait of W. Crane, 357–58, 360–61; Sea Horses, 408; attitude towards South African War, 463; death, 496
—— Mr., of the *Philadelphia Press*, 399
Watts-Dunton, Theodore, 480
Wauwinet, 405–7
Weald, the, 178
Webb, Philip, 72, 104, 166, 167, 203, 218; letter to W. Crane, 312 *note*
—— Sir Aston, 308, 444, 458, 466
—— Stephen, 301
—— Sydney, 258, 262
Wedde's Hotel, Greek Street, 255
Wedgwoods of Etruria, the, 93
Wedmore, Frederick, 182
Weeks, Osmund, 190, 218, 308
Wells Cathedral, 418–19
—— H. G., 262
Wemyss, Earl of, 52, 216
Wentworth Studios, Chelsea, 288
Westbourne Park Villas, 54–55
Westlake, N. H. J., 301
Westminster, Duke of, 3, 324; letter to W. Crane, 420; interest in the Chester School of Art, 420–21
—— Hall, 61–62
—— Town Hall, 258
Whall, Mr. C. W., 454, 460
Wharncliffe, Earl of, decoration of Wortley Hall, 171–73
Whatcombe, 21–22, 26
Whistler, J. McNeill, 160, 175, 199–201, 295, 488 *note*; the Peacock Room of Mr. Leyland, 199
Whitby, 162
White, Gleeson, *The Studio*, 415
—— Mr., architect of New York, 369 and *note*
—— Talmage, 141

Whitechapel Collection, Toynbee Hall, 357
Whitechurch, 2
White-Ridley, Sir Matthew, 217
Whitman, Walt, *Leaves of Grass*, 401–2; *quoted*, 464
Wickhurst, 229, 231
Wigan, Sir F., 308
Wigmore Street, the picture gallery in, 105, 106
Wilbraham, Randle, of Rode Hall, 93, 97, 105, 126, 130
Wilde, Oscar, 258, 295, 310, 324; personality, 194–95
Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," completed, 52
Willesden, 42
Williams, Penry, 130
—— Rev. Rowland, 61–62
Willis, Mr., 417
Wilson, H., 454, 460
—— Mrs. Charlotte M., *Freedom*, 258
Wilton, carpets of, 216
Wimpole Street, 165
Winchelsea, 339
Winchilsea, Lord, 202
Windsor, Lady, 240
Wine-making at Carrara, 349–50
Wingfield Manor House, 202
Winterburg, Bohemia, 347
Wirgman, T. Blake, 87
Wise, J. R., 73–78, 162, 170–71, 201–3; *The New Forest: its History and Scenery*, 68–70, 73; personality, 69; his offer regarding the "Renascence of Venus," 174; *The First of May, a Fairy Masque*, 202, 209; letters from, 203–4; death of, 348
—— Thomas J., editor of the *Faerie Queene*, 429
Witley in Surrey, 178
Wlassics, M., Hungarian Minister of Education, 469–70, 478
Wolf, J. W., illustrations of, 60
Wolfe, Miss C., the Newport frieze, 239, 373–74
Wood, Chas. W., *The Argosy*, 97
—— Lane, Shepherd's Bush, 153; the house at, 154
—— Mrs. Henry, *East Lynne*, 97
—— Rev. J. G., Nat. History books, 60
—— Rising Church, 5, 6
Wood-carving in Newport, R.I., 374
Wood-engraving, method, 48–49; improvement of photography, 148
Woods, Henry, 85, 160
Woodville, Mr. Caton, 280
Woodward's Gardens, San Francisco, 386
Wooldridge, H. Ellis, 81, 87 and *note*, 103
Worgl, 120
World's Fair, Chicago, preparations, 377–78
Wormwood Scrubbs, 42
Wortley Hall, 446; decoration of the billiard-room, 171–73
Wreford, Mr., *Times* correspondent, 142
Wrexham, 210
Wright, the painter of Derby, 76
—— Miss, of Brookfield, 76
—— Mrs. Theodore, in *Ghosts*, 336
Wych Street, 53
Wynchlow Hall, 100, 110, 111
Wyndham, Mrs. Percy, 164

Yanworth Manor House, 328
Yeats, Mr. W. B., 234
Young, Mrs., of New York, 372

Zoological Gardens, 56, 59

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